

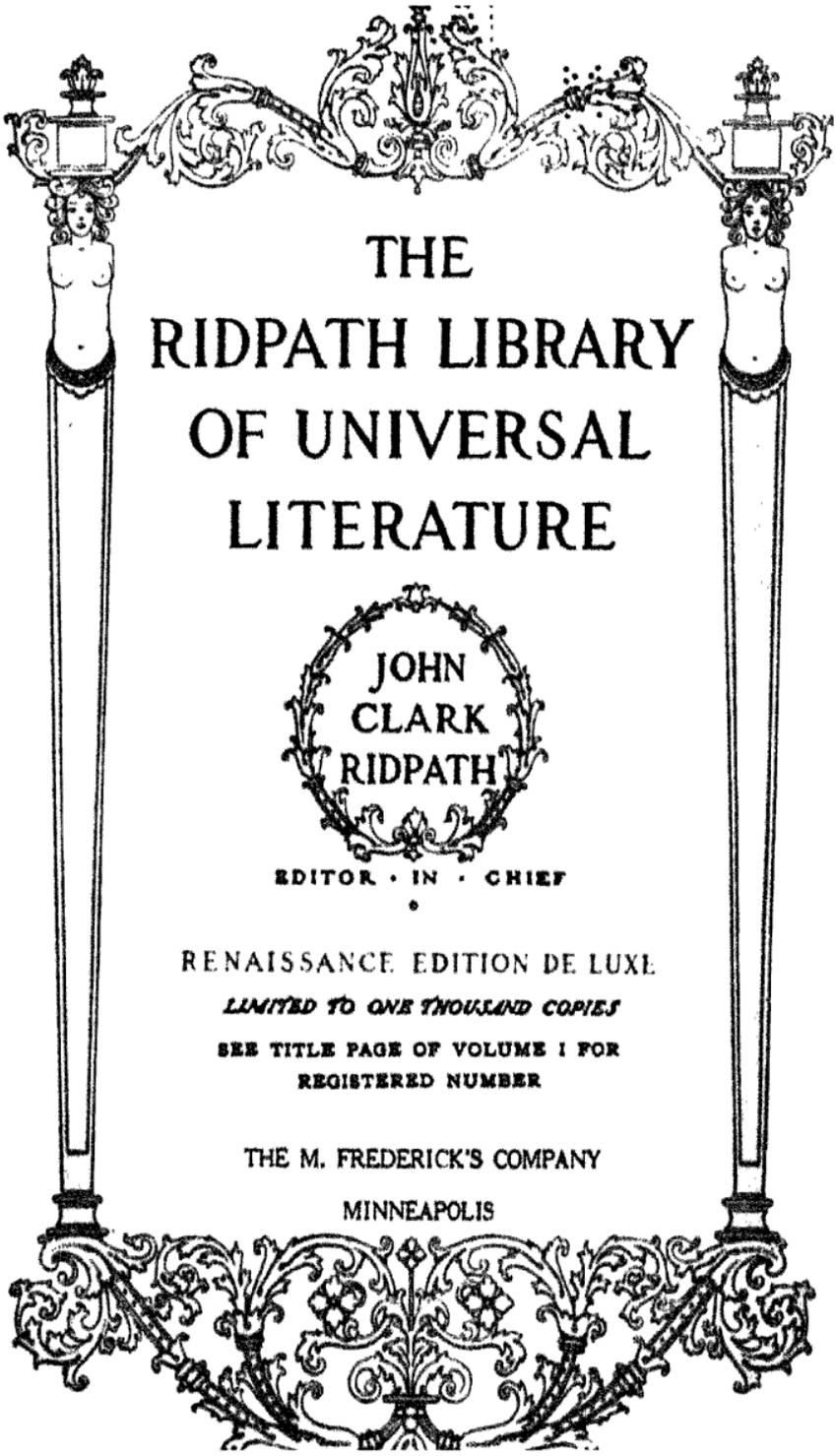
UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



101 763

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY





THE
RIDPATH LIBRARY
OF UNIVERSAL
LITERATURE

JOHN
CLARK
RIDPATH

EDITOR • IN • CHIEF

RENAISSANCE. EDITION DE LUXE

LIMITED TO ONE THOUSAND COPIES

SEE TITLE PAGE OF VOLUME I FOR
REGISTERED NUMBER

THE M. FREDERICK'S COMPANY

MINNEAPOLIS

The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature



A Biographical and Bibliographical Summary of the World's Most
Eminent Authors, including the Choicest Selections and
Masterpieces from their Writings, Comprising
the Best Features of Many Celebrated
Compilations, Notably

The Guernsey Collection The De Bux Collection
The Ridpath Collection

CAREFULLY EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A CORPS OF THE
MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

EDITOR IN CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of
Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc.

WITH REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS BY

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS

author of "The Life of Roosevelt," "The Life of Mark Twain," "The Life of Kipling," Of the
Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

THE M. FREDERICK'S COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS

1923

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.	ü German ü, French u.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.	oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ä as in far, father, guard.	ou as in pound, proud.
â as in fall, talk.	î as in pressure.
à as in fare.	ž as in seizure.
ą as in errant, republican.	čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
e as in met, pen, bless.	ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ē as in mete, meet.	th as in then.
è as in her, fern.	ñ Spanish j.
i as in pin, it.	ç as in Hamburg.
ī as in pine, fight, file.	' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A sec- ondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)
o as in not, on, frog.	
ō as in note, poke, floor.	
ö as in move, spoon.	
ó as in nor, song, off.	
ō as in valor, actor, idiot.	
u as in tub.	
ū as in mute, acute.	
û as in pull.	

Not.

COPYRIGHT, 1906

BY

THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY

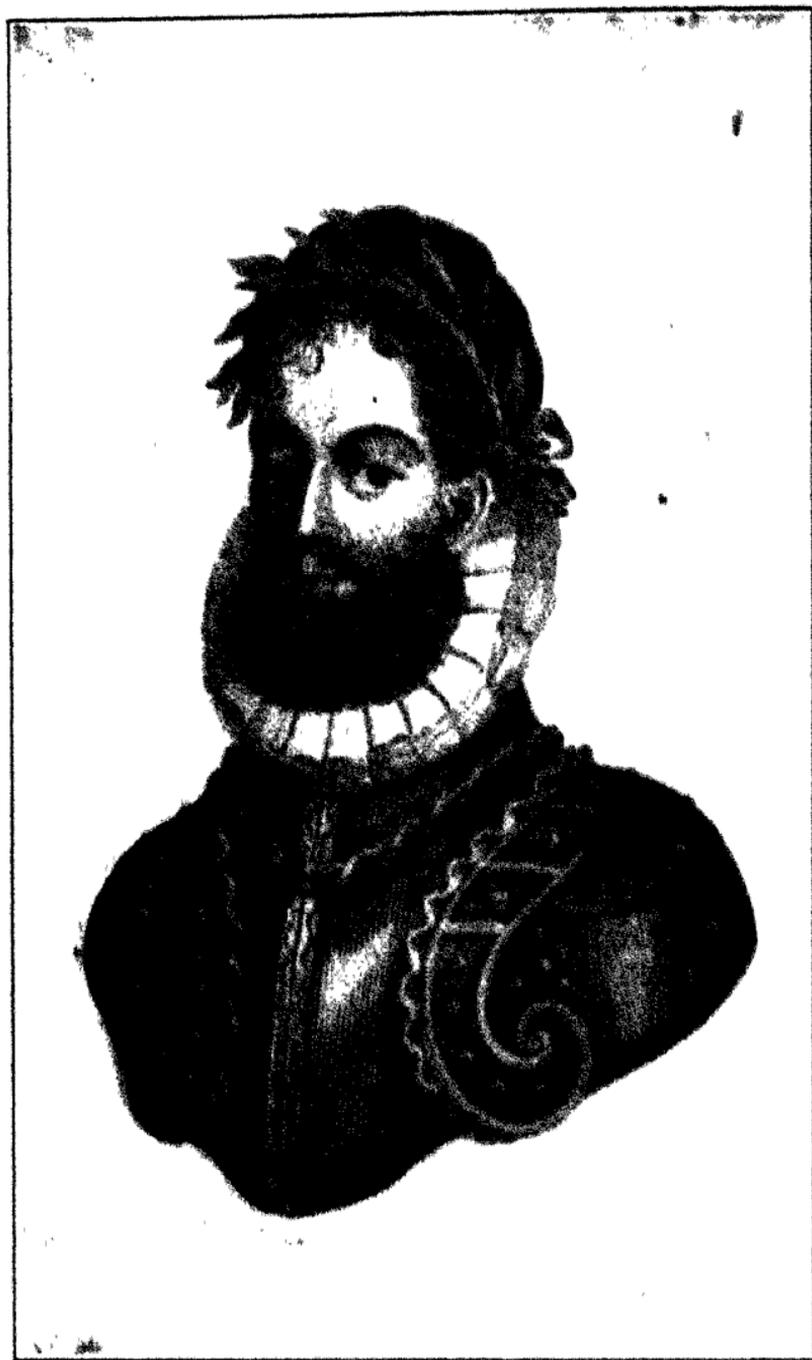
All rights reserved

LIST OF AUTHORS VOL. V

	PAGE
CAMOENS (kam' õ enz), LOUIS DE.....	7
CAMPAN (kofi poñ), JEANNE LOUIS GENEST.....	16
CAMPBELL (kam' bel), ALEXANDER.....	21
CAMPBELL, BARTLEY	23
CAMPBELL, GEORGE	27
CAMPBELL, HELEN STUART.....	28
CAMPBELL, JOHN	31
CAMPBELL, THOMAS	37
CAMPIAN (kam' pi an), EDMUND.....	49
CANDOLLE (kofi dol'), <i>see</i> DE CANDOLLE.....	
CANNING (kan' ing), GEORGE.....	51
CANTON (kan' tön), WILLIAM.....	55
CANTÛ (kän tö'), CESARE.....	59
CAPEL (kap' el), THOMAS JOHN.....	66
CARDUCCI (kar döt' chee), GIOSUÈ.....	70
CAREW (kä rö'), THOMAS.....	72
CAREY (kä' ri), HENRY CHARLES.....	77
CAREY, MATTHEW	81
CAREY, ROSA NOUCHETTE.....	89
CARLEN (kär län'), EMILIA FLYGARE.....	94
CARLETON (kär' tön), WILL.....	99
CARLETON, WILLIAM	106
CARLISLE (kär lil'), GEORGE WILLIAM.....	115
CARLYLE (kär lil'), JANE WELSH.....	117
CARLYLE, JOHN AITKIN.....	128
CARLYLE, THOMAS	134
CARMAN (kär' man), WILLIAM BLISS.....	176
CARNEGIE (kär neg' i), ANDREW.....	180
CARPENTER (kär' pen tēr), WILLIAM BENJAMIN.....	186
CARROLL (kar' õl), LEWIS, <i>see</i> DODGSON, C. L.....	
CARTWRIGHT (kärt' rit), WILLIAM.....	189
CARUS (kä' rus), PAUL.....	190
CARY (kä' ri), ALICE.....	194
CARY, HENRY FRANCIS.....	207

	PAGE
CARY, PHOEBE	101
CASANOVA DE SEINGALT (kà sà nō' va de sãngãl'), GIOVANNI	211
CASAS (kã' sãs), BARTOLOMÈ DE LAS	214
CASAUBON (ka sã' bõn; Fr. kã zõ bõn), ISAAC	217
CASTELAR (kãs tã lãr'), EMILIO	219
CASTIGLIONE (kas tẽl yõ' nẽ), BALDASSARE	224
CASTLE (kas' l), EGERTON	227
CASTLEMON (kas' l mõn), HARRY, <i>see</i> FOSDICK, CHARLES AUSTIN	241
CATHERWOOD (kãth' ẽr wũd), MARY HARTWELL	245
CATLIN (kat' lin), GEORGE	248
CATO (kã' tõ), MARCUS PORCIUS PRISCUS	250
CATS (kãts), JAKOB	252
CATULLUS (ka tul' us), CAIUS VALERIUS	256
CAWEIN (kã' win), MADISON JULIUS	257
CAXTON (kaks' tõn), WILLIAM	259
CELLINI (chel lẽ' nẽ), BENVENUTO	263
CENTLIVRE (sent liv' ẽr or sent lẽ' vẽr), SUSANNA FREK- MAN	266
CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA (sẽr van' tẽz; Sp. thẽr vãn' tẽr sã ã vã' drã), MIGUEL DE	274
CHADBOURNE (chãd' bẽrn), PAUL ANSEL	276
CHADWICK (chãd' wĩk), JOHN WHITE	279
CHALMERS (chã' mĩtz), THOMAS	287
CHAMBERS (chãm' bẽrz), ROBERT	295
CHAMBERS, ROBERT WILLIAM	298
CHAMISSO (shã mĩs sõ), ADELBERT VON	306
CHAMPOLLION-FIGEAC (shõn pol yõn fẽ jãc), JACQUES ..	311
CHANNING (chãn' ینگ), WILLIAM ELLERY	322
CHAPIN (chã' pin), EDWIN HUBBELL	324
CHAPMAN (chãp' mãn), GEORGE	330
CHAPONE (shã' põn), HESTER MULSO	333
CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK (chãrlz eg' bẽrt krãd' ðk), <i>see</i> MURFREE, MARY N.	336
CHARLES, ELIZABETH RUNDLE	339
CHASLES (shãl), VICTOR EUPHÉMION	343
CHATEAUBRIAND (shã tõ brẽ õn), FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE ...	346
CHATFIELD-TAYLOR (chãt' fĩld tã' lõr), HOBART	
CHATTERTON (chãt' ẽr tõn), THOMAS	

	PAGE
CHAUCER (chá' sêr), GEOFFREY.....	352
CHEEVER (chê' vèr), GEORGE BARRELL.....	369
CHEEVER, HENRY THEODORE.....	373
CHENEY (chê' ni), JOHN VANCE.....	375
CHÉNIER (shā nyā), ANDRE MARIE DE.....	379
CHERBULIEZ (shâr bü lyā), CHARLES VICTOR.....	384
CHESTERFIELD (ches' têt fêld), EARL OF.....	393
CHESTERTON (ches' têt tōn), GILBERT KNOWLES.....	397
CHIABRERA (kē ä brā' rā), GABRIELLO.....	399
CHILD (chîld), LYDIA MARIA FRANCIS.....	402
CHILDS (chîldz), GEORGE WILLIAM.....	407
CHILLINGWORTH (chil' ing wêrth), WILLIAM.....	409
CHOATE (chôt), JOSEPH HOIGES.....	414
CHOATE, RUFUS	418
CHORLEY (chôr' li), HENRY FOTHERGILL.....	424
CHRISTOPHER (kris' tō fêr) NORTH, <i>see</i> WILSON, JOHN.	
CHRYSOSTOM (kris' ôs tom), SAINT.....	428
CHURCHILL (chêrch' il), CHARLES.....	445
CHURCHILL, WINSTON	450
CIBBER (sib' êr), COLLEY.....	452
CICERO (sis' e rō), MARCUS TULLIUS.....	456
CLARE (klâr), JOHN.....	474
CLARENDON (klar' en dōn), EARL OF.....	478
CLARETIE (klâr tē), JULES ARNAUD.....	489
CLARK (clârk), CHARLES HEBER.....	495



LUIS DE CAMÜRNE.

C

CAMOENS, LUIS DE, a Portuguese poet ; born at Lisbon about 1524 ; died there, June 10, 1580. He was educated at the University of Coimbra. On his return to Lisbon he fell in love with Donna Caterina de Ataide, a Lady of Honor at Court, for which offence he was banished to Santarem. Seeing no prospect of restoration to favor he joined an expedition against the Moors, and lost his right eye in a naval battle in the Straits of Gibraltar. He afterward went to India, fought against the Mohammedans in the Red Sea, and on his return to Goa, wrote a satire on the Portuguese authorities in India which caused his banishment to Macao. During his residence at Macao he wrote his great epic poem, *The Lusiads* ("The Lusitanians"), the leading subject of which is the voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1497, when he doubled the Cape of Good Hope, thus making known the existence of an ocean passage between Europe and India.

After shipwreck, in which Camoens lost all his possessions except his poem, after imprisonment and other vicissitudes, he returned to Lisbon, and succeeded in publishing *The Lusiads*, which he dedicated to the

young King Sebastian. It attracted much attention, but he was unrewarded except by a small pension, which was withdrawn on the death of Sebastian. The remainder of Camoens's life was passed in obscurity and poverty, of which his lyric poems often make complaint. He died in a hospital, depending on charity for his very winding-sheet; and when, at last, his country sought to honor him with a monument, it was not without difficulty that his grave was discovered.

A STORM AT SEA.

But at this moment, while they ready stand,
Behold the master, watching o'er the sky.
The whistle blows; the sailors, every hand,
Starting, awaken; and on deck they fly.
And as the wind increased he gave command,
In lowering foresails all their strength to ply;
"Alert! alert! from yon black cloud," he cries,
"That hangs above, the wind begins to rise."

But, ere the foresails are well gathered in,
A vast and sudden storm around them roar'd;
"Strike sail!" the master shouts amidst the din,
"Strike, strike the mainsail, lend all hands aboard!"
But the indignant winds the fight begin,
And, joined in fury ere it could be lowered,
With blustering noise the sail in pieces rend,
As if the world were coming to an end.

With this the sailors wound the heaven with cries,
From sudden terror and disunion blind;
For, sails all torn, the vessel over lies,
And ships a mass of water in the wind;
"Cast overboard," the master's order flies;
"Cast overboard, together, with a mind!
Others to work the pumps! no slackening!
The pumps, and quick! for we are foundering."

The soldiers, all alive, now hasten fast
 To work the pumps, but scarcely had essayed
 When the dread seas, in which the ship was cast,
 So tossed her that they all were prostrate laid;
 Three hardy, powerful soldiers, to the last,
 To guide the wheel but fruitless efforts made;
 With cords on either side it must be bound,
 For force and art of man but vain are found.

The winds were such that scarcely could they show
 With greater force or greater rage around
 Than if it were their purpose, then, to blow
 The mighty tower of Babel to the ground.
 Upon the aspiring seas, which higher grow,
 Like a small boat the valiant ship doth bound:
 Exciting wonder that on such a main
 She can her striving course so long sustain.

The valiant ship, with Gama's brother Paul,
 With mast asunder snapped by wind and wave,
 Half under water lies; the sailors call
 On Him Who once appeared the world to save;
 Nor less, vain cries from Coelho's vessel all
 Pour on the air, fearing a watery grave,
 Although the master had such caution shown,
 That ere the wind arose the sails were down.

Now rising to the clouds they seem to go,
 O'er the wild waves of Neptune borne on end;
 Now to the bowels of the depths below,
 It seems to all their senses they descend;
 Notus and Auster, Boreas, Aquilo,
 The very world's machinery would rend;
 While flashings fire the black and ugly night,
 And shed from pole to pole a dazzling light.

The halcyon birds their notes of mourning told
 Along the roaring coast, sad scene of woe,
 Calling to mind their agonies of old,
 Which to the like tempestuous waves they owe;

The amorous dolphins, all, from sports withhold,
 And to their ocean-caves' recesses go,
 Such storms and winds unable to endure,
 Which, e'en in refuge, leave them not secure.

Never such living thunderbolts were framed
 Against the Giants' fierce, rebellious pride,
 By the great, sordid forger, who is famed
 His step-son's brilliant arms to have supplied;
 Nor ever 'gainst the world such lightnings flamed,
 Hurl'd by the mighty Thunderer far and wide,
 In the great flood which spared those only two,
 Who, casting stones, did humankind renew.

How many mountains, then, were downward borne
 By the persistent waves that 'gainst them strove:
 How many aged trees were upward torn
 By fury of wild winds that 'gainst them drove!
 But little dream'd their roots that, thus forlorn,
 They e'er would be reversed toward heaven above,
 Nor the deep sands that seas such power could show,
 As e'en to cast them upward from below!

—*The Lusíads; translation of AUBERTIN.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;
 From these rude shores our fearless course we held,
 Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
 Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
 When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
 And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
 A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
 The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
 So deep a gloom the lowering vapor cast,
 Transfixed with awe, the bravest stood aghast.
 Meanwhile a hollow, bursting roar resounds,
 As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
 Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
 The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
 Amazed we stood.—“O thou, our fortune's guide,

Avert this omen, mighty God." I cried.
"Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wild solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar
Where sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore."

I spoke;—when, rising through the darkened air,
Appalled, we saw an hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered.
And 'thwart' our way with sullen aspect lowered.
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread;
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjointed, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scarred,
The inward anguish of his soul declared;
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires; far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold-gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread;—the while, with visage ghastly, wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:—

"O you, the boldest of the nations fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired;
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prow,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway;
Who, 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves, explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;—
Ye sons of Lusitania, who with eyes profane
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,

Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew
 To veil her secret shrine from mortal view:
 Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
 And, bursting, soon shall o'er your race descend!
 With every bounding keel that dares my rage
 Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
 The next proud fleet that through my drear domain
 With daring search, shall hoist the streaming vane —
 That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tossed,
 And raging seas, shall perish on my coast;
 Then he who first my secret reign descried
 A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
 Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
 O, Lusua, oft shalt thou thy children wail;
 Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
 Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

"With trophies plumed behold a hero come!
 Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb!
 Though smiling fortune blessed his youthful morn,
 Though glory's rays his laurelled brows adorn,
 Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
 The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
 While he, proud victor, thundered in the rear —
 All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here:
 Quilua's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see
 Their conqueror bend his laurelled head to me;
 While, proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
 Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

"The howling blast, ye slumbering storms prepare!
 A youthful lover and his beauteous fair
 Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;
 His evil angel leads him to my strand.
 Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,
 The shattered wrecks shall blacken all my shore.
 Themselves escaped, despoiled by savage hands,
 Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
 Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
 Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear,

Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,
 Shall now no more a hundred hands employ;
 By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
 In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.
 Through dreary wilds, where never pilgrim trod,
 Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,
 The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,
 By night unsheltered, and forlorn by day.
 In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain
 Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain;
 Her tender limbs and breast of mountain snow,
 Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
 Parched by the sun, and shrivelled by the cold
 Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.
 Thus, wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpassed,
 In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
 While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow.
 And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.
 Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
 Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,
 On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell
 How, blasted by my frown, your heroes fell."

He paused, in act still further to disclose
 A long, a dreary prophecy of woes;
 When, springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
 And 'midst his rage the threatening shade confounds:
 "What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air?
 By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare!"
 His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
 And from his breast deep, hollow groans arose;
 Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
 And anguish torn, "In me, behold," he cried,
 While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs rolled,
 "In me, the Spirit of the Cape behold —
 That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
 By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
 When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed,
 With wide-stretched piles I guard the pathless strand,
 And Afric's southern mound, unmoved, I stand:

Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar,
 E'er dashed the white wave foaming to my shore;
 Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
 On these my seas to catch the trading gale;—
 You, you alone, have dared to plough my main,
 And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign."

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
 A doleful sound, and vanished from the view:
 The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
 And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
 Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
 And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
 High to the angel host, whose guardian care
 Had ever round us watched, my hands I rear,
 And heaven's dread King implore—"As o'er our head
 The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow, fled;
 So may his curses by the winds of heaven
 Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!"

—*The Lusjads; translation of MICKLE.*

ON THE DEATH OF CATHERINA DE ATTAYDA.

Spirit beloved! whose wing so soon hath flown
 The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,
 Now is yon heaven eternally thine own—
 Whilst I deplore thy loss, a captive here.
 O, if allowed in thy divine abode
 Of aught on earth an image to retain,
 Remember still the fervent love which glowed
 In my fond bosom, pure from every stain!
 And if thou deem that all my faithful grief,
 Caused by thy loss and hopeless of relief,
 Can merit thee, sweet native of the skies—
 O, ask of Heaven, which called thee soon away,
 That I may join thee in those realms of day,
 Swiftly as thou hast vanished from mine eyes!

—*Translation of MRS. HEMANS.*

ON THE SAME.

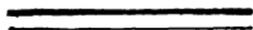
While, pressed with woes from which it cannot flee,
 My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
 Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,
 Who was in life but as a dream to me.
 O'er the drear waste, so wide no eye can see
 How far its sense-evading limit lies,
 I follow her quick step; but, ah, she flies!
 Our distance widening by fate's stern decree.
 "Fly not from me, kind shadow!" I exclaim;—
 She, with fixed eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
 And seemed to say, "Forbear thy fond design"—
 Still flies. I call her, but her half-formed name
 Dies on my faltering tongue;—I wake, and feel
 Not e'en one short delusion can be mine.

—*Translation of HAYLEY.*

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY IN HER YOUTH.

Beneath this monumental stone enshrined,
 There lies this world's most noble cynosure,
 Whom death of sheerest envy did immure,
 Stealing the life, untimely and unkind;
 According no respect to that refined
 Sweetness of light, which e'en the night obscure
 Turned to clear day, and whose refulgence pure
 The brightness of the sun left far behind.
 Thou, cruel Death, wast bribèd by the sun.
 To save his beams from hers who brighter burned.
 And by the moon, that faded quite away.
 How camest thou such mighty power to own?
 And, owning it, why hast so quickly turned
 The great light of the world to this cold clay?

—*Translation of AUBERTIN.*



CAMPAN, JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE GENEST, a French educator and author; born at Paris, October 6, 1752; died at Mantes, May 16, 1822. She was a sister of Edmond Genest, French ambassador to the United States in 1792; was well educated under her father's care, and at the age of fifteen was appointed reader to the princesses, the daughters of Louis XV. Soon after her marriage she was nominated first lady of the bed-chamber by Marie Antoinette, in whose service she continued until forcibly separated from her in 1792. After the fall of Robespierre she established a school at St. Germain. Napoleon appointed her superintendent of the academy at Ecoeu for the education of the daughters and sisters of members of the Legion of Honor. When, at the restoration of the Bourbons, this school was abolished, Madame Campan retired to Mantes, where she spent the remainder of her life. She wrote *Mémoires sur la Vie Privée de Marie Antoinette*; *Journal Anecdotique*; *Correspondence inédite avec la Reine Hortense*; a treatise, *De l'Education des Femmes*, and several small didactic works.

ETIQUETTE AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XVI.

Fashion continued its fluctuating progress; and head-dresses, with their superstructure of gauze, flowers, and feathers, became so lofty that the women could not find carriages high enough to admit them; and they were often seen either stooping or holding their heads out of the windows. Others knelt down, in order to manage these elevated objects of ridicule with less danger. Innumerable caricatures, exhibited in all directions, and some of which artfully gave the features of the Queen, attacked the extravagance of fashion, but with very little effect.

It changed only, as is always the case, through the influence of inconstancy and time.

The Queen's toilet was a masterpiece of etiquette; everything was done in a prescribed form. Both the *dame d'honneur* and the *dame d'atours* usually attended and officiated, assisted by the first *femme de chambre* and two ordinary women. The *dame d'atours* put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the Queen. The *dame d'honneur* poured out the water for her hands, and put on her linen. When a Princess of the royal family happened to be present while the Queen was dressing, the *dame d'honneur* yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the Princess of the blood: in such a case the *dame d'honneur* was accustomed to present the linen to the first *femme de chambre*, who, in her turn, handed it to the Princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the Queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her shift; I held it ready unfolded for her; the *dame d'honneur* came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A scratching was heard at the door; it was opened, and in came the Duchesse d'Orléans: her gloves were taken off, and she came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the *dame d'honneur* to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the Princess. More scratching. It was Madame the Comtesse de Provence; the Duchesse d'Orléans handed her the linen. All this while the Queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold; Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and, merely laying down her handkerchief without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and in doing so, knocked the Queen's cap off. The Queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times, "How disagreeable! how tiresome!"

All this etiquette, however inconvenient, was suitable to the royal dignity, which expects to find servants in all classes of persons, beginning even with the brothers and sisters of the monarch.

Speaking here of etiquette, I do not allude to majestic state, appointed for days of ceremony in all Courts. I mean those minute ceremonies that were pursued toward our Kings in their inmost privacies, in their hours of pleasure, in those of pain, and even during the most revolting of human infirmities. These servile rules were drawn up in a kind of code; they offered to a Richelieu, a La Rochefoucauld, and a Duras, in the exercise of their domestic functions, opportunities of intimacy useful to their interests; and their vanity was flattered by customs which converted the right to give a glass of water, to put on a dress, and to remove a basin, into honorable prerogatives. . . .

This sort of etiquette, which led our Princes to be treated in private as idols, made them in public martyrs to decorum. Marie Antoinette found in the Château of Versailles a multitude of established customs which appeared to her insupportable. . . . One of the customs most disagreeable to the Queen was that of dining every day in public. Maria Leczinska [Queen of Louis XV.] had always submitted to this wearisome practice; Marie Antoinette followed it as long as she was Dauphiness. The Dauphin dined with her, and each branch of the family had its public dinner daily. The ushers suffered all decently dressed people to enter: the sight was the delight of persons from the country. At the dinner-hour there were none to be met upon the stairs but honest folk, who, after having seen the Dauphiness take her soup, went to see the Princes eat their bouilli, and then ran themselves out of breath to behold Mesdames at their dessert. — *Private Life of Marie Antoinette.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN PRISON.

The royal family occupied a small suit of apartments consisting of four cells formerly belonging to the ancient monastery of the Feuillans. In the first were the men who had accompanied the King: the Prince de Poix, the Baron 'Aubier, M. de Saint Pardou, equerry to Madame Elizabeth, MM. de Goguelat, de Chantilly, and de Huë. In the second we found the King; he was having his hair

dressed; he took two locks of it, and gave one to my sister and one to me. We offered to kiss his hand; he opposed it, and embraced us without saying anything. In the third was the Queen, in bed and in indescribable affliction. We found her accompanied only by a stout woman, who appeared tolerably civil; she was the Keeper of the Apartments. She waited upon the Queen, who as yet had none of her own people about her. Her Majesty stretched out her arms to us, saying, "Come, unfortunate women; come and see one still more unhappy than yourselves, since she has been the cause of all your misfortunes. We are ruined," continued she; "we have arrived at that point to which they have been leading us for three years, through all possible outrages; we shall fall in this dreadful revolution, and many others will perish after us. All have contributed to our downfall; the reformers have urged it like mad people, and others through ambition, for the wildest Jacobin seeks wealth and office, and the mob is eager for plunder. There is not one lover of his country among all this infamous horde. The emigrant party had their intrigues and schemes; foreigners sought to profit by the dissensions of France; every one had a share in our misfortunes."

The Dauphin came in with Madame and the Marquise de Tourzel. On seeing them the Queen said to me, "Poor children! how heart-rending it is, instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say it ends with us!" She afterward conversed with me about the Tuileries and the persons who had fallen, she condescended also to mention the burning of my house. I looked upon that loss as a mischance, which ought not to dwell upon her mind, and I told her so. . . . I asked the Queen what the ambassadors from foreign Powers had done under existing circumstances? She told me that they could do nothing; and that the wife of the English ambassador had just given her a proof of the personal interest she took in her welfare by sending her linen for her son. I informed her that, in the pillaging of my house, all my accounts with her had been thrown into the Carrousel, and that every sheet of my month's expendi-

ture was signed by her, sometimes leaving four or five inches of blank paper above her signature, a circumstance which rendered me very uneasy, from an apprehension that an improper use might be made of those signatures. She desired me to demand admission to the Committee of General Safety, and to make this declaration there. I repaired there instantly and found a deputy with whose name I have never become acquainted. After hearing me he said that he would not receive my deposition; that Marie Antoinette was now nothing more than any other Frenchwoman; and that if any of those detached papers bearing her signature should be misapplied, she would have, at a future period, a right to make a complaint, and to support her declaration by the facts which I had just related. The Queen regretted having sent me, and feared that she had, by her very caution, pointed out a method of fabricating forgeries which might be dangerous to her: then again she exclaimed, "My apprehensions are as absurd as the step I made you take. They need nothing more for our ruin; all has been told."

I still see in imagination, and shall always see, that narrow cell at the Feuillans, hung with green paper, that wretched couch whence the dethroned Queen stretched out her arms to us, saying that our misfortunes, of which she was the cause, increased her own. There, for the last time, I saw the tears, I heard the sobs of her whom high birth, natural endowments, and, above all, goodness of heart, had seemed to destine to adorn any throne, and be the happiness of any people! It is impossible for those who lived with Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette not to be fully convinced, while doing justice to the King's virtues, that if the Queen had been from the moment of her arrival in France the object of the care and affection of a Prince of decision and authority, she would have only added to the glory of his reign.—*Private Life of Marie Antoinette.*

CAMPBELL, ALEXANDER, an American theologian; born near Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, September 12, 1788; died at Bethany, W. Va., March 4, 1866. He was educated at Glasgow University, and in 1809 emigrated to America, following his father, a minister of the Secession church of Ireland, who, two years earlier, had settled in Western Pennsylvania. The theological views of both father and son had changed, and in 1809 they withdrew from the Seceders, and founded a new society, whose sole guide and rule of faith should be the Bible. Of this society, now known as the "Disciples of Christ," or "Campbellites," Alexander was the first minister. The remainder of his life was spent in disseminating his views. He travelled much in the South and Southwest, preaching, and debating in public with his opponents. In 1823 he established a monthly magazine, first entitled *The Christian Baptist*, and afterward *The Millennial Harbinger*, which extended to forty-one volumes and to which he was a prolific contributor. In 1841 Dr. Campbell founded Bethany College, in Virginia, of which he was for a long time president. He was the author of many works on religious subjects. Among them are *The Christian System, or Christianity Restored*; *The Christian Preacher's Companion, or Infidelity Refuted by Infidels*; *Christian Baptism*; *Popular Lectures and Addresses*, and a *Life of Thomas Campbell*.

MEMORY.

Let us not, however, lose ourselves or our subject in the curious labyrinth of fanciful speculations. The palp-

able fact is before us. The tablet of human memory is neither a tablet of brass, of stone, nor of flesh; it has neither length, breadth, nor thickness; it has neither solidity nor gravity; yet are inscribed on it not only the words of many languages, but the history of nations, their origin, progress, and fall. The actions of their kings and their princes, their heroes and their statesmen, their philosophers and their sages, their orators and their poets — with all their arts of war and of peace — are recorded not only on the same mysterious and unearthly substratum, but are repeated many quadrillions of times, and yet are clearly legible and unambiguous.

The art of reading these monuments and inscriptions of the past is as mysterious and inexplicable as the art of writing upon the same substance and upon the same lines, already written over so unspeakably often, the scenes and the transactions, the thoughts and the emotions, of the present. Who of the prosing materialists, so profoundly read in the secret operations of nature, can explain to us, on their own philosophy, that imponderable, intangible, immeasurable, invisible point, or line, or substance, on which can be written, and from which can be read, so many millions of ideas and impressions? With what curious magnifying microscope shall its dimensions or its location be ascertained? If it be a lonely pilgrim, wandering from organ to organ — having neither sympathy, homopathy nor antipathy in common with flesh, blood, or bones — who can describe its most peculiar personality, or draw out the lineaments of its singular physiognomy, that we may distinguish and honor it with appropriate regards?

It is found in the heart, and yet in no part of it. Its presence or its absence affects not in the least its dimensions or its gravity. What a new and sublime chapter in intellectual chemistry will the development of this singular fact afford! — the exposition of the reason why one head in the balance, without a single idea, and destitute of life, will weigh just as much as one of the same dimensions, density and solidity having within it life, and in legible characters, imprinted, a hundred or thousand

volumes. Who can survey that curious point, or line, or surface on which may be engraven the history of a world and the experiences of an eternity — itself, too, subject to impressions from every sense and from everything, real and imaginary, commanded by something called *attention*, and controlled by something called *volition*? Where now the materialist, the skeptic, the atheist? Let them expatiate on matter, solid, fluid, gaseous, aeriform; let them bring their intangible crucibles, their hypothetical laboratories, their imponderable agencies, and distil the quintessence of that substratum on which are legibly inscribed all that is written upon the tomes of an Alexandrian Library; let them demonstrate the peculiar attributes, essential and accidental, that belong to that nameless substance, more durable than marble or brass, and yet of so delicate a texture and so fine a surface as to receive the most gentle touch of the softest pencil in Fancy's palette when portraying upon it the phantoms of some imaginative scene.

I presume not to speculate on a subject so incomprehensible. I only affirm the conviction that a more instructive exemplification of the infinite superiority of mind to all earthly matter, and a more soul-subduing demonstration of the fact that there is a spirit in a man composed of no earthly elements, cannot, in my humble opinion, be afforded, than are deducible from the philosophy of memory, and the art of recollecting or reading off whatever may have been fairly inscribed on it.— *Lectures and Addresses*.

CAMPBELL, BARTLEY, an American journalist and dramatist; born at Allegheny City, Pa., August 12, 1843; died at Middletown, N. Y., July 30, 1888. He began his career as a journalist, and in 1868 established the Pittsburg *Evening Mail*. In the following year he went to New Orleans, where

he founded *The Southern Magazine*. His first drama, *My Partner* (1879), met with great success. This was followed by *Fairfax*; *The Galley Slave*; *Matrimony*; *Paquita*; *Siberia*; *The White Slave*, and other melodramas. Several of these plays were produced in London. Mr. Campbell wrote much for the magazines and periodicals of his day; but his writings were never collected. He is regarded as "the father of American melodrama."

THAT BABY IN TUSCALOO.

So! you're all the way from Kansas,
 And knew my Jennie there;
 Well, I'm mighty glad to see you;
 Just take that vacant chair.
 You don't seem much of a stranger,
 Though never here before;
 Jack, take the gentleman's beaver
 And hang it on the door.

What? five whole days on the journey,
 Comin' by boat and car?
 Good gracious! Who'd have thought Jennie
 Could ever live so far
 Away from Youhiogheny,
 The farm and mountain blue —
 I wouldn't have thought it of her,
 And that's 'twixt me and you.

You say she's not very lonely;
 Then she don't feel the worst.
 What? Jennie has — got — a — baby?
 Why didn't you say that first?
 And now please repeat that over,
 I can't believe my ear;
 Just think — my — Jennie — a — mother,
 Pshaw, now, what's this? — a tear?

Here, Jack, run off to the kitchen —
Tell mother to come right quick!
Let the bakin' go this minute,
She must not strike a lick
Till she hears the news from Kansas,
'Twill make her young again.
So, you know the little one's mother;
Here, let us shake again.

Perhaps you think me foolish
For making such a row,
But you must excuse an old man,
Mind, I'm a grandpa now.
Well, well, how the years slip by us,
Silent and swift and sly,
For all the world like the white cloud
Drifting along the sky.

But only in this they differ —
We're going with the years
Into the harbor of old age,
Up to the silent piers,
Where each may discharge his burden,
And furl his wrinkled sail,
And thank his heavenly Master
Who saved him through the gale.

But what's the use of talking,
I'm fairly busting with joy,
I'd like to whoop like an Injun;
You tell me it's a boy?
And she calls him for her father:
You see she don't forget
The old man what uses to nurse her,
And play "peep" with his "pet."

.
There's no use keeping a secret,
She married 'gainst our will,
A lad by the name of Jackson,
Whose father kept the mill.

I thought he was sort of shiftless
Though he was big and strong,
And I told my daughter, kindly,
He'd never get along.

I'll not soon forget her answer,
'Twas spoken like a queen.
Said she: "I will take the chances,
Whatever comes between."
What I said I don't remember,
My anger did not rest,
And that night Jennie and Jackson
Left for the distant West.

No one can know what I suffered;
I walked about all day,
With a face as white as chalk, sir,
And tried, but could not pray.
Now a man can't reach his Maker
With heart so full of scorn
Against an honest fellow-man,
Who for some good was born.

You ask, did I forgive Jennie?
My precious little kid!
Big tears swept away my hate, sir,
Forgive! Of course I did.
"Well, old man, I'm that Bill Jackson —
Can't you my face recall?"
What! just flip me your fin, my youngster?
Ah! now I see it all.

You'll surely forgive my prattle;
The hard, hard words I said
When Jennie and you were courting,
And after you were wed.
That baby, way out in Kansas,
That boy in Tuscaloo,
Has made me love its big father,
Now what can't babies do?

CAMPBELL, GEORGE, a Scottish clergyman; born at Aberdeen, December 25, 1719; died March 31, 1796. He studied law, but abandoned the legal for the clerical profession, and in 1746 became minister of a parish near Aberdeen. In 1759 he was appointed Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and in 1771 Professor of Divinity there. A year before his death a pension of £300 was granted to him by the Crown. His principal works are: *A Dissertation on Miracles*, being an examination of the principles advanced by Hume (1762); *Philosophy of Rhetoric* (1776); *A Translation of the Four Gospels* (1790), and *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*, published soon after his death. He also published a number of *Sermons*. Most of his works have been several times reprinted, and a complete edition in six volumes appeared in 1840. Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric* was begun during his early ministerial career, and consists of a series of papers read before the Aberdeen Philosophical Society. His work at once took a high place among works on the subject, which it still maintains. It is as a theologian and scholar, the most cultivated and acute that the Church of Scotland has produced, that he will be remembered.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS OPPONENTS.

I do not hesitate to affirm that our religion has been indebted to the *attempts*, though not to the *intentions*, of its bitterest enemies. They have tried its strength, indeed; and, by trying, they have displayed its strength—and that in so clear a light as we could never have hoped, without such a trial, to have viewed it in. Let them,

therefore, write; let them argue; and, when arguments fail, let them cavil against religion as much as they please. I should be heartily sorry that even in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood (however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts than in any other part of the Christian world; I should I say, be sorry that in this island so great a disservice should be done to religion as to check its adversaries in any other way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must at the same time acknowledge that I am both ashamed and grieved when I observe any friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodness of their cause—for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed—as to show an inclination for recurring to more forcible methods. The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophesy, will never overturn our religion. They will prove not more hurtful to the Christian system—if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest—than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time, and loudly threaten its subversion; whilst, in effect, they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the firmer ever after.—*Dissertation on Miracles.*

CAMPBELL, HELEN STUART, an American novelist; born at Lockport, N. Y., July 4, 1839. She received her education in the schools of Warren, R. I., and in Bloomfield, N. J. She began writing for newspapers and magazines at a very early age. For several years she studied closely and wrote on the subject of the poor in large cities, and on cooking and general housekeeping from a scientific basis,

and with special regard to health. In 1886 she contributed a series of articles to the *New York Tribune* on the *Working Women of New York*, which was subsequently published as *Prisoners of Poverty*. The following year she visited London, Paris, and some of the large cities of Germany and Italy, making observations on the working-women of these cities, the results of which were later embodied in her *Prisoners of Poverty Abroad*. From 1881 to 1884 she was one of the editors of *The Continent*, a Philadelphia periodical. Among her published works are *The What-to-do Club* (1885); *Miss Melinda's Opportunity* (1886); *Prisoners of Poverty* (1887); *Prisoners of Poverty Abroad* (1889); *Darkness and Daylight* (1892); *Dr. Martha Scarborough* (1893); also *Anne Bradstreet* (1892); *The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and in Cooking* (1881); *In Foreign Kitchens* (1894); *American Girls' Home Book of Work and Play* (1895); *Woman Wage Earners* (1893); *Under Green Apple Boughs* (1881); and *Ballantyne*, a novel (1901).

LONG ISLAND VILLAGE.

The people moved in a leisurely, altogether un-American manner, and, as in all fossil communities, each had his own form and distinctive peculiarities. For many years opposition had been the chief business and chief bond of union. Opposition to public schools, to gas, to fire companies, and, last and bitterest of all, to the railroad, slow as the people it hoped to carry, and built in spite of a cold fury of defiance and remonstrance. The fact of its completion brought an influx of city people, who expected to carry everything before them but made as much real progress as waves against a Holland dyke. The village held its own, looking straight over the heads of these audacious foreigners, with their nineteenth-cen-

ture madness; and the foreigners, in turn, disgusted with the exclusiveness and ancient and fish-like modes of thought of the villagers, ceased the useless struggle to mingle, and were their own society.

Beyond the village lay farms, the great market gardens for New York, toward which, through the summer and fall, heavily loaded wagons of fresh vegetables plodded nightly, drawn by steady old horses knowing the road so well that their owners could sleep securely two-thirds of the way. Dozens of men who drove to the city two or three times a week had never explored it beyond Washington or Fulton Market, and others, even more conservative, declined to go at all, and dwelling almost within the sound of the great Babel knew no more of it than of the original Babylon, to which it was in their minds, the worthy successor. One ambition possessed them all alike: to accumulate money enough to buy a square white house in the village, pass the farm over to their sons, and end their days in those sacred precincts, seen now only on Sundays or in occasional visits to the store, where each man, as he eyed the gossiping circle, anticipated with a sort of solemn joy the time when his heels also should find place on that counter, and his pipe lend its quota to the blue cloud through which one barely distinguished the smokers.

One degree lower in the scale were the fishermen on the bay, who came inland with clams, oysters, and fish; gray, barnacle-like men and women, silent and close-mouthed as their own great stand-by, the clam, and not to be ranged under any head past or present. About them, as about the village life and that of the low-roofed farm-houses between, was a suggestion of remote antiquity.

The most stagnant New England community has its strong, vital interests, if in nothing more than the fortunes of the young men and women who leave it to make careers. Here nobody left or wanted to leave. All lived under a spell of established custom and routine. Seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, found them the same, and when the uneventful years had brought them

to the eighties or nineties, people went out quietly like a snuffed candle, and were buried without any useless mourning and lamenting.—*Under Green Apple Boughs.*

CAMPBELL, JOHN, a British lawyer, politician, and biographer; born at Springfield, Scotland, September 15, 1779; died at London, June 23, 1861. He was the son of a Scottish clergyman, and was destined to the profession of his father, for which he had no inclination, but at the age of nineteen went to London, where he became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. Meanwhile he studied law, was called to the bar in 1806, and in time secured a large practice. In 1830, through the aid of a relative, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Stafford, where he took a prominent part in the advocacy of several important measures. Subsequently he represented other constituencies, the last being that of Edinburgh (1834–41.) In 1841 he was created a peer, under the title of Baron Campbell of St. Andrews, and was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a position which he held for only sixteen days, when his party went out of power, and he was forced to resign; but this brief possession entitled him to a retiring pension of £4,000. During the next ten years he had no public duties except to draw his pension, and take his seat in the House of Lords when he was disposed to do so. During this period he wrote the series of legal biographies by which he is to be remembered. These are: *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* (7 vols., 1845–48) and *Lives of the Chief Justices of England* (2 vols., 1849, to which was

added a third volume in 1859). These works were extravagantly praised at the time of their appearance; and have subsequently been sharply criticised. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th edition, 1877), after dwelling severely upon their manifold defects, is yet forced to add, "And yet the work is an invaluable repertory of facts, and must endure until it is superseded by something better." In 1850 Lord Campbell was made Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench; and in 1859 received the dignity of Lord Chancellor of Great Britain—the highest honor which can be attained by a member of the legal profession.

THE DEATH OF WOLSEY.

For some days he was afflicted with a dysentery, but as soon as he was able to travel he set forward for London, although so much reduced in strength that he could hardly support himself on his mule. When his servants saw him in such a lamentable plight they expressed their pity for him with weeping eyes; but he took them by the hand as he rode, and kindly conversed with them. In the evening of the third day, after dark, he arrived with difficulty at the Abbey of Leicester. The Abbot and monks met him at the gates, with many torches. As he entered he said, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my weary bones among you." He was immediately carried to his chamber, and put into a bed, from which he never rose. This was on Saturday night, and on Monday he foretold to his servants, "that by eight of the clock next morning they should lose their master, as the time drew near that he must depart out of this world." Next morning, about seven, when he had confessed to a priest, Kingston asked him how he did. "Sir," quoth he, "I tarry but the will and pleasure of God to render my simple soul into His divine hands. If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs. Howbeit, this is the

just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do Him service; only to satisfy His main pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. . . . Master Kingston, farewell. I can do no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said, and charged you withal, for when I am dead ye shall, peradventure, remember my words much better."

He was then anointed by the Father Abbot, and as the clock struck eight he expired. His body was immediately laid in a coffin, dressed in his pontificals, with mitre, crosses, ring, and pall; and, lying there all day open and barefaced, was viewed by the Mayor of Leicester and the surrounding gentry, that there might be no suspicion as to the manner of his death. It was then carried into the Lady Chapel, and watched, with many torches, all night; whilst the monks sung dirges and other devout orisons. At six in the morning mass was celebrated for his soul; and as they committed the body of the proud Cardinal to its last abode, the words were chanted, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" No stone was erected to his memory; and the spot of his interment is unknown.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. I.*

FRANCIS BACON AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS PROSPERITY.

In 1620 his worldly prosperity was at its height, and he seemed in the full enjoyment of almost everything that man can desire. He was courted and flattered by all classes of the community. The multitude—dazzled by the splendor of his reputation as a statesman, an orator, a judge, a fine writer, a philosopher—for a time were blind to the faults in his character, and overlooked the evil arts by which he had risen. He was on the best terms both with the King and the Favorite; and it was generally expected that, like his father, he would keep his office while he lived.

He had a villa at Kew, to which he could retire for a day in seasons of business; and his vacations he spent at Gorhambury, "in studies, arts, and sciences to which,

in his own nature, he was most inclined," and in gardening, "the purest of human pleasures." Here, at a cost of £10,000, he erected a private retreat, furnished with every intellectual luxury, to which he repaired when he wished to avoid visitors, except a few choice spirits, whom he occasionally selected as the companions of his retirement and his lucubrations.

From thence, in January, 1621, he was drawn, not unwillingly, to the King's Court at Theobalds; for there he was raised in the Peerage by the title of Viscount St. Albans—his patent being expressed in the most flattering language, particularly celebrating his integrity in the administration of justice; and he was, with great ceremony, according to the custom of the times, invested by the King with his new dignity, Buckingham supporting his robe of state, while his coronet was borne by the Lord Wentworth. In answer to a complimentary address from the King, he delivered a studied oration, enumerating the successive favors he had received from the Crown, and shadowing forth the fresh services he was to render, in his future career, as evidence of his gratitude. In little more than three months from this day he was a prisoner in the Tower—stripped of his office for confessed corruption—and condemned to spend the remainder of his days in disgrace and penury.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. II.*

CLARENDON'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.

It is easy to point out faults in the *History of the Rebellion*: its redundancies, its omissions, its inaccuracies, its misrepresentations, its careless style, and its immethodical arrangement. But of all history, contemporary history is the most valuable; and of contemporary histories that is to be preferred which is written by one who took part in the events related; and of all such contemporary histories, in our own or any other language, this great work is the most to be admired, for graphic narration of facts, for just exposition of motives, and for true and striking delineation of character. We find in it a freshness, a spirit, a raciness, which induce us, in spite

of all its imperfections, to lay it down with regret, and to resume it with new pleasure. With regard to its *sincerity*, which has been so much contested, perhaps the author may be acquitted of wilfully asserting what is false; but he seems to have considered himself fully justified in suppressing what is true when he thought he could do so for the advantage of his party. Perhaps unconsciously, he makes his history the vehicle for his personal partialities and antipathies; and what it thus gains in liveliness it certainly loses in authority. There are likewise to be found in the work statements of dates, speeches, and occurrences entirely at variance with the Journals of the two Houses and other authentic records; and which, being against his party as often as in favor of it, we can only account for by his want of opportunity to consult original papers. His memory failing him, he seems, occasionally, to have filled up the interval with what he deemed probable and characteristic, as if he had been writing an historical romance. With all these abatements, the *History of the Rebellion* was a great accession to English Literature: and it will continue to be read when Hume may be superseded by another compiler, equally lively and engaging, and more painstaking and impartial.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. III.*

CHARACTER OF LORD SOMERS.

Unlike Lord Thurlow, and others, who, having contrived to be celebrated in their own age, have been undervalued by posterity, the fame of Somers has gone on increasing from generation to generation, in proportion as his character and public services have been examined, and as the science of government has been better understood. Says Mackintosh: "Lord Somers seems to have nearly realized the perfect model of a wise statesman in a free community. His end was public liberty; he employed every talent and resource which were necessary for his end, and not prohibited by the rules of morality. His regulating principle was usefulness. His quiet and refined mind rather shrunk from popular applause. He preserved the most intrepid steadiness, with a disposition

so mild that his friends thought its mildness excessive, and his enemies supposed it could be scarcely natural." Lord John Russell observes that "Somers is a bright example of a statesman who could live in times of revolution without rancor, who could hold the highest post in a Court without meanness, and who could unite mildness and charity to his opponents with the firmest attachment to the great principles of liberty, civil and religious, which he had early espoused, long promoted, and never abandoned." And Lord Mahon, in language more impressive than a labored panegyric, referring to Lord Somers, exclaims: "I know not where to find a more upright and unsullied character than his. He had contracted nothing of the venality and baseness of the age." — *Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. IV.*

A GLIMPSE OF LORD THURLOW.

With these eyes have I closely beheld the lineaments of Edward, Lord Thurlow; with these ears have I distinctly heard the deep tones of his voice. Thurlow had resigned the Great Seal while I was still a child residing in my native land; but when I had been entered a few days a student at Lincoln's Inn it was rumored that, after a long absence from Parliament, he was to attend in the House of Lords, to express his opinion upon the very important question "whether a divorce bill should be passed on the petition of a wife, in a case where her husband had been guilty of incest with her sister?"—there never hitherto having been an instance of a divorce bill in England except on the petition of a husband for the adultery of a wife.—When I was admitted below the bar, Lord Chancellor Eldon was sitting on the wool-sack; but he excited comparatively little interest, and all eyes were impatiently looking round for him who had occupied it under Lord North, under Lord Rockingham, under Lord Shelburne, and under Mr. Pitt. At last there walked in, supported by a staff, a figure bent with age, dressed in an old-fashioned gray coat, with breeches and gaiters of the same stuff, a brown scratch wig, tremendous white, bushy eyebrows, eyes still sparkling with in-

telligence, dreadful "crow's feet" around them, very deep lines in his countenance, and shrivelled complexion of a sallow hue;—all indicating much greater senility than was to be expected from the date of his birth, as laid down in *The Peerage*. The debate was begun by his Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who moved the rejection of the bill, on the ground that marriage had never been dissolved in this country—and never ought to be dissolved—unless for the adultery of the wife; which alone forever frustrated the purposes for which marriage had been instituted. Lord Thurlow then rose, and the fall of a feather might have been heard in the House while he spoke. At this distance of time I retain the most lively recollection of his appearance, his manner and his reasoning. . . . I never again had an opportunity of making any personal observation of Thurlow; but this glimpse of him renders his appearance familiar to me, and I can always imagine that I see before me and that I listen to the voice of this great imitator of Gargantua. I must confess, however, that my recent study of his career and his character has considerably lowered him in my estimation; and I have come to the conclusion that, although he certainly had a very vigorous understanding and no inconsiderable acquirements, he imposed by his assuming manner upon the age in which he lived.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. V.*

CAMPBELL, THOMAS, a British poet and critic; born at Glasgow, Scotland, July 27, 1777; died at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1844. After graduating from the University of Glasgow, he became for a short time a tutor. Then he went to Edinburgh with the design of studying law; but in the meanwhile he had written his poem, *The Pleasures of*

Hope, which was published in 1799, and was received with extraordinary favor. Campbell—now barely twenty-two—assumed literature as his vocation. He made a trip to the Continent, and on December 3, 1800, from a safe position, had a glimpse of a cavalry charge—a mere episode preparatory to the famous battle of Hohenlinden. This chance incident gave occasion to one of Campbell's best-known lyrics, beginning "On Linden, when the sun was low." Campbell returned to Scotland in 1801, having in the meantime written several of the most spirited of his minor poems. In 1803 he took up his residence at Sydenham, near London. He married about this time, and, having no adequate income, fell into pecuniary straits; but in 1805 a Government pension of £200 was granted him. In 1809 he published *Gertrude of Wyoming*, his second considerable poem. From 1810 to 1820 he was, at least nominally, the editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, to which he furnished a few noble poems, among which are *The Last Man*. In 1819 he published *Specimens of the British Poets*, which finally extended to seven octavo volumes, with biographical and critical notices, and an *Essay on English Poetry*, a work which was highly lauded at the time. In 1824 he published *Theodoric and other Poems*, which, notwithstanding a few fine lines, may be regarded as a failure. A still more decided failure was his latest considerable poem, *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, published only a year before his death. Campbell had by this time fairly broken down under the pressure of some domestic sorrows. His wife had passed away; his eldest son had died in early childhood, and his other son was infirm in body and mind; and his own personal way of life was not a

healthful one. Broken in health, physical and mental, he went to Boulogne, hoping to gain recuperation. He died there, and his remains were brought back to England, and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, with all the honors of a public funeral.

Campbell wrote no little prose during his long literary career. None of this, however, deserves to live. The mere titles of his chief prose works may here be preserved. They are: *Annals of Great Britain* (1806); *Lectures on Poetry* (1820); *Life of Mrs. Siddons* (1834); *Letters from Algiers, etc.*, originally published in *The New Monthly Magazine* (1837); *Life and Times of Petrarch* (1841); *Frederick the Great*, a mere compilation, to which Campbell furnished little more than an Introduction; a work which, however, furnished a kind of text for one of Macaulay's best essays (1842). Campbell's fame in literature rests upon several short poems, and upon some passages embodied in three or four longer ones.

HOPE THE CHARMER OF HUMAN LIFE.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion glows divinely there. . . .
Primeval Hope, the Aöonian Muses say,

When Man and Nature mourned their first decay ;
 When every form of death and every woe,
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below ;
 When Murder bared her arm and rampant War
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car ;
 When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
 Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again :
 All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind —
 But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

— *The Pleasures of Hope, Part I.*

THE INVADERS OF INDIA.

Ye orient realms, where Ganges's waters run!
 Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
 How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed!
 How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed,
 Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,
 From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
 Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars bare,
 With blazing torch and gory cimeter —
 Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale,
 And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
 Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
 When Brama's children perished for his name,
 The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
 And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

THE BRITISH IN INDIA.

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
 And stretched her gaint sceptre o'er the main,
 Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
 And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape ;
 Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh
 To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
 Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
 When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave?
 Ah, no!— to more than Rome's ambition true,
 The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
 She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,

And in the march of nations led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
 And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
 Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
 The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
 Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
 While famished nations died along the shore:
 Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
 The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
 Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
 And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

THE COMING RETRIBUTION.

But hark! as bowed to earth the Bramin kneels,
 From Heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
 Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
 Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
 And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
 Roll on the azure paths of every wind,

“Foes of mankind!” (her guardian spirits say,
 “Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
 When heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
 And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
 Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled
 His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;
 Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
 Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;
 Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
 But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
 He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
 With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
 Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
 Paws the light clouds and gallops on the storm!
 Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arms glow
 Like summer suns, and light the world below!
 Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
 Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

“To pour redress on India's injured realm,
 The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
 To chase destruction from her plundered shore

With arts and arms that triumphed once before,
 The tenth Avatar comes; at Heaven's command
 Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand!
 And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—
 Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
 Love—Mercy—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!”

—*The Pleasures of Hope, Part I.*

THE IMMORTALITY OF HOPE.

Unfading Hope! When life's last embers burn,
 And soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
 Oh! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye?
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of Life's eternal day:—
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die!
 Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,
 Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears,
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss.

Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb:
 Melt and disperse, ye spectre-doubts that roll
 Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!



HOPE.

Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
 Chased on his night-steed by the Star of Day!
 The strife is o'er; the pangs of Nature close,
 And Life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly wings that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill. . . .

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse
 One hopeless, dark indolator of Chance,
 Content to feel, with pleasures unrefined,
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
 Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
 In joyless union wedded to the dust
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss? . . .

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
 Lights of the world, and demigods of Fame?
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
 Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?—
 For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
 By shore and sea, each mute and living thing?
 Launched, with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
 To worlds unknown and isles beyond the deep?
 Or round the cope her living chariot driven.
 And wheeled in triumph through the Signs of Heaven?
 Oh! star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
 To waft us home the message of despair?
 Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
 Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit! . . .

Cease, every joy to glimmer on my mind;
 But leave, oh leave, the light of Hope behind!
 What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
 Like angels' visits, few and far between:
 Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
 And charm, when pleasures lose the power to please.

Yes, let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
 Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea,—
 Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
 Chase every care, and charm a little while;
 Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
 And all her strings are harmonized to joy. . . .

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
 Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade:—
 When all the sister planets have decayed;
 When, wrapped in fire, the realms of ether glow,
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

— *Pleasures of Hope, Part II.*

GERTRUDE TO WALDEGRAVE.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
 Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat — oh! think,
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
 And friend to more than human friendship just.
 Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
 God shall assuage thy pangs — when I am laid in dust!

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
 The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
 Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
 And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
 With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
 Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
 In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
 And must this parting be our very last?
 No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
 And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
 If I had lived to smile but on the birth

Of one dear pledge;— but shall there then be none
 In future times — no gentle little one,
 To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
 Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
 A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
 Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!

— *Gertrude of Wyoming, Part III.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England!
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave:
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 You manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep;
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below —
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousand had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
 At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
 'Twas Autumn — and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art weary and worn;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:—
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

A DRINKING SONG.

Drink to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while Memory, tranced and glad,
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence, be jest or boast
From hallowed thoughts so dear:—
But drink to her that each loves most,
As she would wish to hear.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rested in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm passed by,
 Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis Mercy bids thee go,
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill;
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will;—
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim discrowned king of day:
 For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
 Healed not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
 Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again.
 Its piteous pageants bring not back,
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;
 Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Even I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
 Test of all sumless agonies,
 Behold! not me expire.
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.

The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall —
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

“ This spirit shall return to Him
 Who gave its heavenly spark;
 Ye think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of Victory —
 And took the sting from Death!

“ Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature’s awful waste
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that men shall taste —
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw’st the last of Adam’s race,
 On Earth’s sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God! ”

CAMPIAN, EDMUND, an English theologian; born at London, January 25, 1540; died at Tyburn, December 1, 1581. He came of humble parentage, was educated at Oxford University, where he took a degree and became a fellow of St. John’s; he was admitted to holy orders in the English Church and was ordained deacon in 1567. His conviction underwent a change shortly afterward, however, and feeling that he could not assent to the Protestant formulary required by the English Church, he

resigned his position at Oxford and journeyed to Ireland, where he wrote a history of the country. Having met Allen and others at Douay, he joined the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits. He resided for awhile at Brünn, Vienna, and Prague, teaching philosophy and rhetoric, but was subsequently sent by Gregory XIII., with Father Parsons, on a mission to England. He landed in England in 1580, and immediately began to perform the duties of his mission by making challenges to the Universities and clergy to dispute with him. In July of the next year, he with his companion were seized with two other agents at Lyford in Berks, and confined in the Tower, charged with having excited the populace to rebellion and carrying on a treasonable correspondence with foreign powers. He was tried, found guilty, condemned to death and executed at Tyburn, with a number of other agents of his order.

He was a man of admitted ability, eloquent as an orator, a subtle reasoner in the field of philosophy, and a diplomat of remarkable ability. His disposition was amiable and he is held in high esteem by all writers, whether of the Protestant or Roman Catholic faith, on account of his acquirements and proficiency. His principal works include *History of Ireland*, (1571) and *Decem Rationes* (Ten Reasons for denouncing the Protestant and embracing the Roman Catholic Religion), 1581, and translated into English in 1827. A *Life of Campian* was published in 1867, by Richard Simpson.

“QUEENS SHALL BE THY NURSING MOTHERS.”

Listen, Elizabeth, mighty queen. The prophet is speaking to thee, is teaching thee thy duty. I tell thee one heaven cannot receive Calvin and these thy ancestors;

join thyself, therefore to them, be worthy of thy name, of thy genius, of thy learning, of thy fame, of thy fortune. Thus only do I conspire, thus only will I conspire against thee, whatever becomes of me, who am so often threatened with the gallows as a conspirator against thy life. Hail, thou good cross! The day shall come, Elizabeth, the day that will show thee clearly who loved thee best—the Society of Jesus or the brood of Luther.

—*From Biography by Richard Simpson.*

CANNING, GEORGE, an English statesman and orator; born near London, April 11, 1770; died at Chiswick, August 8, 1827. His parents died while he was a mere child; but a wealthy uncle took charge of the boy, and had him educated at Eton and Oxford, where he acquired a splendid reputation for ability. In 1794, at the age of twenty-four, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Newport. Of his subsequent brilliant political career we can here give only an outline. In 1807 he was made Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1809 a dispute arose between him and his colleague, Lord Castlereagh, the Secretary-at-War, which resulted in a duel, in which neither party was hurt; but both combatants resigned their offices, and for a while Canning kept aloof from general politics. Still his great capacities were recognized. From 1814 to 1816 he was ambassador at Lisbon, and from 1817 to 1820, President of the Board of Control for India. He had already been named as Governor-general of India, when the suicide of Castlereagh opened up new political complications, the result of which was that Canning did not go to

India, but remained at home, taking an active part in the stirring events of the succeeding years. The outcome was that, early in 1827, Lord Liverpool, who had for fifteen years been the nominal head of the government, broke down physically and mentally, and Canning was made Premier. It was a thankless post. Those upon whose aid he had counted failed him, and he had to encounter a fierce parliamentary opposition; which told severely upon him. A severe cold brought a sudden close to his life. The British nation accorded to him its highest honors — honors due alike to his grand political career and to his unblemished private life. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the "Statesmen's Corner," his grave being close by that of Pitt.

Canning's name in literature rests mainly upon a few clever squibs contributed in early life to a periodical entitled *The Anti-Jacobin*. These were parodies upon poems by Southey and others. Southey had published a laudatory "Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Marten, the regicide, was imprisoned thirty years." Canning cleverly parodied this by "An Inscription for the door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the 'Prentice-cide, was confined previous to her execution."

INSCRIPTION FOR MRS. BROWNRIGG'S CELL.

For one long term, or ere her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as, with shrill voice,
She screamed for fresh geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand,
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?

Ye bore Matilda from my view;
 Forlorn I languished at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen —
 niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
 This blood-my veins is clotting in!
 My years are many — they were few
 When first I entered at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen —
 niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
 Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
 tor, Law Professor at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen —
 niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
 That kings and priests are plotting in!
 Here doomed to starve on water-gru-
 el, never shall I see the U-
 niversity of Gottingen —
 niversity of Gottingen —

[During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music continuing to play.]

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON.

Though short thy space, God's unimpeached decrees,
 Which made that shortened span one long disease;
 Yet merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
 For mild redeeming virtues — faith and hope,
 Meek resignation, pious charity;
 And since this world was not the world for thee,

Far from thy path removed with partial care
 Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,
 Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
 And fixed on heaven thine unreverted eye!
 Oh, marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
 In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise!
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
 Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure—
 Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away!)
 By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
 Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
 While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
 Pour forth a father's sorrow on thy tomb.



CANTON, WILLIAM, an English poet and essayist; born in China, October 27, 1845. He was educated in France for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but decided upon a secular career. He then entered journalism, and was for many years upon the staff of the *Glasgow Herald*. In 1890 he was appointed sub-editor of the *Contemporary Review*. His published works include *A Lost Epic and Other Poems* (1887); *The Invisible Playmate* (1894); *W. V. Her Book, and Various Verses* (1896); *A Child's Book of Saints* (1899); and *Children's Sayings* (1900). Mr. Canton is strikingly original in his verse. His *Invisible Playmate* and *W. V. Her Book*, have attracted much attention, and have been republished in various countries.

BABSIE-BIRD.

In the orchard blithely waking,
 Through the blossom, loud and clear,

Pipes the goldfinch, "Day is breaking;
 Waken, Babsie; May is here!
 Bloom is laughing; lambs are leaping;
 Every new green leaflet sings;
 Five chipp'd eggs will soon be cheeping;
 God be praised for song and wings!"

Warm and ruddy as an ember,
 Lilting sweet from bush to stone,
 On the moor in chill November
 Flits the stone-chat all alone:
 "Snow will soon drift up the heather;
 Days are short, nights cold and long;
 Meanwhile in this glinting weather
 God be thanked for wings and song!"

Round from Maytime to November
 Babsie lilts upon the wing,
 Far too happy to remember
 Thanks or praise for anything;
 Save at bedtime, laughing sinner,
 When she gaily lisps along,
 For the wings and song within her —
 "Thank you, God, for wings and song!"
 — *W. V. Her Book.*

GOODWIN SANDS.

Did you ever read or hear
 How the *Aid* — (God bless the *Aid*!
 More earnest prayer than that was never prayed.)
 How the lifeboat, *Aid* of Ramsgate, saved the *London*
Fusilier?

With a hundred souls on board,
 With a hundred and a score,
 — She was fast on Goodwin Sands.
 — (May the Lord
 Have pity on all hands —
 Crew and captain — when a ship's on Goodwin
 Sands!)

In the smother and the roar
Of a very hell of waters — hard and fast —
She shook beneath the stroke
Of each billow as it broke,
And the clouds of spray were mingled with the clouds
of swirling smoke
As the blazing barrels bellowed in the blast!

And the women and the little ones were frozen dumb
with fear;

And the strong men waited grimly for the last;
When — as clocks were striking two in Ramsgate
town —

The little *Aid* came down,
The *Aid*, the plucky *Aid* —
The *Aid* flew down the gale
With the glimmer of the moon upon her sail;
And the people thronged to leeward; stared and
prayed —

Prayed and stared with tearless eye and breathless
lip,

While the little boat drew near.

Ay, and then there rose a shout —

A clamour, half a sob and half a cheer —

As the boatmen flung the lifeboat anchor out,
And the gallant *Aid* sheered in beneath the ship,
Beneath the shadow of the *London Fusilier!*

"We can carry may be thirty at a trip"

(Hurrah for Ramsgate town!)

"Quick, the women and the children!"

O'er the side

Two sailors, slung in bowlines, hung to help the
women down —

Poor women, shrinking back in their dismay

As they saw their ark of refuge, smothered up in
spray,

Ranging wildly this and that way in the racing of
the tide;

As they watched it rise and drop, with its crew of stalwart men,
 When a huge sea swung it upward to the bulwarks of the ship,
 And, sweeping by in thunder, sent it plunging down again.

Still they shipped them — nine-and-twenty. (God be blessed!)

When a man with glaring eyes
 Rushed up frantic to the gangway with a cry choked in his throat —
 Thrust a bundle in a sailor's ready hands.

Honest Jack, *he* understands —

Why, a blanket for a woman in the boat!

“*Catch it, Bill!*”

And he flung it with a will;

And the boatman turned and caught it, bless him! —
 caught it, tho' it slipped,

And, even as he caught it, heard an infant's cries,
 While a woman shrieked, and snatched it to her breast —

“*My baby!*”

So the thirtieth passenger was shipped!

Twice, and thrice, and yet again

Flew the lifeboat down the gale

With the moonlight on her sail —

With the sunrise on her sail —

(God bless the lifeboat *Aid* and all her men!)

Brought her thirty at a trip

Thro' the hell of Goodwin waters as they raged
 around the ship,

Saved each soul aboard the *London Fusilier!*

If you live to be a hundred, you will ne'er —

You will ne'er in all your life,

Until you die, my dear,

Be nearer to your death by land or sea!

Was *she* there?
 Who?—my wife?
 Why, the baby in the blanket — that was she!
 — *W. V. Her Book.*

CANTÙ, CESARE, an Italian historian, novelist, and poet; born at Brisio, near Milan, September 5, 1805; died March 11, 1895. He was educated at Sondrio, and appointed Professor of belles-lettres there. He afterward went to Como and to Milan. The liberal opinions expressed in his *Reflections on the History of Lombardy*, caused his imprisonment, during which he wrote a historical romance entitled *Margherita Pusterla*. This work, published in 1845, became very popular. Cantù was the author of the following works: *Storia Universale*, 35 vols. (1831-42); *History of Italian Literature* (1851); *History of the Last Hundred Years* (1852); *History of the Italians* (1859); *Milano, Storia del Popolo e pel Popolo* (1871); *Cronisteria della Indipendenza Italiana* (1873); and *Caratteri Storici* (1881). He was also the author of several popular hymns and poems, and of articles in the *Biblioteca Italiana*, and the *Indicatore* of Milan.

TRIALS OF MARGHERITA.

Luchino awaited Margherita in a small saloon, seated in an arm-chair adorned with carvings and covered with damask. He had taken off his cuirass, his helmet and all his armor, and with his legs crossed, leaned on his left elbow against an arm of the chair, his cheek resting on the back of his hand. Two brilliant eyes sparkled in a face of that masculine beauty shared by all the Visconti,

a face on which strength had rendered ineffaceable the wrinkle first imprinted by pride and contempt. Rich curling hair fell from his uncovered head upon the broad shoulders. He waited with eyes fixed on the door, and a mingled expression of villainous hope and satisfied vengeance in his face.

Margherita appeared before him, dressed in a brown robe, neglected and torn, but in the folds of which as well as in her head-gear were revealed the graceful habits of a refined woman, who, in time past, had drawn a murmur of admiration from every one who saw her. Since that time, how she had changed! Nevertheless, amid the deep traces of suffering, she still appeared far more beautiful than she would have wished to be in order to escape the wicked desires of her persecutor. But what added to her beauty was that aspect of superiority which the face of innocence preserves when—through the not rare combination of circumstances, it is called upon to justify its own virtue in the midst of prevalent iniquity—superiority so sublime that a wise man has pronounced it the most wonderful spectacle in the sight of Heaven.

To a man habituated to crime a new wickedness counts little. Luchino awaited Margherita with the indolent air of the fowler awaiting his prey in the net. Perhaps, learned as he was, there came into his mind the Roman emperor, who caressing his wife, said to her: "Thou pleasest me the more because I think that with a word I could cause thy head to roll at my feet." It is true that he had not planned to use violence toward her. To tell the truth, he had not thought it would be necessary. The corrupt soul believes all others like itself. Seldom, if ever, had Luchino found beauty proof against the flattery of wealth, vanity or power. How could he, then, believe that she would be so to whom past sufferings should have made clear that on him depended all her future; that a sign from him could reduce her to misery or raise her to surpass her equals at court—more than that, could restore to her her husband and her son. . . . Hence he saluted her courteously, and said:

"In how different a state do I see you again, lady."

"In that state," replied Margherita, "to which your Highness has been pleased to reduce me."

"Look!" cried Luchino, raising his head, and striking his palm on the arm of his chair. "Look! at the very first moment a proud, disdainful word! The prisons, then, have not abated your pride! Why not rather acknowledge your error? Why not say, 'I am in that state to which my follies have brought me—mine and those of others?'"

"Prince," replied the lady, with touching dignity, "I beg you to remember that I am not yet judged, and that the court of justice will show that, in order to injure me, faults of which I am ignorant have been attributed to me. For the rest, the assurance in my face ought to attest my innocence."

He smiled with the cold and cruel pride which ribald power feels at the name of virtue, and rejoined: "That assurance is the sign also of the robber, guilty of the blood of many. I have never seen a rebel who did not at first show, in every action, innocence that disappeared at the trial. They must be very strong reasons which would move me to bring hither a person whom *you* know whether I esteem—whether I love;" and, rising, he advanced toward her with an air of insolent familiarity. She retreated backward, silent and sighing. . . . "But you," continued Luchino, "how do you respond to the proofs of my affection? With ostentatious pride, wearisome contempt and derision, and afterward—easy transition—with conspiracy and treason. Who are you to hope to stand against your master? Miserable creature! he blows upon you, and you are dust!"

Thus, now gentle, now severe, he approached her from all sides, probing her spirit, and she, always noble, did not confute his arguments, and let his anger exhale. She was right, and he begged her pardon whilst he reviled her. He spoke of love, and when he persisted, she said:

"But, prince, if it is true that you care for me, why not listen to my prayer, the first, and perhaps the last, that I shall make to you? Save my husband! save my

son!" And, throwing herself at his feet, she embraced his knees, repeating, with all the eloquence of innocent and unhappy beauty, "Save them!"

"Yes," replied he: "it rests with you. A little less pride on your part, and I will restore them to you."

The fear that her dear ones had already fallen victims to their enemy had always tormented the poor woman. I do not know whether she had artfully uttered this prayer in order to learn the truth; but the reply assured her that they were alive. With an exulting heart, whose joy she could not conceal, she exclaimed:

"Then they live! O prince, O lord, restore them to me! they are innocent; I alone am guilty: punish me — me; not them. O master, I beseech you with the fervor with which, at the point of death, you will ask God to pardon you. Pray grant me to see them once, only once; then torture me as you please."

He had come to torment her, and, against his will, he had consoled her. He had reckoned upon disheartening her, and, without perceiving it, he had been the means of raising her spirit — of exalting her. Luchino was not a little disquieted by this, and, as often happens to him who receives an unexpected check, he became more confused when he endeavored to disentangle himself, and lost his habitual coolness. Wishing to make a merit of his involuntary revelation, and trying to snatch away the hope wherewith she had let herself be flattered, he replied:

"Doubt not that you shall see them. Oh, you shall see them, and you shall be sorry for it. Wherever they have fled, I shall not be slow to catch them. And then — and then —"

"Fled! have they then fled?" exclaimed the woman, almost beside herself with joy. "Then they are not in your power, not in your power, and alive! Oh, joy!" She sprang up, raised her hands to heaven, her tearful face shining with ineffable content. "Great God!" she cried, "I thank thee, I thank thee! I complained that Thou hadst forgotten me in the depths of my misery, and it was not so; Thou hadst not abandoned me! What

are sufferings to me now? O prince, I will grieve no more, I will suffer what pains you will. I will hold my peace though you double, though you refine, my torments. If they are safe, I care not for my life!"

With her joy increased the fury of the tyrant, piqued at having revealed a thing of which he had not supposed her ignorant; at seeing himself exposed and taunted with injustice. . . . Now he redoubled his threats, now he sought to turn her perturbation to account for his unworthy designs; but if at the first she had withstood flattery and fear, now that she thought her dear ones alive and free she felt herself secure from his wrath since those for whom she trembled were secure. . . .

"Tremble! you know not how far my vengeance can reach," were the last words which he shrieked in his anger, while she, with upraised eyes beaming with spotless serenity, the light of heaven on the face of virtue saved from peril, thanked God and took the way to her prison.

Luchino, fuming, stamping, grinding his teeth and biting his finger, strode up and down the apartment; then resumed his armor and went out, taciturn, agitated. . . . No need to say that a good part of the severe orders of that day were directed against Margherita. Not only did he prohibit her daily nourishing food, but he cast her into a worse and deeper prison than before. The jailer, miserable being, pleased openly to ill-treat the persons consigned to him, as he saw the food carried away which had been a welcome sacrifice to his gluttony, became beyond measure severe, as if to revenge himself on her who had forfeited a favor profitable to him alone. Whereas at first his venal soul had descended to some courtesy, in words and manner at least, he now endeavored to render the vengeance of his master still more insupportable by disrespectful actions and low jests.

The prison to which she had been removed was situated within the tower of the Roman gate. It was a prison fitting for the times in which were constructed the Zilie of Padua, by Ezzolino, and the Forni of Monza,

by Galeazzo, into which the condemned were let down through a hole in the ceiling, and were deposited upon a rough, convex pavement, in so cramped a situation that they could neither stand upright nor lie at full length. . . . In her cell Margherita could take three or four steps: the only light was the stunted gleam from a high window, looking out on a garden in the court-yard, in such a manner that on rainy days the dampness trickled down from it, and covered the walls with saltpetre.

The winter days had passed. It was now the beginning of May, when the warm airs set astir the life of the fields, and infuse an ineffable joy into animals and men. From her former chamber Margherita had cheered her sight with the greenness of the fields, the swelling buds of the trees and the opening leaves on their highest branches. With the love and satisfaction that only prisoners know, she had observed and measured, day by day, the growth, the dilation, the deeper green: she had felt the fertilizing zephyrs blowing upon her face, had heard the garrulous flocks of birds renewing their songs and their loves under the soft beams of the sun. . . . But here, nothing of all this, no more roaming through the distance, over the immense country, far, far toward the west, to rest upon the mountains, scarcely distinct from the horizon. Here not one plant, not one grassy clod, not the sight of one human form to which her fancy might turn; no power to gaze on the melancholy splendors of the moon; nothing but darkness, stench, and the silence of the desert. And now Margherita's tears flowed more freely, less painfully.

At her first entrance into that dungeon she had thrown herself on her knees to thank the Virgin. She had preserved her honor, and she had learned that life-giving news. How it mitigated her sufferings! How fancy smiled! The imagination of the prisoner loved to wander afar, and stay itself upon what might happen after many years, rather than to dwell upon her present cruel situation. In thought and hope she dwelt upon the day when, with husband and son, she would return free to the city; and bathed herself, so to speak, in the waves

of light which the sun pours upon the earth of Lombardy. She saw again the shores of Lake Maggiore, full of youthful memories of an age most joyful because most careless. She saw herself growing old in her own house, her age filled with sweetness by a son worthy of all her love, and with him grandsons who should be born from him to repeat in peace the journey of life. Dreaming of this, she thanked God, and already seemed to be with her Francisco, her Veturino. . . .

In the morning, when a tardy ray of light fell across the bars of her prison, with her first thought she flew to her beloved ones who rejoiced in the full beams of the sun; a thousand times during the monotonous days she thought of them, but chiefly at the close of the day—that hour burdened with the sighs of the exile, the solitary, all those who suffer. She knew they were free; she followed in their track—where—with whom? She could not divine, but it was where the tyranny of the Visconte could not overtake them. Over what a vast expanse did the fancy of the sufferer rove! The thoughts soothed her through the day, they were reproduced even in sleep, and gladdened her slumber. She still suffered; nevertheless from time to time a tranquil ray brightened the gloom, so that at length she might be called happy. More than once Macaruffo came listening at the entrance to the prison, wishing, perhaps, to hear murmuring and railing: instead of that he heard her singing, with a voice soft and sweet as a flute sounding from afar through the silence of the night—singing the litany—imploring the Mother of Sorrows to pray for her. . . . One day, just at the edge of the night, her song was interrupted by a louder tramping than usual in the courtyard, the sound of derisive laughter, and of insults, among which were distinguished softer lamentations than are usually heard among prisoners, making a discord among the sharper voices which could only be heard by an ear accustomed to listen. The troubled heart is always open to fear. With the anxiety of a dove which sees the cuckoo fix its eyes upon her nest, Margherita sprang to the dungeon window, with

her delicate hands caught the great bars, directed her gaze toward that confused crowd, and saw a child with disordered blond hair hanging over his eyes, who struggled, shrieking, in the arms of the soldiers, and cried "Father, father!" to another, who, all in chains and with downcast face, followed him. Margherita shrieked like one struck to the heart, and fell fainting to the pavement. Her eyes, her ears, although at a distance, and by an uncertain light, had recognized in those two unhappy ones her Francisco, her Veturino.—*Margherita Pusterla.*

CAPEL, THOMAS JOHN, MONSIGNOR, an English Roman Catholic ecclesiastic; born at Hastings, October 28, 1835. He was educated under private tutors at Oxford, and was ordained priest by Cardinal Wiseman in 1860. Soon after his ordination the state of his health obliged him to go to a warmer climate. He took up his residence at Pau, in Southern France, where he established an English Roman Catholic Mission, of which he became chaplain. While here engaged in the work of "conversion," he was named private chamberlain to Pope Pius IX., and in 1873, after his return to England, was made domestic prelate. In England he acquired great celebrity as a preacher, especially as a defender of the doctrines of his Church. In 1873 he established the Roman Catholic Public School at Kensington, and in the following year was appointed Rector of the College of Higher Studies at Kensington, which was the nucleus of the Roman Catholic English University, a position which he held until 1878. Upon several occasions he visited Rome,

where, by the express command of the Pope, he delivered courses of sermons in English. In 1874 he published *A Reply to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's Political Expostulation*, in consequence of which he became involved in a sharp newspaper controversy with Canon Liddon. In 1884-85 Monsignor Capel made an extended visit to the United States, and put forth a little volume entitled, "*Catholic:*" *an Essential and Exclusive Attribute of the True Church*, from which the following passages are taken:

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

It is plain that the promise [of the coming of the Paraclete] refers to a *new* office which would be super-added to that which the Holy Ghost already holds. He was the Inspirer of the Prophets. He is the Sanctifier of Men. But the promise declares him to be from that time and forever the Vivifier of the Body of Christ. The promise thus made was fulfilled ten days after the Ascension: "Suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them cloven tongues as it were of fire; and it sat upon each of them, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak."—So was born the Church of the Living God: Pentecost Day is her birthday. Her organization was conceived and fashioned by *divine* wisdom; She received a *divine* life; She has to fulfil a *divine* mission; She is possessed of *divine* power; She is the appointed guardian of the *divine* revelation. From that moment, and henceforth to the consummation of ages, is this Human Divine Society to have a continuous life in this world. No power of earth or hell can destroy it, for Jesus is its invisible Head, the Holy Spirit its invisible and active principle of life, and God's power is pledged that "against it the gates of hell shall not prevail." Indestructible, because

of the divine element within, yet composed of human beings without, it bears outwardly the manifestations of man's weakness. In the outward visible body of the Church the good and the bad will ever be commingled till the harvest-time come. But this destroys not her divine life no more than sickly or delicate flesh destroys the life of the human being. In the language of Origen we affirm that "the sacred Scriptures assert the whole Church to be the Body of Christ, endowed with life by the Son of God. Of this Body, which is to be regarded as a whole, the members are individual believers. For, as the soul gives life and motion to the body, which of itself could have no living motion, so the Word, giving a right motion and energy, moves the whole Body, the Church, and each one of its members." On Pentecost night this visible Human Divine Society, having perfect organization, was commensurate with Christianity. None other save itself has the Doctrine of Christ; it alone was the duly appointed Organ for teaching Revelation to man, and for dispensing the Mysteries of God. This is the Kingdom of Christ, the City seated on a Mountain, the Pillar and Ground of Truth, the Temple and Church of the Living God, the Bride of the Lamb.

THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

The law of her growth is fixed by God. It is by incorporation, not by accretion. Of the food taken by the human body are blood, bone, and tissue made; these by assimilation expand or augment the already existing members. So the Mystic Body of Christ absorbs by holy baptism the souls of men, receiving them by ones or in numbers. But these additions increase without altering the organization; they are assimilated to the Body of the Church. Thus is preserved the *identity* of her being, although the individuals composing the visible body are ever varying by death and by spiritual birth. As truly as man—notwithstanding the varying change of the particles of his body—is able to say *Ego* every day of his life, so, too, can the Church, the Spouse of Christ, speak of her unchanging quasi-personality.

GROWTH OF THE MINISTRY OF THE CHURCH.

With the growth of her disciples, there was necessarily a growth of her ministers — the *ecclesia docens*; but here again it is by a fixed law. As the Father sent the Son to preach the Gospel, so did the Son send the Apostles. They, in turn, sent others — bishops, priests, and deacons — commissioned with the same divine authority, to preach and fulfil the Ministry. . . . Knowing that they were possessed of this divine authority, in virtue of which Christ had said, “He that heareth you heareth me; he that despiseth you despiseth me,” the pastors were able to speak as men having authority, and to exact subjection to their teachings and government in things spiritual. Their Master’s words were ever in their minds: “Whoever shall not hear you or receive your words, when you depart out of that city, shake off the dust from your feet; verily, I say unto you it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city.” Hence could St. Paul say: “Remember your Prelates and be subject to them, for they watch as being to render an account of your souls.”

ORDERS AND JURISDICTION IN THE CHURCH.

“The ‘imposition of hands’ is the sacrament of Orders; and, common with the other sacraments, its effect is conferred direct by God. But the ‘Commission,’ or ‘being sent,’ is derived direct from the Apostles. It specifies when, how, and where the divine authority is to be exercised by the individual pastor. . . . These two powers are distinguished as the power of Order, and the power of Jurisdiction. Both are of God. The one comes direct through the Sacrament of Orders; the other indirectly from God, through the Church by appointment. The power of Jurisdiction is not necessarily attached to Orders; though for some acts — such as absolution from sin — both are necessary. . . . The power of Order gives capacity; the power of Jurisdiction

permits the use of the authority. The dispenser of the power of Order is but an instrument; the grantor of the power of Jurisdiction exercises authority and dominion. The first—coming directly from Christ—is abiding, unchangeable, and is conferred in equal measure on each priest and bishop. The second—coming not immediately, but through the Church from Christ to individuals—is conferred in varying proportions, as may be deemed expedient for the good of souls. . . .

THE UNITY AND PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH.

Such, then, is the nature, the constitution, the principle of life, and the law of growth of that Body of Christ divinely appointed to be the sole Guardian and Teacher of the Christian Revelation. A living Divine Organism whose unity is to be the criterion of the mission of Jesus, and a visible mark whereby his disciples may be known. . . . Fashioned during our Lord's public life, as to its external organization; born, with its divine internal principle of life, on Pentecost Day; this Church is ever to live, sitting in the midst of the nations, day by day instructing and training souls in the way of salvation. So is her Life to be *indefectible*, her Voice *infallible*, and her Presence *visible*.



CARDUCCI, GIOSUÈ, an Italian poet and philologist; born at Valdicastello, Tuscany, July 27, 1836. The son of a physician, he spent his youth in study; and was appointed to a professorship in the University of Pisa at the age of twenty-five. In 1861 he became professor of Italian literature at the University of Bologna. From this he was suspended for a short time in 1867 for having, as a Republican, signed an address to Mazzini. In

1876 he was elected to parliament for Lugo di Romagna. His *Juvenilia* and *Levia Gravita*, written in early life in imitation of Alfieri and Manzoni, gave little indication of the fire and force of expression which began to be seen in the later political poems of the *Decennalia*, and which were fully revealed in the *Nuove Poesie*. These latter are remarkable for sustained power and dignity of language, and for nobility of thought. His *Odi Barbare* excited the most enthusiastic admiration of his countrymen, who generally regard him as the foremost of contemporary Italian poets. Among the numerous literary works of Carducci have been *Il Poliziano*, a review founded in 1858 with some youthful fellow-poets; a series of criticisms entitled *Studi Litterarii* (1874) and *Bozzetti Critici e Discorsi Letterarii* (1875); critical editions of Ariosto's *Poesie Latine* (1875) and Petrarch's *Rime* (1879); and a collection of the popular songs of the Middle Ages.

CLASSIC PAGANISM.

As I studied the revolutionary movement in history and literature, gradually there manifested itself in my mind, not an innovation, but an explanation, which surprised and comforted me. How content was I with myself (forgive the word!) when I perceived that my obstinate classicism had been a just aversion to the literary and philosophic reaction of 1815; when I was able to justify it by the doctrines and the examples of so many illustrious artists and thinkers; when I found that my sins of paganism had been already committed—but in how far more splendid a guise!—by many of the noblest minds and souls in Europe; and that this paganism, this worship of form, was in fact nothing else than the love of glorious nature, from which the solitary

Semitic abstraction had so long and so ferociously divorced the spirit of man!

— *Translation from the Preface to His Poems.*

PERUGIA.

Hail, human creatures, weary and oppressed!
 Nothing is lost, nothing can perish wholly.
 Too long we've hated. Love alone is blessed,
 Love; for the world is fair, the future holy.

Who shines upon the summit with a face
 Bright as Aurora's, in the morning ray?
 Once more along these mountains' rosy trace
 Do meek Madonna's footsteps deign to stray?

Madonnas such as Perugino saw
 In the pure sunset of an April sky
 Stretch wide above the Babe, in gentle awe,
 Adoring arms, with sweet divinity?

No; 'tis another goddess! From her brow
 Justice and mercy shed effulgent splendor.
 Blessings on him who lives to serve her now!
 Blessings on him who perished to defend her!
 — *Translation from Il Canto dell' Amore.*

CAREW, THOMAS, an English poet; born about 1598; died, probably at London, about 1639. He was a younger son of Sir Matthew Carew; but of his early life little is known, for he seems to have fallen into dissipated habits. He entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but did not graduate; and in 1613 his father, writing to a friend, complains that while one of his sons is roving after

hounds and hawks, the other is doing little at his work. Thomas became secretary to Sir Dudley Carleton about this time, and appears to have gone with him on his embassy to Venice and Turin, returning in 1615 to London. He went in the same capacity to the Continent once more; but suddenly returned in a fit of irritation. Again we find his father describing him as wandering idly about without employment; but in 1619 he went with Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the French court. He afterward obtained some post at the British court; and beyond this little is known of his life. He is said to have stood high in the favor of Charles I., who had a high opinion of his wit and abilities. Carew was associated more or less closely with almost all the eminent literary men of his time. Some of Sir John Suckling's poems are addressed to him, and are by no means creditable to either. Carew's longest performance was *Cælum Britannicum*, a masque performed at Whitehall in 1633; his other poems are chiefly songs and society verses, composed, it is said, with great difficulty, but melodious and highly polished, though characterized by the conceits and affectations of his time. Four editions of his works were printed between 1640 and 1671; a fifth in 1772; and four have been published during the present century, by far the most complete and elaborate being that of W. C. Hazlitt, published in quarto in 1870. Bolton Corney, writing to *Notes and Queries* in 1868, says: "The biographic information of Carew is very scanty. Ellis asserts that his death *certainly* happened in 1634; Ritson, with more probability, assigns the event to 1639. In 1638 he resided in King Street, Westminster — *much out*

of health. I can trace him no further. I doubt his claim to the authorship of the *Masque.*"

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires:
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires:
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires;
Hearts with equal love combined;
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

Read in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate and your own glory;
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover;
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh love bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish:
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying.

The frowns that on your brow resided,
 Have these roses thus divided;
 Oh! let your smiles but clear the weather,
 And then they both shall grow together.

EPITAPH.

The purest soul that e'er was sent
 Into a clayey tenement
 Inform'd this dust; but the weak mould
 Could the great guest no longer hold;
 The substance was too pure; the flame
 Too glorious that thither came:
 Ten thousand Cupids brought along
 A grace on each wing, that did throng
 For place there till they all opprest
 The seat in which they sought to rest;
 So the fair model broke, for want
 Of room to lodge th' inhabitant.

THE SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
 Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
 Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:
 But the warm Sun thaws the benumbed Earth
 And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
 To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring;
 In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring;
 The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
 Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
 Now all things smile: only my love doth low'r
 Nor hath the scalding noon-day Sun the pow'r
 To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
 Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
 The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open fields: and love no more is made

By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season; only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
These powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet, dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downward fall at dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.



CAREY, HENRY CHARLES, an American political economist; born at Philadelphia, Pa., December 15, 1793; died there, October 13, 1879. He was the son of Matthew Carey, whom he succeeded in the publishing business in 1821 as the head of the firm of Carey & Lea. His first work was an essay on *The Rate of Wages*, published in 1836. *The Principles of Political Economy* appeared in 1837-40. Among his other works are *The Credit System of France, Great Britain and the United States* (1838); *The Past, the Present, and the Future* (1848); *The Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing and Commercial* (1851); *Letters on the International Copyright*; *Letters on the Currency*; and *Letters on the Slave-Trade* (1853); *Principles of Social Science* (1858); *Review of the Decade 1857-67* (1867); *The Unity of Law* (1873). Mr. Carey was an original and vigorous thinker, and his writings have been translated into several European languages. He is recognized as the founder of a new school of political economy which substitutes for the "dismal science" of Malthus and Ricardo a philosophy of physical, social, and political progress.

THE FIRST CULTIVATOR.

The first cultivator, the Robinson Crusoe of his day, provided, however, with a wife, has neither axe nor spade. He works alone. Population being small, land is, of course, abundant, and he may select for himself, fearless of any question of his title. He is surrounded by soils possessed in the highest degree of qualities fitting them for yielding large returns to labor, but they are covered with immense trees that he cannot fell, or

they are swamps that he cannot drain. To pass through them, even, is a work of serious labor, the first being a mass of roots, stumps, decaying logs, and shrubs, while into the other he sinks knee-deep at every step. The atmosphere, too, is impure, as fogs settle upon the lowlands, and the dense foliage of the wood prevents the circulation of the air. He has no axe, but had he one he would not venture there, for to do so would be attended with risk of health and almost certain loss of life. Vegetation, too, is so luxuriant that before he could, with the imperfect machinery at his command, clear a single acre, a portion of it would be again so overgrown that he would have to recommence his Sisyphean labor. The higher lands, comparatively bare of timber, are little fitted for yielding a return to his exertions. There are, however, places on the hill where the thinness of the soil has prevented the growth of trees and shrubs, or there are spaces among the trees that can be cultivated while they still remain; and when pulling up by the roots the few shrubs scattered over the surface, he is alarmed by no apprehension of their speedy reproduction. With his hands he may even succeed in barking the trees, or, by the aid of fire he may so far destroy them that time alone will be required for giving him a few cleared acres, upon which to sow his seed with little fear of weeds. To attempt these things upon the richer lands would be a loss of labor. In some places the ground is always wet, while in others the trees are too large to be seriously injured by fire, and its only effect would be to stimulate the growth of weeds and brush. He therefore commences the work of cultivation on the higher grounds, where, making with his stick holes in the light soil that drains itself, he drops the grain an inch or two below the surface, and in due season obtains a return of twice his seed. Pounding this between stones, he obtains bread, and his condition is improved. He has succeeded in making the earth labor for him while himself engaged in trapping birds or rabbits, or in gathering fruits.

Later, he succeeds in sharpening a stone, and thus ob-

ains a hatchet, by aid of which he is enabled to proceed more rapidly in girdling the trees, and in removing the sprouts and their roots — a very slow and laborious operation, nevertheless. In process of time, he is seen bringing into activity a new soil, one whose food-producing powers were less obvious to sight than those at first attempted. Finding an ore of copper, he succeeds in burning it, and is thus enabled to obtain a better axe, with far less labor than had been required for the inferior one he has thus far used. He obtains, also, something like a spade, and can make holes four inches deep with less labor than, with his stick, he could make those of two. Penetrating to a lower soil, and being enabled to stir the earth and loosen it, the rain is now absorbed where before it had run off from the hard surface, and the new soil thus obtained proves to be far better, and more easily wrought, than that upon which his labor has heretofore been wasted. His seed, better protected, is less liable to be frozen out in winter, or parched in summer, and he now gathers thrice the quantity sown.

At the next step we find him bringing into action another new soil. He has found that which, on burning, yields him tin, and by combining this with his copper he has brass, giving him better machinery, and enabling him to proceed more rapidly. While sinking deeper into the land first occupied, he is enabled to clear other lands upon which vegetation grows more luxuriantly, because he can now exterminate the shrubs with some hope of occupying the land before they are replaced with others equally useless for his purposes. His children have grown, and they can weed the ground, and otherwise assist him in removing the obstacles by which his progress is impeded. He now profits by association and combination of action, as before he had profited by the power he had obtained over the various natural forces he had reduced into service.

Next, we find him burning a piece of the iron soil which surrounds him in all directions, and now he obtains a real axe and spade, inferior in quality, but still much superior to those by which his labor has been thus far

aided. With the help of his sons, grown to man's estate, he now removes the light pine of the hillside, leaving still untouched, however, the heavier timber of the river bottom. His cultivable ground is increased in extent, while he is enabled, with his spade, to penetrate still deeper than before, thus bringing into action the powers of the soils more distant from the surface. He finds, with great pleasure, that the light sand is underlaid with clay, and that by combining the two he obtains a new one far more productive than he first had used. He remarks, too, that by turning the surface down the process of decomposition is facilitated, and each addition to his knowledge increases the return to his exertions. With further increase of his family, he has obtained the important advantage of increased combination of action. Things that were needed to be done to render his land more rapidly productive, but which were to himself impracticable, become simple and easy when now attempted by his numerous sons and grandsons, each of whom obtains far more food than he alone could at first command, and in return for far less severe exertion. They next extend their operations downward, toward the low grounds of the stream, girdling the large trees, and burning the brush — and thus facilitating the passage of air so as to fit the land, by degrees, for occupation.

With increase of numbers there is now increased power of association, manifested by increased division of employments, and attended with augmented power to command the service of the great natural agents provided for their use. One portion of the little community now performs all the labors of the field, while another gives itself to the further development of the mineral wealth by which it is everywhere surrounded. They invent a hoe, by means of which the children are enabled to free the ground from weeds, and to tear up some of the roots by which the best lands — those last brought under cultivation — are yet infested. They have succeeded in taming the ox, but, as yet, have had little occasion for his services. They now invent the plough, and by means of a piece of twisted hide, are enabled to attach

the ox, by whose help they turn up a deeper soil while extending cultivation over more distant land. The community grows, and with it grows the wealth of the individuals of which it is composed, enabling them from year to year to obtain better machinery, and to reduce to cultivation more and better lands.—*The Principles of Social Science.*

CAREY, MATTHEW, an Irish-American bookseller and political economist; born at Dublin, January 28, 1760; died at Philadelphia, Pa., September 16, 1839. At seventeen he published an *Address to the Irish Catholics*, on account of which he was forced to take refuge in France. Returning to Ireland, he set up, in 1783, a newspaper, *The Volunteer's Journal*. In consequence of articles published in this paper, attacking Parliament and the Ministry, he was arraigned before the House of Commons and committed to Newgate until the dissolution of Parliament. Having been liberated, he sailed for America, arriving at Philadelphia in November, 1784. Two months afterward he started *The Pennsylvania Herald*, the first newspaper in America which furnished accurate reports of legislative debates, the reports being written by himself. In 1787 he established *The American Museum*, a monthly periodical intended "to preserve the valuable fugitive essays that appear in the newspapers." This magazine was continued for six years, and, says Mr. Duyckinck, "the volumes contain a greater mass of interesting and valuable literary and historical matter than is to be found in any other of our early American magazines." Soon

after the discontinuance of *The Museum* Mr. Carey commenced business as a bookseller upon a very small scale, his stock in trade consisting mainly of spelling-books. This enterprise was very successful, and grew into one of the largest publishing establishments in the country.

Matthew Carey was, during the remainder of his long life, prominent in the social and benevolent movements of his time, and took an active part in discussions upon economic and political questions. His writings were numerous. Prominent among them is *The Olive Branch, or, Faults on Both Sides, Federal and Democratic* (1814). This work was designed to harmonize the antagonistic parties of the country, pending the war with Great Britain; it passed through ten editions in four years, and is still regarded as a high authority in regard to the political history of the period. In 1819 he published the *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*, a refutation of the charges brought against the Irish of outrages alleged to have been committed during the rebellion of 1641. In 1820 he published *The New Olive Branch*, in which he endeavored to show how harmonious were the real interests of the various portions of society. In 1822 he published a volume of *Essays on Political Economy*, which was followed during the next ten years by some fifty pamphlets, containing in all more than two thousand pages; the leading design of all being to show that the "protective system" was essential to the welfare of the country. In 1833-34 he published in the *New England Magazine* an *Autobiography*, in a series of somewhat desultory papers.

THE DESIGN OF THE OLIVE BRANCH.

The plan of this work requires some short explanation. I believe the country to be in imminent danger of convulsion, whereof the human mind cannot calculate the consequences. The nation is divided into two hostile parties, whose animosity towards each other is daily increased by inflammatory publications. Each charges the other with the guilt of having produced the present alarming state of affairs. In private life, when two individuals quarrel, and each believes the other wholly in the wrong, a reconciliation is hardly practicable. But when they can be convinced that the errors are mutual—as is almost universally the case—they open their ears to the voice of reason, and are willing to meet each other half-way.

A maxim sound in private affairs is rarely unsound in public life. While a violent Federalist believes all the evils of the present state of things have arisen from the guilt of the Administration nothing less will satisfy him than hurling Mr. Madison from the seat of government and “sending him to Elba.” While, on the other hand, a violent Democrat persuades himself that all our dangers have arisen from the difficulties and embarrassments constantly and steadily thrown in the way of the Administration by Federalists, he is utterly averse to any compromise. Each looks down upon the other with scorn and hatred, as the Pharisee in the Gospel upon the publican. I have endeavored to prove—and I believe I have fully proved—that each party has a heavy debt of error and folly and guilt to answer for to its injured country and to posterity; and, as I have stated in the body of this work, that mutual forgiveness is no more than an act of justice, and can lay no claim to the character of liberality on either side.

But even supposing for a moment—what probably hardly ever occurred since the world was formed—that the error is all on one side, is it less insane in the other to increase the difficulty of extrication—to refuse its aid—to embarrass those who have the management of

affairs? My house is on fire; instead of calling for aid, or calling for fire-engines, or endeavoring to smother the flames, I institute an inquiry as to how it took fire—whether by accident or design—and if by design, who was the incendiary; and further undertake to punish him on the spot for his wickedness! a most wise and wonderful procedure; and just on a level with the wisdom, and patriotism, and public spirit of those sapient members of Congress who spend days in making long speeches upon the cause of the war and the errors of its management—every idea whereof has been a hundred, perhaps a thousand, times repeated in the newspapers—instead of meeting the pressing and imperious necessity of the emergency. . . .

While I was deliberating about the sacrifice which such a publication as this requires, one serious and affecting consideration removed my doubts and decided my conduct. Seeing thousands of the flower of our population—to whom the Spring of life just opens, with all its joys and pleasures and enchantments, prepared in the tented field to risk, or, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives for their country's welfare, I thought it would be baseness in me—whose sun has long passed the meridian, and on whom the attractions of life have ceased to operate with their early fascinations—to have declined any risk that might arise from the effort to ward off the parricidal stroke aimed at a country to which I owe such heavy obligations. With this view of the subject, I could not decide otherwise than I have done.—*Preface to the first edition (November, 1814).*

Mr. Carey, in the preface to the second edition (April, 1815), states that he is “attached to and in general approves of the political views and most part (not the whole by any means) of the party which was stigmatized as Anti-Federal before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and now is styled Democratic or Republican. This fact gives weight to what

he had written in regard to the errors made by that party:

ERRORS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In the convention that formed the Federal Constitution the Democratic party sowed the seeds of a premature dissolution of that instrument and of the American Confederacy. Regarding Society more as it ought to be than as it ever has been, or is ever likely to be; seduced by theories more plausible than solid—applying to a free elective government, deriving all its powers and authorities from the voice of the people, maxims and apprehensions and precautions calculated for the meridian of monarchy, they directed all their efforts and all their views toward guarding against oppression from the Federal Government. Whatever of authority or power they divested it of to bestow on the State Governments, or to reserve to the People, was regarded as an important advantage. Against the Federal Government their fears and terrors were wholly directed. This was the horrible monster which they labored to cripple and chain down, to prevent its ravages. The State Governments they regarded with the utmost complacency as the public protectors against this dreadful enemy of liberty. Had they succeeded in all their views they would have deprived the General Government of nearly all its efficiency. Alas! little did they suppose that our grand danger would arise from the usurpations of the State Governments, some of which have since most awfully and treasonably jeopardized the Union.

Unfortunately, this party was too successful in the Convention. Its energy and ardent zeal produced a Constitution which, however admirably calculated for a period of peace, has been found incompetent in war to call forth at once and decisively the energies of the nation, and the administration of which has been repeatedly bearded, baffled, and thwarted by the State Governments. Had the real Federalists in the Convention succeeded, and made the General Government somewhat more energetic, and endowed it with a small degree

of power more than it possesses, it might endure for centuries. What fate at present awaits it is not in human wisdom to foresee. I fervently pray, with the celebrated Father Paul, *esto perpetua*.

This error of the Democratic party arose from want of due regard to the history of republics, and from a profound study of those political writers who had written under monarchical governments, and whose views were wholly directed to guard against the danger of tyranny flowing from the overweening regal power, especially when possessed by men of powerful talents and great ambition. The theories whence they derived their views of government were splendid and sublime; the productions of men of great spirit and regard for the general welfare and happiness: and had they been duly attempered by maxims drawn from experience would have been of inestimable value.—*Olive Branch, Chap. II.*

The specific errors of the Democratic party having been detailed at some length, the author proceeds to point out those of the Federal party:

ERRORS OF THE FEDERAL PARTY.

Having thus taken what I hope will be allowed to be a candid view of the errors and misconduct of the Democratic party, it remains to render the same justice to their opponents. And, I feel confident, it will appear that the latter have at least as much need to solicit the forgiveness of their injured country as the former. In the career of madness and folly which the nation has run, they have acted a conspicuous part, and may fairly dispute the palm with their competitors.

In the Federal Convention this party made every possible exertion to increase the energy, and add to the authority of the General Government, and to endow it with powers at the expense of the State Governments and the citizens at large. Bearing strongly in mind the disorders and convulsions of some of the very ill-balanced republics of Greece and Italy, their sole object

of dread appeared to be the inroads of anarchy. And, as mankind too generally find it difficult to steer the middle course, their apprehensions of the Scylla of anarchy effectually blinded them to the dangers of the Charybdis of despotism. Had they possessed a complete ascendancy in the Convention, it is probable they would have fallen into the opposite extreme to that which decided the tenor of the Constitution.

This party was divided. A small but very active division was composed of Monarchists, who utterly disbelieved in the efficacy or security of the republican form of government, especially in a territory so extensive as that of the United States, and embracing so numerous a population as, at no distant period, was to be taken into the calculation. The remainder were genuine republicans, men of enlightened views and a high degree of public spirit and patriotism. They differed as widely from the monarchic part of that body as from the democratic. It is unfortunate that then counsels did not prevail. For in government, as in almost all other human concerns, safety lies in middle courses. Violent and impassioned men lead themselves—and it is not wonderful they lead others—astray. This portion of the Federal party advocated an energetic, but a Republican form of government, which, on all proper occasions, might be able to command and call forth the force of the nation. . . .

The Federal party immediately assumed the reins, and administered the government for twelve years. During this period its want of sufficient energy, and its danger from the State Governments, were frequent subjects of impassioned complaints. Every man who opposed the measures of the Administration—of what kind soever they were, or from whatever motives—was stigmatized as a disorganizer and a Jacobin. The last term involved the utmost extent of human atrocity. A Jacobin was, in fact, an enemy to social order, to the rights of property, to religion, to morals, and ripe for rapine and spoil.

As far as laws can apply a remedy to the alleged fee-

bleness of the General Government, the reigning party sedulously endeavored to remove the defect. They fenced around the constituted authorities with alien and Sedition law. By the former, they could banish from our shores obnoxious foreigners whose period of probation had not expired. By the latter, every libel against the Government, and every unlawful attempt to oppose its measures, were subject to punishment, more or less severe, in proportion to their magnitude. . . .

But everything in this sublunary world is liable to revolution. The people of the United States changed their rulers. By the regular course of election, they withdrew the reins from the Federalists, to place them in the hands of the Democrats. This was a most unexpected revolution to the former. It wholly changed their views of the Government. The Government, which, administered by themselves, was regarded as miserably feeble and inefficient, became, on its transition, arbitrary and despotic, notwithstanding that among the earliest acts of the new incumbents was the repeal not only of the alien and sedition laws, but of the most obnoxious and oppressive taxes.

Under the effects of these new and improved political views a most virulent warfare was begun against their successors. The gazettes patronized by, and devoted to, Federalism, were unceasing in their efforts to degrade, disgrace, and defame the Administration. All its errors were industriously magnified, and ascribed to the most perverse and wicked motives. Allegations wholly unfounded and utterly improbable were reiterated in regular succession. An almost constant and unvarying opposition was maintained to all its measures; and hardly ever was a substitute proposed for any of them. Not the slightest allowance was made for the unprecedented and convulsed state of the world. And never were more ardor and energy displayed in a struggle between two hostile nations than the Opposition manifested in their attacks upon the Administration. The awful, lamentable, and ruinous consequences of this warfare, and its

destruction of the vital interests of the nation, will fully appear in the sequel.—*The Olive Branch, Chap. IX.*

THE STRUGGLE FOR OFFICE.

It is vain to disguise the truth. Would to God I had a voice of thunder to proclaim it through the nation! The convulsions and dangers of our country arose from the lust of office. The safety, the welfare, the happiness of eight millions of people, and their posterity, were jeopardized and exposed to ruin in the unholy struggle. To embarrass, disgrace, and render odious and unpopular the men possessed of power, for the purpose of displacing them, and vaulting into the vacant seats, is a procedure as ancient as government itself. And that it has been almost universally prevalent here is incontrovertible. It is not wonderful that those whose grand and sole objects are power, and the emoluments of office, should pursue this plan. The depravity of human nature sufficiently accounts for it. But that a large portion of the community who neither have nor hope for places of honor or profit should lend themselves to such a scheme—should allow themselves to be made instruments to be wielded for that purpose; that they should, as the history of this young country has often verified, shut their eyes to the vital interests of the nation, in order to promote the aggrandizement of a few men, is really astonishing.—*The Olive Branch, Chap. LVII.*

CAREY, ROSA NOUCHETTE, an English novelist; born at London in 1846. She began writing novels in 1868, and her fictions, in which the literary element is not a very strong feature, have been very popular with the average, uncritical reader who demands only to be entertained and cares little or nothing for literary style. They include *Wee Wife*

(1869); *Nellie's Memories* (1868); *Barbara Heathcote's Trial* (1871); *Robert Ord's Atonement* (1873); *Wooded and Married* (1875); *Heriot's Choice* (1879); *Queenie's Whim* (1881); *Mary St. John* (1882); *Not Like Other Girls* (1884); *For Lilius* (1885); *Uncle Max* (1887); *Only the Governess* (1888); *Basil Lyndhurst* (1889) *Lover or Friend* (1890); *Sir Godfrey's Grand-daughters* (1892); *Men Must Work* (1892); *The Old Old Story* (1894); *Mrs. Romney* (1894); *The Mistress of Brae Farm* (1896); *Other People's Lives* (1897); *Mollie's Prince* (1898); *Twelve Notable Good Women*; *My Lady Frivol* (1899); *Rue with a Difference*; *Life's Trivial Round* (1900); *Herb of Grace* (1901); *The Highway of Fate* (1902).

FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA.

Five-o'clock tea was a great institution in Oldfield.

It was a form of refreshment to which the female inhabitants of that delightful place were strongly addicted. In vain did Dr. Weatherby, the great authority in all that concerned the health of the neighborhood, lift up his voice against the mild feminine dram-drinking of these modern days, denouncing it in no measured terms; the ladies of Oldfield listened incredulously, and, softly quoting Cowper's lines as to the "cup that cheers and not inebriates," still presided over their dainty little tea-tables, and vied with one another in the beauty of their china and the flavor of their highly-scented Pekoe.

In spite of Dr. Weatherby's sneers and innuendos, a great deal of valuable time was spent in lingering in one or another of the pleasant drawing-rooms of the place. As the magic hour approached, people dropped in casually. The elder ladies sipped their tea and gossiped softly; the younger ones, if it were summer time, strolled out through the open windows into the garden. Most of the houses had tennis-grounds, and it was quite an understood thing that a game should be played before they separated.

With some few exceptions, the inhabitants of Oldfield were wealthy people. Handsome houses standing in their own grounds were dotted here and there among the lanes and country roads. Some of the big houses belonged to very big people indeed; but these were aristocrats who only lived in their country houses a few months in the year, and whose presence added more to the dignity than to the hilarity of the neighborhood.

With these exceptions, the Oldfield people were highly gregarious and hospitable; in spite of a few peculiarities, they had their good points; a great deal of gossip prevailed, but it was in the main harmless and good-natured. There was a wonderful simplicity of dress, too, which in these days might be termed a cardinal virtue. The girls wore their fresh cambrics and plain straw hats; no one seemed to think it necessary to put on smart clothing when they wished to visit their friends. People said this Arcadian simplicity was just as studied, nevertheless, it showed perfection of taste and a just appreciation of things.

The house that was considered the most attractive in Oldfield, and where, on summer afternoons, the sound of youthful voices and laughter were the loudest, was Glen Cottage, a small white house adjoining the long village street, belonging to a certain Mrs. Challoner, who lived here with her three daughters.

This may be accounted strange in the first instance, since the Challoners were people of the most limited income—an income so small that nothing but the most modest of entertainments could be furnished to their friends; very different from their neighbors at Longmead, the large white house adjoining, where sumptuous dinners and regular evening parties were given in the dark days when pleasures were few and tennis impossible.

People said it was very good-natured of the Maynes; but then when there is an only child in the case, an honest, pleasure-loving, gay young fellow, on whom his parents dote, what is it they will not do to please their own flesh and blood? and, as young Richard Mayne—or Dick, as he was always called—loved all such festive gather-

ings, Mrs. Mayne loved them too; and her husband tried to persuade himself that his tastes lay in the same direction, only reserving certain groans for private use, that Dick could not be happy without a houseful of young people.

But no such entertainments were possible at Glen Cottage; nevertheless, the youth of the neighborhood flocked eagerly into the pleasant drawing-room where Mrs. Challoner sat tranquilly summer and winter to welcome her friends, or betook themselves through the open French windows into the old-fashioned garden, in which mother and daughters took such pride.

On hot afternoons the tea-table was spread under an acacia-tree, low wicker chairs were brought out, and rugs spread on the lawn, and Nan and her sisters dispensed strawberries and cream, with the delicious home-made bread and butter; while Mrs. Challoner sat among a few chosen spirits knitting and talking in her pleasant low-toned voice, quite content that the burden of responsibility should rest upon her daughters.

Mrs. Challoner always smiled when people told her that she ought to be proud of her girls. No daughters were ever so much to their mother as hers; she simply lived in and for them; she saw with their eyes, thought with their thoughts—was hardly herself at all, but Nan and Phillis and Dulce, each by turns.

Long ago they had grown up to her growth. Mrs. Challoner's nature was hardly a self-sufficing one. During her husband's lifetime she had been braced by his influence and cheered by his example, and had sought to guide her children according to his directions; in a word, his manly strength had so supported her that no one, not even her shrewd young daughters, guessed at the interior weakness.

When her stay was removed, Mrs. Challoner ceased to guide, and came down to her children's level. She was more like their sister than their mother, people said; and yet no mother was more cherished than she.

Her very weakness made her sacred in her daughters'

eyes; her widowhood, and a certain failure of health, made her the subject of their choicest care.

It could not be said that there was much amiss, but years ago a doctor whom Mrs. Challoner had consulted had looked grave, and mentioned the name of a disease of which certain symptoms reminded him. There was no ground for present apprehension; the whole thing was very shadowy and unsubstantial — a mere hint — a question of care; nevertheless the word had been said, and the mischief done.

From that time Mrs. Challoner was wont to speak gloomily of her health, as of one doomed. She was by nature languid and lymphatic, but now her languor increased; always averse to effort, she now left all action to her daughters. It was they who decided and regulated the affairs of their modest household, and rarely were such wise young rulers to be found in girls of their age. Mrs. Challoner merely acquiesced, for in Glen Cottage there was seldom a dissentient voice, unless it were that of Dorothy, who had been Dulce's nurse, and took upon herself the airs of an old servant who could not be replaced.

They were all pretty girls, the three Misses Challoner, but Nan was *par excellence* the prettiest. No one could deny that fact who saw them together. Her features were more regular than her sisters', and her color more transparent. She was tall, too, and her figure had a certain willowy grace that was most uncommon; but what attracted people most was a frankness and unconsciousness of manner that was perfectly charming.

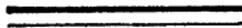
Phillis, the second sister, was not absolutely pretty, perhaps, but she was nice-looking, and there was something in her expression that made people say she was clever; she could talk on occasions with a fluency that was quite surprising, and that would cast Nan into the shade. "If I were only as clever as Phillis!" Nan would sigh.

Then there was Dulce, who was only just eighteen, and whom her sisters treated as the family pet; who was light and small and nimble in her movements, and looked even younger than she really was.

Nobody ever noticed if Dulce were pretty; no one questioned if her features were regular or not, or cared to do such a thing. Only when she smiled, the prettiest dimple came into her cheek, and her eyes had a fearless childlike look in them; for the rest, she was just Dulce.

The good-looking daughters of a good-looking mother, as somebody called them; and there was no denying Mrs. Challoner was still wonderfully well preserved, and, in spite of her languor and invalid airs, a very pretty woman.

Five-o'clock tea had long been over at the cottage this afternoon, and a somewhat lengthy game of tennis had followed; after which the visitors had dispersed as usual, and the girls had come in to prepare for the half-past seven-o'clock dinner; for Glen Cottage followed the fashion of its richer neighbors, and set out its frugal meal with a proper accompaniment of flower-vases and evening toilet.—*Not Like Other Girls.*



CARLÉN, EMILIA FLYGARE, a Swedish novelist; born at Strömstad, August 8, 1807; died at Stockholm, February 5, 1892. Her maiden name was Schmidt or Smith. During her childhood her talent for imaginative fiction was remarked by her friends; but it was not until she learned that she could thereby help her parents, who were poor, that she began to write for money. She was married in 1827 to Dr. Flygare; from whom she obtained a divorce, the union proving a very unhappy one. During her widowhood she published her novel *Waldemar Klein* (1838); and within a period of thirteen years thereafter she had issued no less than twenty-two distinct productions. In 1841 she was

married to the Swedish poet and author Johan Gabriel Carlén, who was a prominent lawyer of Stockholm. He died in 1875; and thereafter Madame Carlén was known to the world mainly by what she had already written. Her works were very popular throughout Scandinavia; and many of them were translated into German and French. Among those which have appeared in English dress the principal are *The Rose of Tistelton*; *The Confidential Clerk*; *A Year of Marriage*; *Alma*; *A Heroine of Romance*; *The Representative*; *In Six Weeks*; *A Night on Lake Buller*; *A Name*; *The Birthright*; *The Hermit*; *The Lover's Stratagem*; *Gustavus Lindurm*; *The Maiden's Tower*; and *Woman's Life*. Her fictions, which are chiefly founded on the characteristics of the lower orders in Sweden, are especially rich and striking in incident. A prominent reviewer said, upon the appearance of *The Rose of Tistelton*: "Its authoress takes a firm grasp of the broad, actual life of her country as it flows in the customary channels, and places her reliance upon the universal passions and common sympathies of mankind."

AT NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

A keen December wind was rushing in hollow gusts through the waving branches of one of those solemn, gloomy forests which Sweden still possesses, and which remind the traveller of the dark woods of olden times which were supposed to be the abode of mysterious and unearthly beings. With each blast of wind fell a mass of snow, in such thickness, that the branches of the forest trees were bent towards the ground—so lowly bent that they seemed not to be able to raise themselves again; and soon all the trees stood so thoroughly enveloped in snow, from their tops to their roots, that each single one bore the appearance of a giant wrapped in his winding-

sheet. The ground was already covered with snow, at least an ell in height. So great were the snow-drifts that high ground and low ground seemed levelled, as death levels the high and the low among human beings. But not a single gleam of moonlight shone upon this vast, undistinguishable, white world.

A sort of faint light, however, did illuminate it, which neither resembled that emitted by the sun, the moon, or the stars, but was that uncertain, ghost-like lustre, arising from the masses of glittering snow, which, if it could be likened to anything, might be supposed to resemble the pale lamps in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

A soft, murmuring tone, a low, whispered sound, vibrated through the space. It was the distant hymn of praise, the divine service of the woods in midnight's solemn hour. But the midnight hour tolled as well for the weary travellers who were approaching, profaning, by their sharp, discordant voices, the Sabbath quiet of the forests. . . .

Half-way up a long, gently sloping hill, there appeared a weary horse, that seemed totally to have given up all hope of ever reaching the top. It snorted in that peculiar, sharp, suffering tone, which human tongues are incapable of uttering, which, however, has been given to animals to compensate for the power of speech. And yet, as if it knew all the obligation that weighed upon it, it labored painfully to get forward, although at every second step it almost fell. The man who was leading the cart—unfortunately it was not a sledge: some miles off from this the travellers had taken it into their heads to make this dangerous exchange—the man, we repeat, who was guiding this heavy, almost immovable machine, had an air of despondency; nay, nearly of despair.

But it was evident that he was not anxious on his own account, for between the words of encouragement that he addressed to the horse, "Now, now, my Guldskön, a little further, just a little further," he would cast an inquiring glance at the cart, as he murmured a few subdued words, such as, "Poor little thing, what terrible weather for her to come out!" and, "No, no, all such

delicate creatures should stay at home during the night — there are many dangers at night.”

“The night, my friend, has no dangers for those who are out on important business,” answered a voice as firm and clear as if it had proceeded from a comfortable fireside.

“No dangers, dear madame? And suppose we are snowed up in this pathless wood; I have driven through it at least a hundred times, but not twice have I been in such a sad plight as at present.”

“If I had twice before been in so sad a plight, I would not be so afraid; this is the first time in my life that I have found myself in such a position, and yet I am quite calm.”

“But suppose we are snowed up, I ask you again? — Get on, Guldskön, get on!”

“We shall not be snowed up.”

“You have a wonderful stock of faith; may our heavenly Father grant that it may not lead you into misfortune.”

“There is no danger of that, rest assured; a wife who is seeking her husband cannot possibly come to grief.”

“Hem! hem! Guldskön, are you quite ready?”

Guldskön snorted and retreated backward. “Snort away, snort away; I am holding on, and helping as much as I can — you know that very well, Guldskön. It won’t do; you must get out, dear madame. The snow is enough to blind a person. I am afraid lest the horse should fall into the Sandvik pits. They are not far from us to one side, although the snow prevents one from distinguishing a thing before one.”

The young woman who was inside the cart had instantly jumped out, and was now standing, over her knees in snow, on the other side of the horse, which she encouraged and stroked with her hand as soon it had regained firm footing.

“There is no help for it, you must walk a bit,” said the driver; “we must spare the horse — hold on by the shaft; we will try by-and-by if it can draw us again?” And the young woman, who could be no one else than Jeanne

Sophie, walked forward courageously in the snow, bending her head patiently beneath each branch that obstructed her path. Not a single complaint, not a single murmur, escaped her lips. At length the even road was reached. The cart stopped still. And while Guldskön panted until he seemed to have exhausted his last breath, the peasant said to his companion who was going on in front, "Wait a while, dear madame, wait a while; you cannot go the whole way on foot."

"I must continue to do so as long as I possibly can," replied Jeanne Sophie, with that concentrated energy which seeks to provide for every emergency. "If I now resume my seat in the cart, the wet and the cold will make me ill, and I have not time to be detained on the road."

"That is all very well, but you cannot walk to our resting-place; we have full half a mile to go yet."

"I can do it quite well; of course I can. I am young, I am strong; if not exactly strong in body, I have plenty of spirit and energy of mind; therefore I will not give way to effeminacy; I might have to pay too dearly for it if I did. Drive on, drive on." . . . Jeanne Sophie would not admit to herself that her strength was giving away.

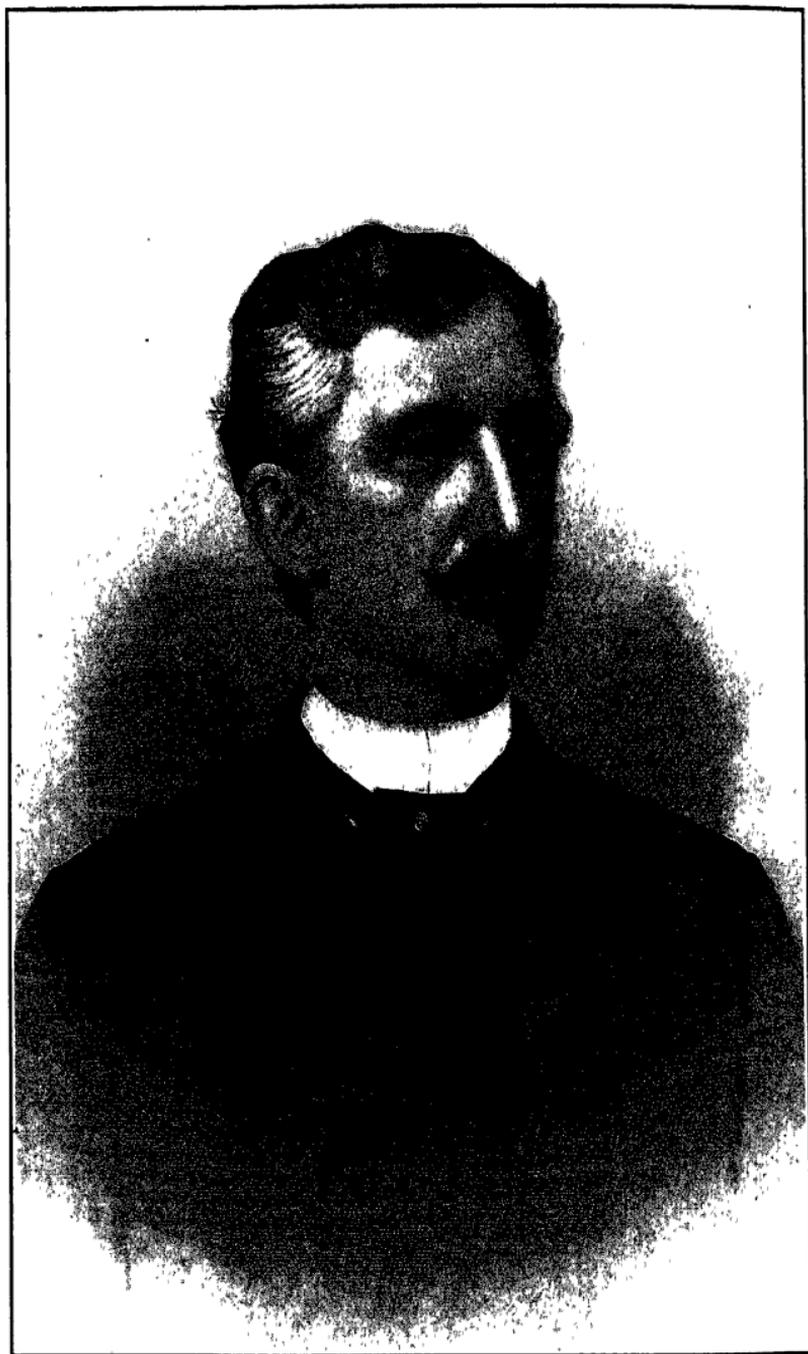
"I must," she said, "I *must* go on." . . . Jeanne Sophie tried in vain to proceed; she stumbled, and stumbled, and almost fell at every step. Higher, always higher rose the snow.

"An idea has struck me, dear madame — ah, what a blessed thing thought is; it comes flying along just like the bird with the ear of corn in its beak."

"What is your idea, good, honest old man, whom God has sent to me in my hour of need?"

"There, sit yourself comfortably down — not far from here, towards the left, there is a small cabin; it will afford at least shelter and a fire, at which we can warm ourselves."

What power, what vitality, there lies in hope, in the mere word "hope!" With a ray of hope Jeanne Sophie could endure everything.



WILL CARLETON.

A quarter of an hour later all was as quiet and silent in the woods as it had been before. But within the little hut, with its blackened ceiling, its disagreeable atmosphere, its smoking, crackling fire, sat upon a stool near the hearth a young girl, wrapped in warm clothing and deep in thought.— *The Guardian*.

CARLETON, WILL, an American poet, journalist and lecturer; born at Hudson, Mich., October 21, 1845. He was educated at Hillsdale College; after which he lived for a time in Chicago, and then removed to Brooklyn, N. Y. He visited Europe in 1878 and in 1885, and travelled much in Canada and in the western and northern parts of the United States, where his lectures were well received. His ballads of domestic life have been very popular. These, with other works, include *Poems* (1871); *Farm Ballads* (1873); *Farm Legends* (1875); *Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes* (1876); *Farm Festivals* (1881); *City Ballads* (1885); *City Legends* (1888); *City Festivals* (1889); *Rhymes of Our Planet* (1890); and *The Old Infant* (1892). It is often told by those who remember Carleton's boyhood days at Hudson that while he was at work upon his father's farm in summer, and attending the district school during the winter, he would often practise oratory in the fields around the old log-cabin, with the horses, cattle, and sheep as hearers. In *Out of the Old House, Nancy*, he has described the house in which he was born—"Kitchen and parlor and bedroom—they had 'em all in all." It was the success

of his poem *Betsey and I Are Out*, published in the *Toledo Blade* in 1871, which encouraged him to exchange the profession of journalism for that of an author.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;

For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.

We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man —
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,

And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone:
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven — a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was
only — How?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was
mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
For full a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a
bowl,
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as
hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same
way:

Always somethin' to arg'e and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen
strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along

And there has been days together — and many a weary
week —

We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud
to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the
winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at
all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked
with me,

And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall
be mine;

And I'll put in the agreement, and take it to her to
sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer — the very first paragraph —
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her
half;
For she has helped to earn it through many a weary
day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her
pay.

Give her the house and homestead — a man can thrive
and roam;
But women are skeery critters unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken
away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rabable
pay;
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and
young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her
tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, per-
haps,
For me she mittened a lawyer and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever — I won't forget it soon —
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight —
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day
and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
 Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
 And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
 Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told each other
 facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home tonight;
 And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
 And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I
 know,
 And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the
 world I'll go.

And one thing in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
 That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
 And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
 When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
 And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
 And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
 If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled
 here.

— *Farm Ballads.*

“FLASH:” THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

“Flash” was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on Number
 Three:

Not much stable manners — an average horse to see;
 Notional in his methods — strong in loves an' hates;
 Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates.

Dull an' moody an' sleepy, an' “off” on quiet days;
 Full o' turbulent, sour looks, an' small, sarcastic ways;
 Scowled an' bit at his partner, and banged the stable
 floor —

With other means intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be 't day or night time, he heard the alarm-
 bell ring,

He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular
tiger spring;
An' watch, with nervous shivers, the clasp of buckle an'
band,
Until 'twas plainly evident he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush and
tear,
As if a thousand witches was rumplin' up his hair,
An' craze the other horses with his magnetic charm,
Till every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would notice and admire
Like Flash in front of his engine a-runnin' to a fire;
Never a horse so lazy, so dawmlin' an' so slack,
'As Flash upon his return trip a-drawin' the engine back.

Now, when the different horses gets tender-footed an'
old,
They 're no use in our business; so Flash was finally
sold
To quite a respectable milkman, who found it not so fine
A-bossin' one o' God's creatures outside its natural line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now,
Feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow;
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's
din,
An' jump an' rear for a season before they could hold
him in.

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us
chaps,
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;
Whereat the milkman kicked him; whereat, us boys to
please,
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash,
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash,

Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an'
heart,
We passed the poor old fellow a-tuggin' away at his
cart.

If ever I see an old hoss grow upward into a new —
If ever I see a milkman whose traps behind him flew,
'Twas that old hoss, a-rearin' an' racin' down the track,
An' that respectable milkman a tryin' to hold him back.

Away he rushed like a cyclone for the head o' "Number
Three,"
Gained the lead an' kept it, an' steered his journey free;
Dodgin' wagons an' horses, an' still on the keenest "silk,"
An' furnishin' all that neighborhood with good, respect-
able milk.

Crowd a-yellin' an' runnin', an' vainly hollerin' "Whoa!"
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit o' show;
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin', an' shoutin' "Good! go
in!"

Hoss a gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally came where the fire was — halted with a "thud;"
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud;
Watched till he see the engines properly workin' there,
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled, "faded away" once more,
Took up his old occupation — considerin' life a bore;
Laid down in his harness, an' — sorry I am to say —
The milkman he had drawn there took his dead body
away.

That's the whole o' my story; I've seen, more'n once
or twice,
That poor dead animal's actions is full o' human advice;
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I'll simply answer,
then,
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent
men.

An' if, as some consider, there's animals in the sky,
 I think the poor old fellow is gettin' another try;
 But if he should sniff the big fire that plagues the abode
 o' sin,

It'll take the strongest angel to hold the old fellow in.

— *City Ballads.*

CARLETON, WILLIAM, an Irish novelist; born at Prillish, County Tyrone, in 1794; died at Dublin, January 30, 1869. After receiving his early education in a "hedge school," he set out for Munster, to complete his education as "a poor scholar." Homesickness and a disagreeable dream on the night after his setting out sent him back to his parents, and he spent the next two years in the labors and amusements of his native place, acquiring at wakes, fairs, and merrymakings a minute knowledge of Irish peasant life. At the age of seventeen he went to the academy of a relative at Glasslough, where he remained for two years. He afterward went to Dublin, seeking fortune, his capital on arriving being 2s. 9d. His *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, which appeared in 1830, was so warmly welcomed, that in 1832 he published a second series. This proved as popular as the first, and Carleton's success as an author was assured. In 1835 he published *Father Butler*, and in 1839 *Fardorougha, the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamorna; The Fawn of Spring Vale; The Clarionet, and other Tales*, of which *The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan* appeared in 1841, *Valentine McClutchy*, a novel (1846); *The*

Black Prophet (1847); *The Tithe Proctor* (1849); *The Squanders of Castle Squander* (1852); *Willy Reilly* (1855); and *The Evil Eye* (1860). During the last years of his life Carleton received a pension of £200.

THE SICK SCHOLAR.

Perhaps it would be impossible to conceive a more gloomy state of misery than that in which young M'Evoy found himself. Stretched on the side of the public road, in a shed formed of a few loose sticks covered over with "scraws," that is, the sward of the earth pared into thin stripes—removed above fifty perches from any human habitation—his body racked with a furious and oppressive fever—his mind conscious of all the horrors by which he was surrounded—without the comforts even of a bed or bed-clothes—and, what was worst of all, those from whom he might expect kindness afraid to approach him! Lying helpless, under the circumstances it ought not to be wondered at if he wished that death might at once close his extraordinary sufferings, and terminate the struggles which filial piety had prompted him to encounter. . . .

Irishmen, however, are not just that description of persons who can pursue their usual avocations, and see a fellow-creature die without such attention as they can afford him; not precisely so bad as that, gentle reader! Jemmy had not been two hours on this straw when a second shed much larger than his own was raised within a dozen yards of it. In this a fire was lit; a small pot was then procured, milk was sent in, and such other little comforts brought together as they supposed necessary for the sick boy. Having accomplished these matters, a kind of guard was set to watch and nurse-tend him; a pitchfork was got, on the prongs of which they intended to reach him bread across the ditch; and a long-shafted shovel was borrowed, on which to furnish him drink, with safety to themselves. That inextinguishable vein of humor which in Ireland mingles even with

death and calamity was also visible here. The ragged, half-starved creatures laughed heartily at the oddity of their own inventions, and enjoyed the ingenuity with which they made shift to meet the exigencies of the occasion without in the slightest degree having their sympathy and concern for the afflicted youth lessened. When their arrangements were completed, one of them (he of the scythe) made a little whey, which, in lieu of a spoon, he stirred with the end of his tobacco-pipe; he then extended it across the ditch upon the shovel, after having put it in a tin porringer.

"Do you want a taste o' whay, avourneen?"

"Oh, I do," replied Jemmy; "give me a drink, for God's sake."

"There it is, a bouchal, on the shovel. Musha if myself rightly knows what side you're lyin' an', or I'd put it as near your lips as I could. Come, man, be stout, don't be cast down at all, at all; sure, bud-an-age, we're shovelin' the whay to you, anyhow."

"I have it," replied the boy—"oh, I have it. May God never forget this to you, whoever you are."

"Faith, if you want to know who I am, I'm Pether Connor, the mower, that's never seen to-morrow. Begorra, poor boy, you mustn't let your spirits down at all, at all. Sure the neighbors is all bint to watch an' take care of you—May I take away the shovel?—an' they've built a brave, snug shed here beside yours, where they'll stay wid you time about until you get well. We'll feed you whay enough, bekase we've made up our minds to stale lots o' sweet milk for you. Ned Branagan an' I will milk Rody Hartigan's cows to-night, wid the help of God. Divil a bit sin in it, so there isn't, an' if there is, too, be my soul, there's no harm in it anyway—for he's but a nager himself, the same Rody. Now, won't you promise to keep your mind aisy when you know that we're beside you?"

"God bless you," replied Jemmy, "you've taken a weight off my heart; I thought I'd die wid nobody near me at all."

"Oh, the sorra fear of it. Keep your heart up. We'll

stale lots o' milk for you. Bad scan to the baste in the parish but we'll milk, sooner nor you'd want the whay, you crather you." . . .

It would be utterly impossible to detail the affliction which our poor scholar suffered in this wretched shed for the space of a fortnight, notwithstanding the efforts of those kind-hearted people to render his situation comfortable. The little wigwam they had constructed near him was never, even for a moment, during his whole illness, without two or three persons ready to attend him. In the evening their numbers increased; a fire was always kept burning, over which a little pot for making whey or gruel was suspended. At night they amused each other with anecdotes and laughter, and occasionally with songs, when certain that their patient was not asleep. Their exertions to steal milk for him were performed with uncommon glee, and related among themselves with great humor. These thefts would have been unnecessary, had not the famine which then prevailed through the province been so excessive. The crowds that swarmed about the houses of wealthy farmers, supplicating a morsel to keep body and soul together, resembled nothing which our English readers ever had an opportunity of seeing. In such a state of things it was difficult to procure a sufficient quantity of milk to allay the unnatural thirst even of one individual, when parched by the scorching heat of a fever. Notwithstanding this, his wants were for the most part anticipated, so far as their means would allow them; his shed was kept water-proof, and either shovel or pitchfork always ready to be extended to him, by way of substitution for the right hand of fellowship. When he called for anything, the usual observation was, "Hush! the crathur's callin'; I must take the shovel an' see what he wants. . . ."

On the morning of the last day he ever intended to spend in the shed, at eleven o'clock, he heard the sound of horses' feet passing along the road. The circumstance was one quite familiar to him; but these horsemen, whoever they might be, stopped, and immediately after two respectable looking men, dressed in black, approached

him. His forlorn state and frightfully wasted appearance startled them, and the younger of the two asked, in a tone of voice which went directly to his heart, how it was that they found him in a situation so desolate. The kind interest implied by the words, and probably a sense of his utterly destitute state, affected him strongly, and he burst into tears. The strangers looked at each other, then at him; and if looks could express sympathy theirs expressed it.

"My good boy," said the first, "how is it that we find you in a situation so deplorable and wretched as this? Who are you, or why is it that you have not a friendly roof to shelter you?"

"I'm a poor scholar," replied Jemmy, "the son of honest but reduced parents: I came to this part of the country with the intention of preparing myself for Maynooth, and, if it might please God, with the hope of being able to raise them out of their distress."

The strangers looked more earnestly at the boy; sickness had touched his fine, intellectual features into a purity of expression almost ethereal. His fair skin appeared nearly transparent, and the light of truth and candor lit up his countenance with a lustre which affliction could not dim. The other stranger approached him more nearly, stopped for a moment, and felt his pulse.

"How long have you been in this country?" he inquired.

"Nearly three years."

"You have been ill of the fever which is so prevalent; but how did you come to be left to the chance of perishing upon the highway?"

"Why, sir, the people were afraid to let me into their houses in consequence of the fever. I got ill in school, sir, but no boy would venture to bring me home, and the master turned me out, to die, I believe. May God forgive him!" . . .

During the early part of the dialogue two or three old hats, or caubeens, might have been seen moving steadily over from the wigwam to the ditch which ran beside the shed occupied by M'Evoy. Here they re-

mained stationary, for those who wore them were now within hearing of the conversation, and ready to give their convalescent patient a good word, should it be necessary. One of those who lay behind the ditch now arose, and, after a few hems and scratchings of the head, ventured to join in the conversation.

"Pray, have you, my man," said the elder of the two, "been acquainted with the circumstances of this boy's illness?"

"Is it the poor scholar, my Lord? Oh thin, bedade t's meself that has that. The poor crathur was in a terrible way all out, so he was. He caught the faver in the school beyant, one day, an' was turned out by the sager o' the world that he was larnin' from."

"Are you one of the persons who attended him?"

"Och, och, the crathur! what could unsignified people like us do for him, barrin' a thrifle? Anyhow, my Lord, it's the meracle o' the world that he was ever able to *over* it at all. Why, sir, good luck to the one of him but suffered as much, wid the help o' God, as 'ud overcome fifty men!"

"How did you provide him with drink at such a distance from any human habitation?"

"Troth, hard enough we found it, Sir, to do that same; but sure, whether or not, my Lord, we couldn't be such nagers as to let him die all out, for want o' somethin' to moisten his throat wid."

"I hope," inquired the other, "you had nothing to do in the milk-stealing which has produced such an outcry in the neighborhood?"

"Milk-stalin'! Oh, bedad, Sir, there never was the likes known afore in the counthry. *The Lord forgive them that did it!* Begorra, Sir, the wickedness o' the people's mighty improvin', if one 'ud take warnin' by it, glory be to God!"

"Many of the farmers' cows have been milked at night, Connor—perfectly drained. Even my own cows have not escaped; and we who have suffered are certainly determined, if possible, to ascertain those who have committed the theft. I, for my part, have gone even beyond

my ability in relieving the wants of the poor during this period of sickness and famine; I therefore deserved this the less."

"By the powdher, your honor, if any gintleman desarved to have his cows *unmilked*, it's yourself. But, as I said this minute, there's no end to the wickedness o' the people, so there's not, although the Catechiz is against them; for, says it, 'there is but one Faith, one Church, an' one Baptism.' Now, Sir, is n't it quare that people wid sich words in the book afore them won't be guided by it? I suppose they thought it only a *white* sin, Sir, to take the milk, the thieves o' the world."

"Maybe, your honor," said another, "that it was only to keep the life in some poor sick crature that wanted it more nor you or the farmers that they did it. There's some o' the same farmers deserve worse, for they're keepin' up the prices o' the male an' practise upon the poor, an' did so all along, that they might make money by our outhier destitution."

"That is no justification for theft," observed the graver of the two. "Does any one among you suspect those who committed it in this instance? If you do I command you, as your Bishop, to mention them."

"How, for instance," added the other, "were you able to supply this sick boy with whey during his illness?"

"Oh, then, gintlemen," replied Connor, dexterously parrying the question, "but it's a mighty improvin' thing to see our own Bishop—God spare his Lordship to us?—an' the Protestant minister o' the parish joinin' together to relieve an' give good advice to the poor! Bedad, it's settin' a fine example, so it is, to the Quality, if they'd take patthorn by it."

"Reply," said the Bishop, rather sternly, "to the questions we have asked you."

"The quistons, your Lordship? It's proud an' happy we 'd be to do what you want; but the sorra man among us *can* do it, barrin' we 'd say what we *ought not* to say. That 's the thruth, my Lord; an' surely 'tis n't your Gracious Reverence that 'ud want us to go beyond *that*?"

"Certainly not," replied the Bishop. "I warn you

against both falsehood and fraud; two charges which might frequently be brought against you in your intercourse with the gentry of the country, whom you seldom scruple to deceive and mislead by gliding into a character, when speaking to them, that is often the reverse of your real one; whilst, at the same time, you are both honest and sincere to persons of your own class. Put away this practice, for it is both sinful and discreditable."

"God bless your Lordship! an' many thanks to your Gracious Reverence for advisin' us! Well we know that it's the blessed thing to folly your words."—*Traits and Sketches of Irish Life.*

HOUSEHOLD CHARMS.

One summer evening Mary Sullivan was sitting at her own well-swept hearthstone, knitting feet to a pair of sheep-gray stockings for Bartley, her husband. It was one of those serene evenings in the month of June when the decline of day assumes a calmness and repose, resembling what we might suppose to have irradiated Eden when our first parents sat in it before their fall. The beams of the sun shone through the windows in clear shafts of amber light, exhibiting millions of those atoms which float to the naked eye within its mild radiance. The dog lay basking in his dream at her feet, and the gray cat sat purring placidly upon his back, from which even his occasional agitation did not dislodge her.

Mrs. Sullivan was the wife of a wealthy farmer, and niece to the Rev. Felix O'Rourke; her kitchen was consequently large, comfortable, and warm. Over where she sat jutted out the "brace," well lined with bacon; to the right hung a well-scoured salt-box, and to the left was the jamb, with its little Gothic, paneless window to admit the light. Within it hung several ash rungs, seasoning for flail-sooples, or boulteens, a dozen of eel-skins, and several stripes of horse-skin, as hangings for them. The dresser was a "parfit white," and well furnished with the usual appurtenances. Over the door and

on the "threshel," were nailed "for luck," two horse-shoes, that had been found by accident. In a little "hole" in the wall, beneath the salt-box, lay a bottle of holy water, to keep the place purified; and against the copestone of the gable, on the outside, grew a large lump of house-leek, as a specific for sore eyes and other maladies.

In the corner of the garden were a few stalks of tansy "to kill the thievin' worms in the childhre, the crathurs," together with a little rose-noble, Solomon's seal, and bugloss, each for some medicinal purpose. The "lime wather" Mrs. Sullivan cou'd make herself, and the "bog bane" for the *linh roe*, or heart-burn, grew in their own meadow-drain; so that, in fact, she had within her reach a very decent pharmacopœia, perhaps as harmless as that of the profession itself.

Lying on the top of the salt-box was a bunch of fairy flax, and sewed in the folds of her own scapular was the duct of what had once been a four-leaved shamrock, an invaluable specific "for seein' the good people," if they happened to come within the bounds of vision. Over the door in the inside, over the beds, and over the cattle in the outhouses, were placed branches of withered palm, that had been consecrated by the priest on Palm Sunday; and when the cows happened to calve this good woman tied, with her own hands, a woollen thread about their tails to prevent them from being overlooked by evil eyes, or *elf-shot* by the fairies. . . . It is unnecessary to mention the variety of charms which she possessed for that obsolete malady the colic, for toothaches, headaches, or for removing warts and taking motes out of the eyes; let it suffice to inform our readers that she was well stocked with them, and that, in addition to this, she, together with her husband, drank a potion made up and administered by an herb-doctor for preventing forever the slightest misunderstanding or quarrel between man and wife. Whether it produced this desirable object or not our readers may conjecture when we add that the herb-doctor, after having taken a very liberal advantage of their generosity, was immediately compelled

to disappear from the neighborhood, in order to avoid meeting with Bartley, who had a sharp lookout for him, not exactly on his own account, but "in regard," he said, "that it had no effect on *Mary*, at all, at all;" whilst *Mary*, on the other hand, admitted its efficacy upon herself, but maintained that "*Bartley* was worse nor ever affther it."—*The Lianhan Shee*.

CARLISLE, GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERIC HOWARD, seventh Earl of; an English politician and statesman; born at London, April 18, 1802; died at Castle Howard, Yorkshire, December 4, 1864. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he earned a reputation as a scholar and a writer of graceful verse, obtaining, in 1821, both the Chancellor's and the Newdigate prizes for a Latin and an English poem. In 1848 he succeeded to the peerage upon the death of his father, before which he was known under the courtesy title of Lord Morpeth. In 1826 he was returned to Parliament for the family borough of Morpeth, retaining his seat until the disfranchisement of the borough by the Reform Bill of 1832. Under the administration of Lord Melbourne he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, under that of Lord John Russell Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and under that of Lord Palmerston Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Between 1842 and 1846 he visited the United States, and upon his return communicated his impressions of America to his countrymen in a series of lectures. He wrote a tragedy and a volume of poems, but his literary reputation rests on his *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*, published in 1854.

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

We then went to St. Sophia. This is the real sight of Constantinople; the point round which so much of history, so much of regret, so much of anticipation ever centre. Within that precinct Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, worshipped, and Chrysostom preached, and, most affecting reminiscence of all, the last Constantine received the Christian sacrament upon the night that preceded his own heroic death, the capture of the imperial city, and the conquest of the Crescent over the Cross. Apart even from all associated interest, I was profoundly struck with the general appearance and effect of the building itself; the bold simplicity of plan, the noble span of the wide, low cupola, measuring, in its diameter, one hundred and fifteen feet, the gilded roofs, the mines of marble which encrust the walls;—that porphyry was from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec; that verde-antique was from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. How many different strains have they not echoed—The hymn to the Latoidæ! The chant to the Virgin! The Muezzin's call from the minaret! Yes; and how long shall that call continue? Are the lines marked along the pavement, and seats, and pulpits, always to retain their distorted position, because they must not front the original place of the Christian high altar to the East, but must be turned to the exact direction of Mecca? Must we always dimly trace in the overlying fretwork of gold the obliterated features of the Redeemer? This is all assuredly forbidden by copious and cogent, even by conflicting, causes—by old Greek memories—by young Greek aspirations—by the ambition of states and sovereigns—by the sympathy of Christendom—by the sure word of prophecy.—*Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.*

CARLYLE, JANE WELSH, wife of Thomas Carlyle; born in Haddington, Scotland, July 14, 1801; died at London, April 21, 1866. She was the daughter of John Welsh, a physician of eminence, who, dying at the age of forty-three, left his considerable estate to his daughter, then eighteen. Jane Welsh at once legally made everything over to her mother for her lifetime; so that, while a considerable prospective heiress, according to the estimation of the country and the time, she had during the lifetime of her mother only what the mother should see fit to allow her, precisely as she would have had from her father had he been living. While Jane Welsh was a bright and growing child Edward Irving was the master of the school at Haddington and she was a favorite pupil. While she was a school-girl Irving became master of the school at Kirkcaldy. When he returned to Edinburgh, Jane Welsh had grown from a child to a young woman. The former acquaintanceship was revived, and a feeling of love sprang up between them: on her part "passionate," as she afterward said; on his part at least honest and sincere. But in the meantime Irving had become betrothed to a daughter of Mr. Martin, the minister of Kirkcaldy. She would not relinquish her claim, and they were married. But before the parting between Irving and Jane Welsh, he had introduced Carlyle to her, and had asked him to aid her in her studies. Carlyle, knowing of Irving's relations to Miss Martin, formed an attachment for Jane Welsh. She, on her part, was strongly attracted to Carlyle, notwithstanding his unfashionable aspect and

dubious prospects in life. An implied engagement of marriage ensued, which came near being broken off more than once by the impracticable nature of Carlyle, who insisted upon having everything — even to household arrangements — ordered to suit his moods or whims. However, matters settled themselves, and the marriage took place in 1826, Carlyle being thirty-one years of age, his wife six years younger.

From this time the life of Jane Carlyle came to be mainly merged in that of her husband, though she had a strong individuality of her own. The main outward points of her life are that for a year and a half they lived at Comely Bank, in the suburbs of Edinburgh; then for some six years at Craigenputtock, a wild moorland farm, belonging really to Mrs. Carlyle, though nominally to her mother; then in 1834 they went to London, and took a modest house in Chelsea, then a suburb of the great city, but now almost in its very heart. This house was their home through the ensuing thirty years during which Jane Carlyle lived, and that of Thomas Carlyle for the fifteen years more during which he survived her.

Jane Carlyle died suddenly. Early in 1866 her husband had been chosen Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. He had gone thither to deliver his Inaugural Address, and was to come home in a day or two. On April 21, his wife, having posted a pleasant note to her husband, went out for a drive in Hyde Park. After an hour or two the coachman, having received no orders for returning, looked into the carriage. Mrs. Carlyle sat there dead, with her hands folded upon her lap.

The readers of Froude's *Life of Carlyle* would suppose that the marriage of Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle was an ill-judged and unhappy one. There were certainly annoyances not a few. He was tormented with a chronic dyspepsia, and ever magnifying to the utmost those petty annoyances in life which most men would consider too trifling to be spoken of. She was sharp of tongue, with a nervous system shattered and sensitive to the extreme. He, in his bad moods, was morose or sulky; she, in her irritable moods, was sharp-spoken and petulant. Yet, when all is told, the result is that the long married life of Jane and Thomas Carlyle was, on the whole, a happy one. Each bore with the failings of the other as best they could, and, on the whole, with mutual love and esteem. Once, indeed, Mrs. Carlyle is credibly reported to have said to a friend: "Don't marry a genius; I have married one, and I am miserable." Two things from the pens of each of them should tell all that need be known on this point. In 1837, eleven years after their marriage, Jane Carlyle thus writes to the mother of her husband, who had just come back to London after a visit to Scotland:

JANE CARLYLE UPON HER HUSBAND.

My Dear Mother: You know the saying, "It is not lost which a friend gets;" and in the present case it must comfort you for losing him. Moreover, you have others behind, and I have only him—only him in the whole wide world—to love me and take care of me—poor little wretch that I am. Not but that numbers of people love me, after their fashion, far better than I deserve. But then his fashion is so different from all these, and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature that I am. Thank you, then, in the first place, for having been kind

enough to produce him into the world; and for having, in the second place, made him scholar enough to recognize my various excellencies; and for having, in the last place, sent him back to me, again to stand by me in this cruel east wind.

It was thirty years save one after this that Thomas Carlyle wrote this epitaph, to be inscribed upon the tombstone of his wife — she being just dead:

CARLYLE'S EPITAPH FOR HIS WIFE.

Here likewise now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, July 14, 1801, only daughter of John Welsh and of Grace Welsh, Caplegill, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright career she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy work that he did or attempted. She died at London, April 21, 1866; suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.

Mrs. Carlyle early in life had high literary aspirations. Those who knew her in after years believed her to have the highest literary capacity. It seems to have been understood by her friends that she was at the time of her death engaged in writing a novel. "Who now will finish her book?" asked Dickens.

"She is far above all our writing women," wrote Forster. But there is no trace of any such book. Nothing from her pen was ever published during her lifetime. Not long after her death her husband collected and briefly annotated many of her private letters to him and to others. These, however, were not



CARLYLE'S HOUSE, LONDON.

published until after the death of Carlyle, when Mr. Froude gave them to the world. They are, in the strictest sense, private letters, touching wholly upon the details of every-day life. The first of these letters was written in 1834, soon after the Carlyles had established their modest home in London.

MRS. HAROLD SKIMPOLE.

Our little household has just been set up again at a quite moderate expense of money and trouble, wherein I cannot help thinking, with a chastened vanity, that the superior shiftiness and thriftiness of the Scottish character has strikingly manifested itself. The English women turn up the whites of their eyes, and call on the "good heavens" at the bare idea of enterprises which seem to be in the most ordinary course of human affairs. I told Mrs. Hunt one day I had been very busy *painting*. "What!" she asked, "is it a portrait?" "Oh, no," I told her. "Something of more importance—a large wardrobe." She could not imagine, she said, "how I could have patience for such things." And so, having no patience for them herself what is the result? She is every other day reduced to borrow my tumblers, my teacups; even a cupful of porridge, a few spoonfuls of tea, are begged from me, because "Missus has got company," and happens to be out of the article: in plain English because "Missus" is the most wretched of managers, and is often at the point of not having a copper in her purse. . . . On the whole, though the English ladies seem to have their wits more at their finger-ends, and have a great advantage over me in that respect, I never cease to be glad that I was born on the other side of the Tweed, and that those who are nearest and dearest to me are Scotch.—*To Carlyle's Mother.*

THE BURNT CHAPTERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Of late weeks [August, 1835] Carlyle has been getting on better with his writing, which has been uphill work

since the burning of the first manuscript. I do not think the second version is, on the whole, inferior to the first. It is a little less vivacious than the first, perhaps, but better thought and put together. One chapter more brings him to the end of his second "first volume," and then we shall sing a *Te Deum* and get drunk—for which, by the way, we have unusual facilities at present, a friend having yesterday sent us a present of a hamper (some six or seven pounds' worth) of the finest old Madeira wine.—*To Mrs. Aitkin.*

CARLYLE'S FIRST SERIES OF LECTURES.

He is to deliver [May, 1837] a course of Lectures on *German Literature* to "Lords and Gentlemen," and "Honorable Women not a few." You wonder how he is to get through with such a thing. So do I, very sincerely; the more, as he proposes to speak these lectures extempore—Heaven bless the mark—having, indeed, no leisure to prepare them before the time at which they will be wanted. One of his lady-admirers (by the way, he is getting a vast number of lady-admirers) was saying the other day that the great danger to be feared for him was that he should commence with "Gentlemen and Ladies!" instead of "Ladies and Gentlemen!"—a transmutation which would ruin him at the very outset. He vows, however, that he will say neither the one thing nor the other: and I believe him very sincere on that side. Indeed, I should as soon look to see gold pieces or penny loaves drop out of his mouth as to hear from it any such hum-drum, unrepugnant commonplace. If he finds it necessary to address his audience by any particular designation, it will be thus: "Men and Women!" or perhaps, in my Penfillan grandfather's style, "Fool-creatures, come here for diversion!" On the whole, if his hearers be reasonable, and are content that there be good sense in the things he says, without requiring that he should furnish them with the brains to find it out, I have no doubt but that his success will be eminent.—*To John Welsh.*

D'ORSAY AND JEFFREY.

To day [April 13, 1845] Count D' Orsay walked in. I had not seen him for four or five years. Last time I saw him he was as gay in his colors as a humming-bird: blue satin cravat, blue velvet waistcoat, cream-colored coat, lined with velvet of the same hue; trousers also of a bright color, I forget what; white French gloves; two glorious breastpins attached by a chain, and length enough of gold watch-guard to have hanged himself in. To-day, in compliment to his five more years, he was all in black and brown:—a black satin cravat, a brown velvet waistcoat, a brown coat, some shades darker than the waistcoat, lined with velvet of its own shade, and almost black trousers; one breastpin, a large, pear-shaped pearl set into a little cup of diamonds, and only one fold of gold chain round his neck, tucked together right on the centre of his spacious breast, with one magnificent turquoise. Well! that man understands his trade; if it be but that of a dandy, nobody can deny that he is a perfect master of it; that he dresses himself with consummate skill. A bungler would have made no allowance for five more years at his time of life [forty-seven years]; but he had the fine sense to perceive how much better his dress of to-day sets off the slightly enlarged figure and slightly worn complexion than the humming-bird colors would have done. Poor D' Orsay! he was born to be something better than even the King of Dandies. He did not say nearly so many clever things this time as on the last occasion. His wit, I suppose, is of that sort which belongs more to animal spirits than to real genius, and his animal spirits seem to have fallen off many degrees. The only thing that fell from him to-day worth remembering was his account of a mask he had seen of Charles Fox, "all punched and flattened, as if he had slept in a book."

Lord Jeffrey came in, unexpected, while the Count was here. What a difference! The Prince of Critics and the Prince of Dandies. How washed-out the beautiful,

dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's [Jeffrey was seventy-two years old]. The large blue, dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more interesting than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to, in the looking-glass; while the dark, penetrating ones of the other had been taking notes of most things in God's Universe, even seeing a good way into millstones.—*From Note Book.*

Only one thing written by Jane Welsh Carlyle which can by any possibility be supposed to have been intended for publication is known to exist. In the autumn of 1837 she sent to John Sterling—the house-friend of her husband and herself—a graceful little piece, entitled *The Watch and the Canary-Bird*. Accompanying this sketch was a note, referring to a preceding essay, in which she says: “You are on no account to understand that by either of these dialogians I mean to shadow forth my own personality. I think it not superfluous to give you this warning, because I remember you talked of Chico's philosophy of life as *my* philosophy of life—which was a horrible calumny.” It is clear that this dialogue was not the first and there is no reason to suppose that it was renewed by any other. It would seem that Mrs. Carlyle made a little mystery of these pieces, even with her husband.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BIRD AND THE WATCH.

Watch.—“Chirp, chirp, chirp!” What a weariness thou art with thy chirping! Does it never occur to thee, frivolous thing, that life is too short to be chirped away at this rate?

Bird.—Never. I am no Philosopher, but just a plain Canary bird.

Watch.—At all events, thou art a Creature of Time,

that has been hatched, and that will surely die. And, such being the case, methinks thou art imperatively called upon to think more, and to chirp less.

Bird.—I “called upon to think!” How do you make that out? Will you be kind enough to specify how my condition would be improved by thought? Could thought procure me one grain of seed or one drop of water beyond what my mistress is pleased to give? Could it procure me one-eighth of an inch, one hair’s-breadth more room, to move about in? Or could it procure me to be hatched over again, with better auspices, in fair, green wood, beneath the blue, free sky? I imagine not. Certainly I never yet betook myself to thinking, instead of singing, that I did not end in dashing wildly against the wires of my cage, with the sure loss of feathers, and at the peril of limb and life. No, no, in this very conditional world, depend upon it, he that thinks least will live the longest; and song is better than sense for carrying one handsomely along.

Watch.—You confess, then, without a blush, that you have no other aim in existence than to kill time.

Bird.—Just so. If I were not always killing of time, Time, I can tell you, would speedily kill me. Heigh-ho! I wish you had not interrupted me in my singing.

Watch.—Thou sighest, Chico; there is a drop of bitterness at the bottom of this froth of levity. Confess the truth; thou art not without compunction as to thy course of life.

Bird.—Indeed, but I am though. It is for the Power that made me, and placed me here, to feel compunction, if any is to be felt. For me, I do but fulfil my destiny. In the appointing of it I had no hand. It was with no consent of mine that I ever was hatched. . . . Nor yet was it with consent of mine that I was made to depend for subsistence not upon my own faculties and exertions, but on the bounty of a fickle mistress, who starves me at one time and surfeits me at another. Deeply, from my inmost soul, have I protested, and do protest, against all this. If, then, the chirping with which I stave off sorrow and ennui be an offence to the would-be wise, it is not I,

but Providence, should bear the blame, having placed me in a condition where there is no alternative but to chirp or die; and at the same time made self-preservation the first instinct of all living things.

Watch.—Unhappy Chico! Not in thy circumstances, but in thyself, lies the impediments over which thou canst not gain the mastery. The lot thou complainest of so petulantly is, with slight variations, the lot of all. Thou art not free. Tell me who is. Alas, my bird; here sit prisoners; there also do prisoners sit. This world is all a prison, the only difference for those who inhabit it being in the size and aspect of their cells. . . .

Bird.—With all due reverence for thy universal insight — picked up, Heaven knows how, in spending thy days at the bottom of a dark fob — I must continue to think that the birds of the air, for example, are tolerably free; at least, they lead a stirring, pleasurable sort of life, which well may be called freedom in comparison with this of mine. . . . Would that the egg I was hatched from had been addled, or that I had perished while yet unfledged! I am weary of life, especially since thou hast constituted thyself my spiritual adviser. *Ay de mi!* — But enough of this! It shall never be told that I died the death of Jenkins's hen. "*Chico, point de faiblesse!*"

Watch.—It were more like a Christian to say, "Heaven be my strength!"

Bird.—And pray, what is a Christian? I have seen Poets, Philosophers, Politicians, Blue-stockings, Philanthropists — all sorts of notable persons — about my mistress; but no Christians, so far as I am aware.

Watch.—Bird! thy spiritual darkness exceeds belief. What can I say to thee? I wish I could make thee wiser — better.

Bird.—If wishes were saws, I should request you to saw me a passage through these wires; but wishes being simply *wishes*, I desire to be let alone of them.

Watch.—Good counsel at least is not to be neglected and I give thee the best, wouldst thou but lay it to heart. . . . Ah, Chico, in pining for the pleasures and excitements which lie beyond these wires, take also into

account the perils and hardships. Think what the bird of the air has to suffer from the weather, from boys and beasts, and even from other birds. Storms and snares and unknown woes beset it at every turn, from all which you have been mercifully delivered by being once for all cooped up here.

Bird.—There is one known woe, however, from which I have not been delivered in being cooped up here; and that is your absolute wisdom and impertinent interference — from which same I pray Heaven to take me with all convenient speed. If ever I attain to freedom, trust me, the very first use I shall make of it will be to fly where your solemn, prosy tick shall not reach me any more forever. Evil befall the hour when my mistress and your master took it into their heads to swear “eternal friendship,” and so occasion a juxtaposition between us two which Nature could never have meant.

Watch.—My “Master?” Thou imbecile! I own no master: rather am I his mistress, of whom thou speakest. Nothing can he do without appealing to me as to a second better conscience: and it is I who decide for him when he is incapable of deciding for himself. I say to him, “It is time to go,” and he goeth; or, “There is time to stay,” and he stayeth. Hardly is he awake in the morning when I tick authoritatively into his ear “*Levez-vous, Monsieur! Vous avez des grandes choses à faire!*” and forthwith he gathers himself together to enjoy the light of a new day — if no better there may be. . . . Ay, and when the night is come, and he lays himself down to sleep, I take my place at his bed-head, and, like the tenderest nurse, tick him to repose.

Bird.—And suppose that he neglected to wind thee up, or that thy mainspring chanced to snap! What would follow then? Would the world stand still in consequence? Would thy Master — for such he is to all intents and purposes — lie forever in bed, expecting this *Levez-vous*? Would there be nothing in the wide universe besides thee to tell him what o'clock it was. Impudent piece of mechanism! depend upon it, for all so much as thou thinkest of thyself, thou couldst be done

without. *Il n'y a point de montre nécessaire!* The artisan who made thee with files and pincers could make a thousand of thee to order. Cease, then, to deem thyself a fit critic for any living soul. Tick on, with infallible accuracy, sixty ticks to the minute through all eternity, if thou wiltst, and canst, but do not expect such as have hearts in their breasts to keep time with thee. A heart is a spontaneous, impulsive thing, which cannot, I would have thee know, be made to beat always at one measurement rate for the good pleasure of any timepiece that was ever put together.—And so good-day to thee; for here comes one who—thank Heaven—will put thee into his fob, and so end our tête-à-tête.

Watch (with a sigh).—The living on earth have much to bear.

CARLYLE, JOHN AITKEN, a Scottish physician, younger brother of Thomas Carlyle; born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, July 7, 1801; died at Dumfries, December 15, 1879. After attending the school at Annan, he studied medicine in Edinburgh, and afterward in Germany. During these years he was aided by his brother, whose own means were quite limited. In 1830 he went to London, hoping to enter upon the career of a man of letters, from which he was strongly dissuaded by his brother, who urged him to cling to the profession of medicine. He was wholly unsuccessful in his literary attempts, and also for a whil in his efforts to establish himself as a physician. In 1831 he was introduced by Jeffrey to the Countess of Clare, an excellent woman of thirty-five, of large fortune, who had separated from her husband, then Governor of Bombay. She

proposed to visit Italy, and was on the lookout for a suitable travelling physician. She was pleased with the cheery young Scotchman—called by his friends “Lord Moon,” on account of his round, ruddy face—and engaged him, at a salary of 300 guineas a year, besides his travelling expenses. From that time John Carlyle was a prosperous man, and the first use which he made of his money was to repay the considerable sum which he had received from his brother. He also was liberal to his mother, who had been left a widow in somewhat straitened circumstances. Dr. Carlyle retained his position with the Countess of Clare, both in Italy and in England, until 1843, when he married and took up his residence in Scotland. The noted Lady Holland had invited him to become her physician-in-ordinary; but Thomas Carlyle urged his brother to decline, as Lady Holland was “a wretched, unreasonable, tyrannous old creature.” John Carlyle finally located at Dumfries, where, his wife having died, he practised his profession with success, acquiring a considerable estate, the greater part of which was left by him to maintain bursaries for medical students, in connection with the University of Edinburgh.

John Carlyle possessed very considerable literary talent; but he was constitutionally indolent, and produced only one work, a translation into prose of the *Inferno* of Dante, accompanied by admirable explanatory notes and other critical apparatus. The work was commenced as early as 1832, but was not published until 1849. He proposed in like manner to edit and translate the whole of the *Divina Commedia*, “sending forth,” as he says in the Preface, “this

first volume — complete in itself — by way of experiment;” the experiment was in every way a successful one, but the proposed work was carried no further. Of Dante and his poems, Dr. Carlyle says :

DANTE AND HIS WORKS.

The whole works of Dante, in prose and verse, if separated from the unwieldy commentaries and dissertations that have been accumulating round them ever since his death, might be comprised in two moderate volumes. The mere language of his Italian works is not difficult: all the greatest of his countrymen, in their successive generations, from the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been familiar with its expressive forms, and have contributed to keep them current in the very heart of Italian literature. Some few words have become obsolete, some phrases require explanation; but on the whole the speech of Dante comes wonderfully entire across the five centuries, and all the most beautiful passages are still quite fresh and clear. This is more especially true in regard to the great Poem which stands as the mature representative of his genius, the essence and consummation of all that he had endeavored and attained. . . .

The main obstruction in reading Dante arises from our ignorance of the persons and things amidst which he wrote. The whole time-basis of his mighty song has become dim and cold. The names and events, which once stirred and inflamed the thoughts of all readers, lie far distant, and have little or no intrinsic interest for us. Most of them have grown so dark and shadowy that they cannot by any effort be made to dwell in our memories; and so, by demanding constant notes and references, they serve only to interrupt our reading, and prevent us from rising to the full height and warmth of the subject. The great Poem, we soon feel, must have taken a more direct and earnest hold of the age from which it comes, than any other poem, ancient or modern;

and for that reason alone it stands more in need of explanations. But it is likewise distinguished for its intense brevity, its multiform significance; and can have had no superfluous words even for its nearest contemporaries. The language throughout the whole poem, to those who are duly prepared for it, has a tone of plain familiarity which comes home to the subject with marvellous sequency and effect. It is like the language of a brother, whose position and feelings we are understood to know in detail; and who handles only the summits of things with us, leaving to us all the filling up of circumstances and the minuter shades and ramifications of meaning. . . .

THE TRANSLATOR'S AIM AND METHOD.

The process of breaking in pieces the harmony and quiet force of the Original, and having to represent it so helplessly and inadequately in another language, has been found as painful as was anticipated, and the notes as hard to compress; but from the beginning to the end all the difficulties of the task have been honestly fronted; and readers who are already familiar with Dante and his commentators will be able to estimate the quantity of labor required for the performance of it. . . . It only remains for me to add that the comment given in the present volume is defined and limited by one simple rule: In attempting to lessen the difficulties above mentioned, and bring the great Poem nearer by explaining its material and temporary elements, I have endeavored to imitate the Author's own economy of words, as far as consistent with prosaic clearness, and strictly suppressed what seemed irrelevant.

A few pages of the Preface are devoted to what is really an exhaustive essay upon the "Position and Form of Hell," as imagined by Dante, and seen by him in his journey through it. As originally printed, every statement made by Dr. Carlyle is verified by

citation of the passage in Dante upon which the statement is based. We omit these citations, resting upon Carlyle's authority for the truthfulness of the picture.

THE INFERNO AS SEEN BY DANTE.

Our Earth rests "forever fixed and stable" in the centre of Dante's universe, and the Heavens, with their Planets and Stars, go revolving round it. Only a comparatively small portion of it was known to be inhabited in his time, and that he calls "the uncovered part," or "the great dry land;" and, following the Bible, he places Jerusalem in the centre of it, or "in the midst of the nations." Immediately below the dry land lies his Hell, as a kind of sink into which all Sin and Misery fall. The successive generations of men stand, as it were, on a thin earth-rind, with the Heavenly Stars above them, and the "Dark Valley" of Hell beneath. And the Cross on Mount Calvary, where the Divine Man was "consumed" for their transgressions, points from the centre of their temporary dwelling-place to those same "beautiful Stars," wherein the "blessed people" dwell forever, and to the all-including Empyrean, which is the "City and High Seat of that Emperor who rules above, and rules in every part," throughout the universe. And the "Realm of Sorrow" converges beneath toward its "Emperor," Satan, who has his seat at the very centre of the Earth, or lowest point of space. And all light and heat, all wisdom and love, and strength come from the Stars or Heavens, and return to them; all cold and darkness, all ignorance and hatred, and weakness, come from the Evil One, and also return to him. He is planted at the bottom of Hell, fixed in eternal Darkness and eternal Ice, his head, with its three emblematic faces, pointing to Jerusalem, and his feet toward the Mount of Purgatory, which is the exact antipode of Jerusalem. . . .

The Hell itself is an immense, obscure, circular cavern, becoming narrower and narrower by successive degrees as it goes deeper. The general form is that of an inverted cone, which has its base toward "the great dry

land," and its apex at the centre of the earth. The sides of it, in which Dante's road lies, are occupied by a series of horizontal Circles, or Circular Stages—mostly separated from one another by precipitous descents, and gradually diminishing in size, like the rows of an amphitheatre. These circles are nine in number, with various subdivisions in the lowest three of them; all of which are fully described in their proper places.

John Carlyle thus brings to an end this brief essay upon Dante and that Hell which he created:

DANTE AND THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

The great leading ideas of this Hell of Dante are not borrowed ideas, but are the result of all that he has learned, and seen, and known. Visions of the future world had indeed been common among Heathens and Christians before, and were still common in his own time; but these visions are generally of the most incoherent, dim, and fragmentary description, and could suggest little or nothing, except that the minds of serious men had long been exercised with such things. Dante was familiar with all the materials of the Middle Ages, and also with the worth and wisdom of the Ancients whom he sees face to face in that Limbo of his; and he openly—nay, purposely—takes every document within his reach.

And it is not so much by what has been loosely called Invention, as by true and clear recognition of the Nature of Things in that age of his, by unerring discrimination of what is significant from what is insignificant, and by boundless diligence withal, that he constructs an original and enduring work. In his inmost heart the scattered incidents gradually cohere, and expand, and become a living whole—fit for utterance. The "Sacred Poem for many years has made him lean;" and it is upon condition of his not being a "timid friend to Truth" that he expects to live among future generations. He has got infinitely beyond all the wretched factions of the Guelphs

and Ghibellines of his time, and seen the very roots of their sin and misery. The flaming Realities of Eternity stand visible on every side of him, and have taught him the "Straight Way," and given him power to measure the dimensions of all Popes and Kaisers, and estimate them by a standard which "conquers every error." And his earthly life, too, with all its sadness, has thereby become "bright," and "clear," and unspeakably precious; and even in Hell he recognizes all the good qualities of those that are condemned. There is nothing more touching in the whole poem than the brief, simple way in which he makes them allude to the "clear, beautiful life," the "bright world," the "sweet air, gladdened by the sun," the "beauteous stars," etc.

CARLYLE, THOMAS, a Scottish essayist, critic and historian; born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795; died at London, February 4, 1881. His father, a devout elder in the kirk, was a stonemason who subsequently farmed several small pieces of land. Thomas, the eldest son by a second marriage, was sent at the age of fourteen to the University of Edinburgh. He was already fairly grounded in Latin, and mathematics, and read French with facility. Having completed his four years' course at the University, he was for two years mathematical tutor at Annan, then for two years more master of a new school at Kirkcaldy, set up in opposition to the old school, of which Edward Irving was master. The two young men, natives of the same district, had occasionally met at Edinburgh; but they first became fairly acquainted at Kirkcaldy, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. In 1818 Irving and

Carlyle went back to Edinburgh, intent upon finding some other career in life.

Carlyle had been destined by his pious father for the ministry of the Kirk of Scotland, and had already entered himself as a Student of Divinity. He could study for six years where he pleased, but must present himself every year at Edinburgh, and deliver a discourse before the Faculty and students. Carlyle went up twice for this purpose. On the first occasion he delivered a sermon in English, and on the second a prelection in Latin. He had made up his mind that whatever he might come to be, he could not be a minister in the Kirk of Scotland. This resolve cost him many struggles; and to these he was wont to attribute that chronic dyspepsia which harassed him, more or less, during the remaining threescore years of his life, and had much to do in shaping his character. Forty years later, an American friend asked him about this dyspepsia of his, and how it came upon him, to which questions Carlyle thus replied:

CARLYLE ON HIS DYSPEPSIA.

Fore one or two or three and twenty years of my mortal life I was not conscious of the ownership of that diabolical arrangement called a stomach. I had been destined by my father and my father's minister to be myself a Minister of the Kirk of Scotland. But, now that I had gained the years of man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's Kirk, and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered into my chamber and closed the door. And around about me there came a trooping throng of phantoms dire, from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scoffing were there, and I wrestled with them in the travail and agony

of spirit. Thus was it for weeks. Whether I ate I know not; whether I slept I know not; but I only know that when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon, it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a Stomach. And I never have been free from that knowledge from that hour to this; and I suppose that I never shall be until I am laid away in my grave.

During the four years of his pedagogy Carlyle had saved about £90. This he had when he went back to Edinburgh; and upon it he could live until he should "fall into some other way of doing." He earned something by taking pupils, and by writing papers for Brewster's *Cyclopædia*; so that he was able to keep his £90 intact for future emergencies. Still things wore such an unpromising aspect at home that he had in mind to migrate to America, and see what the New World had to offer him.

In the meantime Irving had, in 1822, gone to London and entered upon his brilliant career as Minister at the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Street. Among his hearers was Mrs. Buller, the wife of a wealthy Londoner, who had in mind to send her sons to study at Edinburgh. She asked Irving to recommend a tutor for them. He named Carlyle, to whom the place was offered, and by whom it was accepted. The salary was £200 a year; the duties were not onerous; the tutor had much of the day and all of the evenings at his own disposal. The boys were nice lads; the eldest of them — Charles Buller — came near making a great name for himself; when he died in 1848, at the age of forty-two, he was thought by many to be the "most rising man in England." Carlyle's tutorship in the Buller family, where he came to be esteemed as an

honored guest rather than as a salaried tutor, lasted a couple of years. Then he suddenly threw up the place, for no reason now apparent except that he had an unusually bad turn of dyspepsia, and consequently a severe fit of the "blues." He went back to his lodgings at Edinburgh, with some hundreds of pounds in his purse, which he was quite ready to share with his younger brother, John.

Carlyle had performed some rather notable literary work. Foremost among this was the *Life of Schiller*, which came out at first in separate numbers of the *London Magazine*, and not long after as a volume by itself. This deserves some notice as being the first book by Carlyle. It is by no means a great work. Twenty years afterward, when he put forth a second edition, much enlarged, he styled it "an insignificant Book; very imperfect but also very harmless; one which can innocently instruct those who are more ignorant than itself." The closing paragraphs of this *Life of Schiller* are, however, among the noblest things ever written by Carlyle.

THE CAREER OF SCHILLER.

On the whole, we may pronounce him happy. His days passed in the contemplation of ideal grandeur, he lived among the glories and solemnities of universal Nature; his thoughts were of sages and heroes and scenes of Elysian beauty. It is true he had no rest, no peace; but he enjoyed the fiery consciousness of his own activity, which stands in place of it for men like him. It is true he was long sickly; but did he not even then conceive and body forth *Max Piccolomini*, and *The Maid of Orleans*, and the scenes of *Wilhelm Tell*. It is true he died early; but the student will exclaim with Charles XII. in another case, "Was it not enough of life when

he had conquered Kingdoms?" These Kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not from one nation at the expense of suffering to another; they were soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow's, no orphan's tears, they are Kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of Darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men: new forms of Faith, new maxims of Wisdom, new images of Beauty "won from the void and formless Infinite:" a "possession forever" to all the generations of the earth.—*Life of Schiller.*

The translation of *Wilhelm Meister* was completed in 1824. For it Carlyle received £180 upon the publication of the first edition; if a second edition was called for, he was to be paid £250 more for 1,000 copies; the work after that to be his own absolute property. No second edition was for a long time called for; "but," he says, "any way, I am sufficiently paid for my labor." In the Summer of 1824 Carlyle went to London for the first time, having been invited by Mrs. Buller to resume the tutorship of her sons; but nothing came of this proposition. Carlyle's visit to London lasted until the next January, during which time he made a flying trip to Paris. This and two visits to Germany, of a month each, long after, when he was writing his *Life of Frederick*, were the only occasions upon which he ever set foot outside the British Islands. Upon this visit to London Carlyle renewed his intimacy with Irving; met with many of the literary celebrities of the day — of whom he speaks in an altogether disparaging way; and made arrangements with publishers for several works, prominent among which were a series of translations which were published next year in four volumes under the title *Specimens of German Romance.*

Carlyle had in the meanwhile become engaged to Jane Welsh. The engagement was once or twice nearly broken off, owing mainly to Carlyle's impracticable humors. He would not make his home with the mother of Miss Welsh, nor should she have a home with him and her daughter. He said: "I cannot live in a house of which I am not head; I should be miserable, and make all about me miserable." But the disputes were smoothed over, and Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh were married in October, 1826, he being thirty-one and she six years younger. They took up their residence at Comely Bank, in the suburbs of Edinburgh, in a little house the rent of which was paid by Mrs. Welsh, who also provided the necessary furnishing. Carlyle had now about £200 in cash, with a reasonable prospect of earning a moderate subsistence by his pen.

The eighteen months of their residence at Comely Bank appears to have been the happiest period in the joint lives of Carlyle and his wife. Jane Carlyle—delicately reared—developed the rare faculty, which she retained ever afterward, of making a little go a great way, as it soon became needful to do, for the book-trade was in a very depressed state. The *Life of Schiller*; *Wilhelm Meister*, and the *German Romance* went off slowly, and publishers were not disposed to make new ventures in the direction to which Carlyle's work had tended. He tried to strike out some new path. He began a novel, but threw it up, after writing a few chapters. He projected a *Literary Annual Register*, to be edited and mainly written by himself; but no bookseller would risk money in its publication. With Carlyle it was all outgo and no

income, and his £200 were rapidly being eaten up. Before long he reverted to an idea which had been before considered and laid aside. This was that they should take up their residence at Craigenputtock ("Hawkscliff"), a wild moorland farm belonging to Mrs. Carlyle (or, at present to her mother), the tenant of which was about to be dispossessed, not being able to pay his rent. "Here," urged Carlyle, "I can have my horse, pure milk-diet, and go on with literature and my life-task generally in the absolute solitude and pure silence of Nature, with nothing but loving and helpful faces around me." His wife at last consented, and the movement was decided upon. Alexander Carlyle, a younger brother of Thomas, was to take the farm and manage it. He actually went there in May, 1827; his brother and wife expected to follow soon.

But just then things took a new turn. Carlyle received an introduction to Jeffrey, who asked him to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*. The next number was nearly all printed; but there was yet space for a short article, and Carlyle wrote the paper on *Richter*, which appeared in October, 1827, being the first of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*; and the subjects of future papers were agreed upon. Jeffrey remained ever afterward a stanch friend of the Carlyles. Something of this is doubtless to be attributed to the honest admiration which the dapper elderly literary autocrat (Jeffrey was several years beyond fifty) formed for the bright, clever Jane Carlyle. Quite as much is to be attributed to his high estimate of the genius of Carlyle himself: an estimate all the higher that Jeffrey never could quite understand Carlyle. Carlyle also found in the *Foreign*

Review a market for several other papers upon themes connected with German literature. In March, 1828, he wrote to his brother :

EDINBURGH *versus* CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

This Edinburgh is getting more and more agreeable to me — more and more a sort of home ; and I can live in it, if I like to live perpetually unhealthy, and strive forever against becoming a *hack* ; for that I cannot be. On the other hand, I should have liberty and solitude for all I like best among the moors ; only Jane — though, like a good wife, she says nothing — seems more and more averse to the whole enterprise.

The matter was, however, decided *for* them, not *by* them. Carlyle dallied about renewing his lease of Comely Bank, and the owner leased the house to another tenant. The Carlyles had to leave, and Craigenputtock was still open to them. To Craigenputtock they went, arriving there near the close of May, 1828. Of this new home of theirs Mr. Froude says :

FROUDE'S DESCRIPTION OF CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

Craigenputtock is the dreariest spot in all the British dominions. The nearest cottage is more than a mile from it. The elevation — 700 feet above the sea — stunts the trees, and limits the garden-produce to the hardiest vegetables. The house is gaunt and hungry-looking. It stands, with the scanty fields attached, as an island in a sea of morass ; the landscape, unredeemed by either grace or grandeur, mere undulating hills of grass and heather, with peat-bogs in the hollows between them. The belts of firs, which now relieve the eye, were scarcely planted when the Carlyles took possession. The Spring is late in Scotland. In May, on the high moors, the

trees are still bare; the fields are scarcely colored with the first shoots of green; and Winter lingers in the lengthening days, as if unwilling to relax its grasp. No wonder that Mrs. Carlyle shuddered at the thought of making her home in so stern a solitude, delicate as she was, with a weak chest, and with the fatal nervous disorder, of which she eventually died, already beginning to show itself.—*Froude's Life of Carlyle*.

Within doors the house at Craigenputtock had been made quite habitable. In a letter to Goethe, Carlyle gave an idyllic description of their way of life at Craigenputtock. But except during the Summer months life must have been dreary there. He was wont to shut himself up all day with his pipe and his books, and his wife was forced to take upon herself the hardest household tasks.

The residence at Craigenputtock lasted six years, during which Carlyle performed most of his best literary work. Here were written nearly all of his *Edinburgh Review* articles, including the one upon *Burns*, held by many to be the best critico-biographical essay in the language; here were written what was intended to be a *History of German Literature*, much of which appeared subsequently as separate papers; here also was written, for the most part, *Sartor Resartus*, the best of all his books, unless that distinction should be accorded to *The History of the French Revolution*.

Affairs did not, however, go on well in this solitude. Alexander Carlyle could not make the farm pay, and had to give it up, after sinking what little money he had, and several scores of pounds which his brother had advanced to him. Manuscript after manuscript was returned to Carlyle by the London publishers, and

even the *Edinburgh Review* grew remiss in its payments, now that Jeffrey had resigned the editorship. At one time Carlyle notes that he had reached his last five pounds of ready money; and it was not quite certain how soon any more would be coming in.

Carlyle, his wife assenting, resolved that he would go up to the "great beehive and wasps'-nest of London," and ascertain whether there was paying work there for him to do. Early in the Spring of 1831 he wrote to his brother John, who was then trying his fortune in London: "Keep this inviolably secret; and know meanwhile that if I can raise £50 at the right season, to London I will certainly come." Jeffrey had not many months before pressed Carlyle to accept from him an annuity of £100, which had been declined. He now accepted £50 as a temporary loan, and set out for London, where some moneys were due from one editor and another.

He reached London early in August, 1831. His immediate purpose was to find a publisher for *Sartor Resartus*, or "Teufelsdröckh," as the work was first styled. The result was discouraging. Both Longman and Colburn positively declined to have anything to do with it. Fraser would publish it upon condition that the author should advance £150 to pay expenses. Murray, upon the recommendation of Jeffrey, would print seven hundred and fifty copies at his own risk — nothing to be paid to the author; but he soon found a plausible reason for falling back from this agreement. So *Sartor Resartus* remained in abeyance for a while, and in the end came out in some ten successive numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*, where it formed a ready butt for the critics of the press, who pronounced it

to be a "heap of clotted nonsense, mixed, however, here and there with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigor." These papers, as they appeared, were carefully read by at least one man—Ralph Waldo Emerson—through whom they were, in America, put forth in a little volume, with an almost apologetical preface:

EMERSON'S PREFACE TO SARTOR RESARTUS.

The editors have been induced to collect the following sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets in which they appeared, under conviction that they contain in themselves the assurance of a longer date. The editors have no expectation that this little work will have a sudden and general popularity. They will not undertake, as there is no need, to justify the gay costume in which the author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages. It is his humor to advance the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style. But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten, and that the foreign dress and aspect of the work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart. . . . But what will chiefly commend the Book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work—which is a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age—we had almost said of the hour—in which we live; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gayety the author has a manifest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature which is very rare among our popular authors.

Sartor Resartus ("The Tailor Retailored") may be properly designated as the "Life and Opinions

of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh" (*Bod-born Devilsdung* — the latter German word, like its English equivalent, being the vulgar name for the ill-smelling gum *assafætida*) who was mysteriously left at the door of Andreas Futteral (*Fodderbag*), in the village of Entepfuhl (*Duckpuddle*). He was trained at the Gymnasium of Hinterschlag (*Hitbehind*); was in time made Professor of Allerlei-Wissenschaft (*General Philosophy*) in the new University of Weisnichtwo (*Don'tknowwhere*); and put forth a learned work, entitled, "Clothes, Their Origin and Influence." This book, supplemented by various documents supplied by the Hofrath Heuschreke (*Court Councillor Grasshopper*), an admiring friend of Professor Teufelsdröckh, forms the material from which *Sartor Resartus* is constructed. By "Clothes" we are to understand all forms, institutions, and beliefs which man has ever fashioned for himself, whether for ornament, protection, or convenience. The theory is thus set forth by Teufelsdröckh:

CLOTHES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

All visible things are Emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, it is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the King's mantle downward, are Emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven. Must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become all-powerful; the rather if, as we often see,

the Hand, too, aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye?—Men are said to be clothed with Authority, clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is Man himself and his whole terrestrial Life, but an Emblem; a Clothing or visible Garment for that divine *Me* of his, cast hither, like a light particle, down from Heaven. Thus is he said also to be clothed with a Body. . . . Why multiply instances? It is written, The Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture; which indeed they are: the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of *Clothes*, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been. The whole External Universe, and what it holds, is but Clothing, and the essence of all Science lies in the *Philosophy of Clothes*.—*Sartor Resartus*, Book I., Chap. xi.

ON CHURCH-CLOTHES.

By Church-Clothes I mean infinitely more than Cassocks and Surplices; and I do not at all mean the mere haberdasher Sunday Clothes that men go to Church in. Far from it! Church-Clothes are, in our vocabulary, the Forms, the *Vestures* under which men have at various periods embodied and represented for themselves the Religious Principle; that is to say, invested the Divine Idea of the World with a sensible and practically active Body, so that it might dwell among them as a living and life-giving Word.—These are unspeakably the most important of all the vestures and garnitures of Human Existence. They are first spun and woven, I may say by that wonder of wonders, *Society*, for it is still only when “two or three are gathered together” that Religion, spiritually existent, and indeed indestructible, however latent, in each, first outwardly manifests itself (as with “cloven tongues of fire”), and seeks to be em-

bodied in a visible Communion and Church Militant. Mystical, more than magical, is that Communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward—take it in what sense you may—not in looking earthward, does what we can call Union, Mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible. . . .

But with regard to your Church-proper, and the Church-Clothes specially recognized as Church-Clothes, I remark, fearlessly enough, that without such Vestures and Sacred Tissues Society has not existed, and will not exist. For if the Government is, so to speak, the outward *skin* of the Body Politic, holding the whole together and protecting it; and all your Craft-Guilds and Associations for Industry, of hand and head, are the Fleishy Clothes, the muscular and osseous Tissues (lying under such *skin*), whereby Society stands and works;—then is Religion the inmost Pericardial and Nervous Tissue, which ministers Life and warm Circulation to the whole. Without which Pericardial Tissue the Bones and Muscles (of Industry) were inert, or animated only by a Galvanic Vitality: the *Skin* would become a shrivelled pelt, or fast-rotting raw hide; and Society itself a dead carcass—deserving to be buried. Men were no longer Social, but Gregarious; which latter state also could not continue, but must gradually issue in universal selfish discord, hatred, savage isolation, and dispersion;—whereby, as we might continue to say, the very dust and dead body of Society would have evaporated and become abolished. Such, and so all-important, all-sustaining, are the Church-Clothes to civilized or even to rational man.

Meanwhile, in our Era of the World, these same Church-Clothes have gone sorrowfully out at elbows: nay, far worse, many of them have become mere hollow Shapes, or Masks, under which no living Figure or Spirit any longer dwells; but only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the mask still glares on you with its glass eyes in ghastly affectation of Life—some generation and a half after Religion has quite withdrawn from it, and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures, wherewith to

reappear, and bless us, or our sons or grandsons. As a Priest, or Interpreter of the Holy, is the noblest and highest of all men, so is a Sham-Priest the falsest and basest: neither is it doubtful that his Canonicals—were they Popes' tiaras—will one day be torn from him, to make bandages for the wounds of mankind; or even to burn into tinder, for general scientific or culinary purposes.—*Sartor Resartus, Book III., Chap. ii.*

ON GHOSTS.

Could anything be more miraculous than an actual, authentic ghost? The English Johnson longed all his life to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye, as well as the body's, look round him into that full tide of human life he so loved? Did he never so much as look into himself? The good Doctor was a ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of ghosts were travelling the streets by his side.

Once more I say, Sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the three-score years into three minutes: what else was he? what else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body—into an Appearance, and that fade away into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact*. *We* start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity;—and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the song of beatified Souls? And again do we not squeak and gibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debates and recriminations): and glide bodeful and feeble, and fearful; or uproar and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day?

Where now is Alexander of Macedon? Does the steel host that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela

remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon, too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt, which has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous, flitted away? — Ghosts? There are now a thousand million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him, but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them: this stormy Force, this Life-blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our *Me*; wherein through some moments or years the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That Warrior on his strong war-horse: fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart; but warrior and warhorse are a Vision—a revealed Force—nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago they were not; a little while and they are not; their very ashes are not.

So it has been from the beginning; so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission, *appears*. What Force of Fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellows; and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and even to sense becomes a Vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this Mysterious *Mankind* thunder and flame in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-

host, we emerge from the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage; can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits, which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.—*Sartor Resartus*, Book III., Chap. x.

Sartor Resartus was received with abundant disfavor during the ten months while it was passing in so many successive numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*. We imagine it was brought to a close much earlier than the author intended. The ending is certainly abrupt, the work closing with the following farewell to the readers and the editor of the magazine:

VALEDICTORY.

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an ambrosial joy, as of overweariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation; that innumerable British readers consider him, during these current months but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which, as for other mercies, ought he not to thank the Upper Powers? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell.—Thou, too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all too Irish mirth and madness, and odor of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell; long as thou canst, farewell! Have we not, in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-

journey in partial sight of one another; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel?—*Sartor Resartus*, Book III., Cap. xii.

From London Carlyle went back to Craigenputtock; and at length, early in 1834, he decided — with his wife's full concurrence — to take up his abode in London. They found a comfortable house, rent £30 a year, in Chelsea, then a kind of quiet nook in the great city, of which they took possession in June. This house remained their home for the thirty-two years during which Jane Carlyle lived, and continued to be that of Thomas Carlyle for the fifteen years that he survived her. It is worthy of note that at this time Carlyle's whole worldly wealth was £200 — so much had he saved from what had been paid him for *Sartor Resartus*, and some other writings.

Carlyle was just about entering his thirty-ninth year. So far he had been an apprentice, or at most a journeyman in literature. He was now fairly to set up as a master-workman. He had already fixed upon the French Revolution as the subject of his next work. Early in February, 1835, he notes in his journal, "The first Book of the *French Revolution* is finished. . . . It is now some three-and-twenty months since I have earned one penny by the craft of literature." A month afterward all which he had written was destroyed. He had lent the manuscript to his friend James Mill for perusal. One night Mill sat up until late reading it. The servant, coming in in the morning, saw the sheets lying around on the floor; thinking them mere waste paper, she used them to light the fire. The manuscript thus destroyed formed about a quarter of the whole work as finally completed. Mr. Mill did his

best to make good the loss which he had occasioned. He sent to Carlyle a check for £200; but he would accept only half this sum, which would, he thought, pay him for the five months' labor of reproducing it. In six or seven months the lost manuscript was rewritten. He went on with the work, the last sentence of which was written on the evening of January 12, 1837. "I know not," he said to his wife as he handed the last pages to her, "whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forebear to do, as is likeliest; but this I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man. Do what you like with it."

The *History of the French Revolution*, as written by Carlyle, begins with the accession of Louis XVI., May, 1774, and ends with "The Whiff of Grapeshot," by which, October 4, 1795, Napoleon Bonaparte put an end to the rule of the Convention. The work is not so much a connected History of the Revolution as a series of brilliant scenes from that History.

THE DEATH-BED OF LOUIS XV.

Louis XV. had always the kingliest abhorrence of Death: he would not suffer Death to be spoken of; avoided the sight of churchyards, funeral monuments, and whatsoever could bring it to mind. It is the foolish resource of the Ostrich, who, hard hunted, sticks his foolish head in the ground, and would fain forget that his foolish, unseeing body is not unseen too. Or sometimes, with a spasmodic antagonism, significant of the same thing, and of more, he *would* go; or, stopping his court carriages, would send into churchyards, and ask

“how many new graves there were to-day,” though it gave his poor *Pompador* the disagreeablest qualms.

But figure his thought when Death is now clutching at his own heart-strings; unlooked for, inexorable! Yes, poor Louis, Death has found thee. No palace walls or life-guards, gorgeous tapestries or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial, could keep him out; but he is here at thy very life-breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a chimera and scenic show, at length becomest a reality: sumptuous Versailles burst asunder like a Dream into void Immensity; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked, with hideous clangor, round thy soul; the pale Kingdoms yawn open; there must thou enter, naked, all unkinged, and await what is appointed thee! Unhappy man, there, as thou turnest in dull agony on the bed of weariness, what a thought is thine! Purgatory and Hell-fire now all too possible, in the prospect: in the retrospect—alas what thing didst thou do that were not better undone? What mortal didst thou generously help? What sorrow hadst thou mercy on? Do the “five hundred thousand” ghosts who sank shamefully on so many battle-fields from *Rosbach* to *Quebec*, that thy Harlot might take revenge for an epigram, crowd round thee in this hour? Thy foul Harem; the curses of mothers, the tears and infamy of daughters? Miserable man! thou “has done evil as thou couldst;” thy whole existence seems one hideous abortion and mistake of Nature. Frightful, O Louis, seem these moments for thee.—We will pry no further into the horrors of a sinner’s death-bed.

And yet let no meaner man lay flattering unction to his soul. Louis was a Ruler: but art not thou also one? His wide France, look at it from the Fixed Stars (themselves not yet Infinitude), is no wider than thy narrow brickfield, where thou, too, didst faithfully, or didst unfaithfully. Man, “Symbol of Eternity imprisoned into Time!” it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least,

but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.—*French Revolution, Vol. I. Book i., Chap. 4.*

THE FEAST OF PIKES: BLESSING THE BANNERS.

The morning comes, cold for a July one, but such a festivity would make Greenland smile. Through every inlet of that National Amphitheatre (for it is a league in circuit, cut with openings at due intervals) floods in the living throng, covers, without tumult, space after space. Far aloft, over the Altar of the Fatherland, on their tall crane-standards of iron, swing pensile our antique *Cas-solettes* or Pans of Incense; dispensing sweet incense-fumes — unless for the Heathen Mythology, one sees not for whom. Two hundred thousand Patriotic Men, and — twice as good — one hundred thousand Patriotic Women, all decked and glorified as one can fancy, sit waiting in this Champ de Mars. . . .

But behold there, on this Field of Mars, the National Banners, before there could be any swearing, were all to be blessed. A most proper operation; since surely without Heaven's blessing bestowed, say even audibly or inaudibly *sought*, no Earthly banner or contrivance can prove victorious: but now the means of doing it? By what thrice-divine Franklin thunder-rod shall miraculous fire be drawn out of Heaven, and descend gently, life-giving, with health to the souls of men? Alas, by the simplest: by two hundred shaven-crowned Individuals, "in snow-white albs, with tri-color girdles," arranged on the steps of Fatherland's Altar; and at their head, for spokesman, Souls' Overseer Talleyrand Périgord! These shall act as miraculous thunder-rod — to such length as they can.

O ye deep, azure Heavens, and thou green, all-nursing Earth: ye Streams ever-flowing; deciduous Forests that die and are born continually, like the sons of men; stone Mountains that die daily with every rain shower, yet are not dead and levelled for ages of ages, nor born again (it seems) but with new world-explosions, and such

tumultuous seething and tumbling, steam half-way up to the Moon; O thou unfathomable mystic All, garment and dwelling-place of the UNNAMED; and thou, articulate-speaking Spirit of Man, who moulded and modelled that Unfathomable and Unnamable even as we see — is not *there* a miracle: That some French mortal should, we say not have believed, but pretended to imagine he believed that Talleyrand and two hundred pieces of white Calico could do it!

Here, however, we are to remark, with the sorrowing Historians of that day, that suddenly, while Episcopus Talleyrand — long-stoled, with mitre and tri-color belt — was yet but hitching up the Altar-steps, to do his miracle, the material Heaven grew black; a north-wind, moaning cold moisture, began to sing; and there descended a very deluge of rain. Sad to see! The thirty-staired seats round our Amphitheatre get instantaneously slated with mere umbrellas, fallacious when so thick set; our *Cas-solettes* become Waterpots, their incense-smoke gone hissing, in a whiff of muddy vapor. Alas, instead of vivats, there is nothing now but the furious peppering and rattling. From three to four hundred thousand human individuals feel that they have a skin, happily impervious. The General's sash runs water; how all military banners droop, and will not wave, but lazily flap, as metamorphosed into painted tin-banners! Worse, far worse, these hundred thousand — such is the Historian's testimony — of the fairest of France! Their snowy muslins all splashed and draggled; the ostrich-feather shrunk shamefully to the backbone of a feather; all caps are ruined, innermost pasteboard molten into its original pap: Beauty no longer swims decorated in her garniture, like Love-goddess hidden-revealed in her Paphian clouds, but struggles in disastrous imprisonment in it, for "the shape was noticeable;" and now only sympathetic interjections, titterings, tee-heeings, and resolute good-humor will avail.

A deluge; an incessant sheet or fluid-column of rain: such that our Overseer's mitre must be filled; not a mitre, but a filled and leaky fire-bucket on his reverend head! — Regardless of which, Overseer Talleyrand performs his

miracle: the blessing of Talleyrand — another than that of Jacob — is on all the eighty-three departmental flags of France, which wave or flap with such thankfulness as needs.— Towards three o'clock the sun beams out again: the remaining evolutions can be transacted under bright heavens, though with decorations much damaged.— *French Revolution, Vol. I., Book viii., Chap. 12.*

THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

On Saturday, the second day of April, 1791, Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for him; that on this day he has to depart, and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous: unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul; the Soul looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hour. At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. . . . He gazes forth on the young Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen; he says, "*Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain.*"— Death has mastered the outworks; the power of speech is gone, the citadel of the heart still holding out. The moribund giant passionately, by sign, demands opium; writes his passionate demand for opium to end these agonies. The sorrowful Doctor shakes his head. "*Dormir,*" "to sleep," writes the other, passionately pointing at it. So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Dr. Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says, "*Il ne souffre plus.*" His suffering and his working are now ended.— *French Revolution, Vol. I., Book x., Chap. 7.*

THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze: the guillotine mounted near the old pedestal where once stood the

statue of that Louis. Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men; spectators crowding in the rear; d'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers for the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the carriage opens. What temper is he in? Ten witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Maelstrom and descent of Death; in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

He mounts the scaffold, not without delay. He is in full coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat, stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the scaffold, "his face very red," and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France——" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out with uplifted hands: "*Tambours!*" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The executioners, lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his armed ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis, six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to the plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The axe clanks down; A King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged thirty-eight years, four months, and twenty-eight days. . . .

At home this killing of a King has divided all friends, and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide: total destruction of Social Order in this world!

All Kings and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition, as in a war for life. England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador, or rather Ambassador's Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's Cloak and Ambassador—Chauvelin and Talleyrand—depart accordingly. Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy; England declares war—being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of the River Scheldt. Spain declares war, being shocked principally at some other thing; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates. Nay, we find that it was not England that declared war first, or Spain first;

Sansculottism was the frightfulest thing ever born of them. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures: "The coalized Kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the Head of a King."—*French Revolution, Vol. II., Book iv., Chap. 8.*

FRANCE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Sansculottism was the frightfulest thing ever born of Time? One of the frightfulest. The Convention, now grown Anti-Jacobin, did, with an eye to justify and fortify itself, publish lists of what the Reign of Terror had perpetrated. Lists of Persons Guillotined. These Lists, cries splenetic Abbé Montgalliard, were not complete. They contain the names of how many persons thinks the Reader?—Two thousand, all but a few. There were above four thousand, cries Montgalliard; so many who were guillotined, fusilladed, nogaded, done to dire death; of whom nine hundred were women.

It is a horrible sum of human lives, M. l'Abbé: some ten times as many shot rightly on a field of battle, and one might have had his Glorious Victory with *Te Deums*. It is not far from the two-hundredth part of what perished in the entire Seven Years' War. By which Seven

Years' War did not the great Fritz wrench Silesia from the great Theresa; and a Pompadour, stung by epigram, satisfy herself that she could not be an Agnes Sorel? The head of a man is a strange, vacant, sounding-shell, M. l'Abbé; and studies Cocker to small purpose.

But what if History somewhere on this Planet were to hear of a Nation, the third soul of whom had not for thirty weeks each year as many third-rate potatoes as would sustain him? History in that case would be bound to consider that starvation is starvation; that **starvation** from age to age presupposes much; History ventures to assert that the French Sansculotte of Ninety-three, who, roused from long death-sleep, could rush to the frontiers, and die fighting for an immortal Hope and Faith of Deliverance, for him and his, was but the *second*-miserablest of men.

History looking back through this France through long times — back to Turgot's time, for instance — confesses mournfully that there is no period to be met with in which the general Twenty-five Millions of France suffered *less* than in this period which they name Reign of Terror! But it was not the Dumb Millions that suffered here: it was the speaking Thousands and Hundreds and Units; who shrieked and published, and made the world ring with their wail, as they could and should: that is the grand peculiarity. The frightfullest Births of Time are never the loud-speaking ones, for these soon die; they are the silent ones, which can live from century to century! Anarchy, hateful as Death, is abhorrent to the whole nature of man; and so must itself soon die.

Wherefore let all men know what of depth and of height is still revealed in man; and with fear and wonder, with just sympathy, and just antipathy, with clear eye and open heart, contemplate it and appropriate it; and draw innumerable inferences from it. This inference, for example, among the first: That "if the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus's gods, with the living Chaos of Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared for at their

feet, and smooth Parasites preaching 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace,' then the dark Chaos, it would seem, will rise: has risen, and O Heavens! has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself?" That there be no second Sansculottism in our Earth for a thousand years, let us understand what the first was; and let Rich and Poor of us go and do *otherwise*.—*French Revolution, Vol. II., Book ix., Chap. 6.*

The *French Revolution* was published, but no money came to the author from it. Some of Carlyle's friends — notably among whom was Harriet Martineau, urged him to deliver a course of lectures. They hired a hall, got two hundred subscribers to the course of six lectures on German Literature which were delivered in May, 1837, and netted to Carlyle £135. Next May (1838) he delivered a course of twelve lectures upon Dante, Luther, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Johnson, and others, which brought him £300. In 1839 he delivered a third course upon Heroes and Hero-Worship, which netted £200. These lectures were delivered wholly extempore; the last course, however, was subsequently written out and published in a volume. These were the only occasions when Carlyle ever spoke to a public audience until a quarter of a century afterward, when he gave his Inaugural Address as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh.

Near the close of 1839 Carlyle wrote *Chartism*, originally designed as an article for the *Quarterly Review*. Lockhart, the editor, dared not insert it in the *Review*, and it was expanded into a book, which met with a large sale. In 1840 Carlyle fixed upon Oliver Cromwell as the subject of a large work. But little progress was made in the actual composition until 1843. In this year he put forth *Past and Present*, the most

rapidly written of all his works. Though larger by half than *Sartor Resartus*, it was written in the course of seven weeks. Of it he writes to his mother :

PAST AND PRESENT.

I hope it will be a rather useful kind of book. It goes rather in a fiery strain about the present condition of men in general, and the strange pass they are coming to; and I calculate it may awaken here and there a slumbering blockhead to rub his eyes and consider what he is about in God's creation—a thing highly desirable at present. I found I could not go on with *Cromwell*, or with anything else, till I had disburdened my heart somewhat in regard to all that. The look of the world is really quite oppressive to me. Eleven thousand souls in Paisley alone living on three-halfpence a day, and the governors of the land all busy shooting partridges and passing corn-laws the while. It is a thing no man with a speaking tongue in his head is entitled to be silent about.

The actual composition of *Cromwell* began in the Spring of 1844; at the end of the Summer of 1845 he writes triumphantly: "I have this moment *ended* Oliver; hang it! He is ended, thrums and all. I have nothing more to write on the subject, only mountains of wreck to burn." The work was published in December; a new edition was at once called for, which appeared in May, 1846, with very considerable additions. A third edition, with few and slight changes, appeared in 1849. At the very outset Carlyle tells what was the task which he had proposed for himself:

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Ours is a very small enterprise, but seemingly a useful one; preparatory perhaps to greater and more useful on this same matter: The collecting of *Letters and*

Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, and presenting them in natural sequence, with the still possible elucidation, to ingenuous readers. This is a thing that can be done; and, after some reflection, it has appeared worth doing. No great thing: one other dull Book added to the thousand, dull every one of them, which have been issued on this subject! But situated as we are, new Dulness is unhappily inevitable; readers do not reascend out of deep confusions without some trouble as they climb. These authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself — I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethæan quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed, or endeavored to wash, them clean from foreign stupidities (such a job of buckwashing I do not long to repeat); and the world shall now see them in their own shape.

Working for long years in these unspeakable Historic Provinces, it becomes more and more apparent to one, that this man Oliver Cromwell was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritan Revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable and an Epoch in the World's History; that in fact he, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the Period in question, and have the Puritan Revolt considered as a *Cromwelliad*, which issue is already very visible for it. And then, farther, altogether contrary to the popular fancy, it becomes apparent that this Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths; whose words do carry a meaning with them, and above all others of that time are worth considering. His words — and still more his *silences*, and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words — will in several ways reward the study of an earnest man. An earnest man, I apprehend, may gather from these words of Oliver's, were there even no other evidence, that the character of Oliver, and of the affairs he worked in, is much the reverse of that mad jumble of "hypocrisies," etc., etc., which at present passes current as such. — *Cromwell: Introduction, Chapter II.*

ENGLAND AFTER CROMWELL.

“Their works follow them:” as I think this Oliver Cromwell’s works have done and are still doing! We have had our “Revolutions of Eighty-eight,” officially called “glorious;” and other Revolutions not yet called “glorious;” and somewhat has been gained for poor Mankind. Men’s ears are not now slit off by rash Officiality; Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men’s ears. The tryannous Star-Chambers, branding-irons, chimerical Kings and Surplices at All-hallow-tide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver’s works do follow him! The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings, you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Life, was in a Man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things; and no owl’s voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter — But we have to end here.

Oliver is gone; and with him England’s Puritanism laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining, miraculous to its own Century, and memorable to all the Centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith there can now none be found; — and nothing but to recall the old discrowned Defender, with the remnant of his Four Surplices, and two Centuries of *Hypocrisy* (or Play-acting *not* so-called), and put up with all that, the best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms “mewing her mighty youth,” as John Milton saw her do; the Genius of England, much like a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward, with its Ostrich head stuck into the readiest bush, of old Church-tippetts, King-cloaks, or what other “sheltering Fallacy” there may be, and *se* awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now

seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich, intent on gross *terrene* provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day—in terrible *à-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise!—Awake before it come to that; gods and men bid us awake! The Voices of our Fathers, with thousand-fold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake.—*Cromwell: Conclusion.*

For some five years after editing *Cromwell*, Carlyle wrote little or nothing. He had come to be personally a celebrity—the “great talker” of the day. He grew fond of high society. He came to the opinion that he was born to be a lawgiver and political ruler—the Cromwell of his age. As a first step toward this position, he began to look forward to a seat in Parliament. His views upon some great politico-social questions were put forth at the close of 1849 in a magazine article entitled *Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question*, subsequently reprinted as a pamphlet, and finally incorporated in the collected edition of his works. The *Nigger Question*, which practically involves whites as well as blacks, is thus stated:

THE NIGGER QUESTION.

I never thought the “rights of Negroes” worth much discussing, nor the rights of men in any form. The grand point is the *mights* of men—what portion of their “rights” they have a chance of getting sorted out, and realized, in this confused world. . . . West India Islands, still full of waste fertility, produce abundant pumpkins. Pumpkins, however, you will observe, are not the sole requisite for a human being. No; for a pig they are the one thing needful; but for a man they are only the first of several things needful. The first is here; but the second and remaining, how are they to be got? . . .

Who it may be that has a right to raise pumpkins and

other produce on these Islands, perhaps no one can, except temporarily, decide. The Islands are good withal for pepper, for sugar, for sago, arrow-root, for coffee, perhaps for cinnamon and precious spices—things far nobler than pumpkins; and leading toward Commerces, Arts, Politics, and Social Developments, which alone are the noble product where men (and not pigs with pumpkins), are the parties concerned! Well, all this fruit, too—fruit spicy and commercial, fruit spiritual and celestial, so far beyond the merely pumpkinish and grossly terrene, lies in the West India lands: and the ultimate “proprietorship” of them—why, I suppose, it will vest in him who can *best* educe them from whatever of noble produce they were created fit for yielding. . . .

It was not Black Quashee, or those he represents, that made these West India Islands what they are; or can, by any hypothesis, be considered to have the right of growing pumpkins there. For countless ages, since they first mounted, oozy, on the back of earthquakes, from their dark bed in the Ocean deeps, and, reeking, saluted the tropical Sun, and ever onward till the European white man first saw them, some short three centuries ago, these Islands produced mere jungle, savagery, poison-reptiles, and swamp malaria. Till the white European first saw them they were as if not created—their noble elements of cinnamon, sugar, coffee, pepper black and gray, lying all asleep, waiting the white enchanter who should say to them, Awake! . . .

Never by act of Quashee’s could one pumpkin have grown there to solace any human throat; nothing but savagery and reeking putrefaction could have grown there. These plentiful pumpkins, I say, therefore, are not his: no, they are another’s; they are his only under conditions. . . . If Quashee will not honestly aid in bringing out these sugars, cinnamons, and nobler products of the West Indian Islands, for the benefit of all mankind, then I say neither will the Powers permit Quashee to continue growing pumpkins there for his own lazy benefit; but will shear him out, by and by, like a lazy gourd overshadowing rich ground. . . .

The gods wish, besides pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown in their West Indies. Quashee, if he will not help in bringing out the spices, will get himself made a slave of again (which state will be a little less ugly than his present one), and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, will be compelled to work. . . .

Fair towards Britain it will be that Quashee give work for privilege to grow pumpkins. Not a pumpkin, Quashee, not a square yard of soil, till you agree to do the State so many days of service. Annually that soil will grow you pumpkins; but annually also, without fail, shall you, for the owner thereof, do your appointed days of labor. The State has plenty of waste soil; but the State will religiously give you none of it on other terms. The State wants sugar from these Islands, and means to have it; wants virtuous industry in these Islands, and must have it. The State demands of you such service as will bring these results, this latter result which includes all. So will the State speak by-and-by. . . .

Already we hear of Black *Adscripti glebæ*, which seems a promising arrangement—one of the first to suggest itself in such a complicity. It appears the Dutch Blacks, in Java, are already a kind of Adscripts, after the manner of the old European serfs; bound, by royal authority, to give so many days of work in a year. Is not this something like an approximation; the first step towards all manner of such? Wherever, in British territory, there exists a Black man, and needful work to the just extent is not to be got out of him, such a law, in defect of a better, should be brought to bear upon him. On the whole, it ought to be rendered possible, ought it not, for White men to live beside Black men, and in some just manner to command Black men, and produce West Indian fruitfulness by means of them? West Indian fruitfulness will need to be produced. If the English cannot find the method for that, they may rest assured there will another come (Brother Jonathan or still another) who can.—*The Nigger Question.*

The *Nigger Question* is styled by Carlyle a "Precursor to the Latter-day Pamphlets," which were issued in eight successive months from February to August, 1850, making in all a considerable volume. These pamphlets gained considerable notoriety; but not of a flattering kind. The general impression was that Carlyle was either crazy or had taken to whiskey-drinking — this latter being a conjecture for which there were no good grounds. Perhaps the best explanation of these strange publications is furnished by Carlyle himself, as quoted by Mr. Froude. He says:

THE LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.

Latter-day Pamphlets either dead or else abused and execrated by all mortals — *non flocci facio*, comparatively speaking. Had a letter from Emerson explaining that I was quite wrong to get so angry, etc. I really value those savage utterances of mine at nothing. I am glad only — and this is an inalienable benefit — that they are out of me. "Stump Orator," "Parliament," "Jesuitism," etc., were and are a real deliverance to me.

In the fifth of these *Latter-day Pamphlets* Carlyle gives some advice to young Englishmen, which sounds strangely considering from what manner of man it came:

ORATORY AND LITERATURE.

Let the young English soul, in whatever logic-shop or nonsense-verse establishment he may be getting his young idea taught how to speak and spout, and print sermons and review articles, and thereby show himself and his fond patrons that it *is* an idea — lay this solemnly to heart; this is my deepest counsel to him! The idea you have once spoken, even if it were an idea, is no longer yours; it is gone from you; so much life and

virtue is gone, and the vital circulation of yourself and your destiny and activity are henceforth deprived of it. If you could not get it spoken, if you could still restrain it into silence, so much the richer are you. Better keep your idea while you can; let it circulate in your blood, and there fructify; inarticulately inciting you to good activities; giving to your whole spiritual life a ruddier health. . . . Be not a Public Orator, thou brave young British man, thou that are now growing up to be something: not a Stump Orator if thou canst help it. Appeal not to the vulgar, with its long ears and seats in the Cabinet; not by spoken words to the vulgar; *hate* the profane vulgar, and bid it begone. Appeal by silent work, by silent suffering, if there be no work, to the gods, who have nobler seats than in the Cabinet for thee.

Talent for Literature, thou hast such a talent! Believe it not, be slow to believe it! To speak or write, Nature did not peremptorily order thee; but to work she did. And know this: there never was a talent even for real Literature—not to speak of talents lost and damned in doing sham Literature, but was primarily a talent for doing something infinitely better of the silent kind. Of Literature, in all ways, be shy rather than otherwise at present. There where thou art, work, work; whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it—with the hand of a man, not of a phantasm; be that thy unnoticed blessedness and exceeding great reward. Thy words, let them be few, and well-ordered. Love silence rather than speech in these days, when, for very speaking, the voice of man has fallen inarticulate to man; and hearts, in this loud babbling, sit dark and dumb towards one another. Witty:—above all, O be not witty; none of us is bound to be witty, under penalties; to be wise and true we all are, under the terriblest penalties!

Brave young friend, dear to me, and *known* to me too in a *sense*, though never seen nor to be seen by me—you are, what I am not, in the happy case to learn to *be* something and to *do* something, instead of eloquently talking about what has been, and was done, and may be! The old are what they are, and will not alter; our hope

is in you. England's hope, and the world's, is that there may once more be millions such, instead of units as now. *Mactè; i fausto pede*. And may future generations, acquainted again with the silences, and once more cognizant of what is noble and faithful and divine, look back on *us* with pity and incredulous astonishment.—*Latter-day Pamphlet V*.

Quite different from this estimate of literature is what Carlyle had written twenty-one years before:

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

Could ambition always choose its own path, and were will in human undertakings synonymous with Faculty, all truly ambitious men would be men of letters. Certainly, if we examine that love of power which enters so largely unto most practical calculations—nay, which our utilitarian friends have recognized as the sole end and origin, both motive and reward, of all earthly enterprises, animating like the philanthropist, the conqueror, the money-changer, and the missionary—we shall find that all other arenas of ambition, compared with this rich and boundless one of literature—meaning thereby whatever respects the promulgation of Thought—are poor, limited, and ineffectual. . . .

When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand skulls, and was seen “standing at the gates of Damascus glittering in steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder,” till his fierce hosts filed on to new victories and new carnage, the pale on-looker might have fancied that Nature was in her death-throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be, on that very gala-day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing ninepins on the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to man than that of twenty Tamerlanes. The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, “passed away like a whirlwind,” to be forgotten forever; and that German artisan

has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself through all countries and through all times. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of captains from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte compared with those "movable types" of Johannes Faust?

Above all it is ever to be kept in mind, that not by material but by moral force are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage-wagons, attends its movements. In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority; for Kings and Emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will rule not over but *in* all heads, and with these its solitary combinations of ideas, as with magic formulas, bend the world to its will! The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles; and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.—*Essay on Voltaire.*

Now Voltaire was simply a man of letters; a "Stump-Speaker," as Carlyle was; the stump of each of them being the cases of Faust's "movable types." Yet, of Voltaire, Carlyle goes on to say: "His doctrines have affected not only the belief of the thinking world, but in a high degree also the conduct of the active and political world; entering as a distinct element into some of the most fearful civil convulsions which European history has on record." Whether for good or ill, the fact is certain that it is the speakers and writers, not the statesmen and the soldiers, who have been the *doers* in the world. Of Carlyle himself, what more can be said than that he was, what he styled himself, "a writer of books?" Carlyle had fairly got rid of some bile by means of the *Latter-day Pamphlets*,

when he set himself down to writing the charming *Life of Sterling*, of whom there was nothing worthy of note except that he was a rather promising man of letters.

Carlyle had been for years thinking of writing a life of Frederick the Great of Prussia. But the unhealthy "storm and stress" period of the *Latter-day Pamphlets* withdrew him from this labor; and it was not until early in 1853 that a beginning was fairly made of that work which was to occupy him for the next twelve years. Volumes I. and II. were completed in the spring of 1858; volume III. in the summer of 1862; and volumes IV. and V. early in 1865. In his journal he thus speaks of the finishing of this work:

COMPLETION OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

It nearly killed me: it and my poor Jane's dreadful illness, now happily over. No sympathy could be found on earth for these horrid struggles of twelve years, nor happily was any needed. One Sunday evening in the end of January, I walked out with the multiplex feeling — joy not very prominent in it, but a kind of solemn thankfulness traceable — that I had written the last sentence of that unutterable book, and, contrary to many forebodings in bad hours, had actually got done with it forever.

Carlyle had reached the age of threescore and ten. His life-work was as good as done, although he seemed to have taken a new lease of comparative health and spirits. The students of Edinburgh University elected him as their Lord Rector; his predecessor for the previous term of three years having been Mr. Gladstone. The office is a purely honorary one, involving no duties except that of delivering an Inaugural Ad-

dress, and perhaps a Valedictory at the close of the term. The Inaugural delivered April 2, 1866, was merely a plain talk, delivered without notes, and printed from the stenographer's report. Carlyle proposed to spend a few weeks in Scotland, mainly with his own kinsfolk. The 23rd of April had been fixed upon as the day of his return to his home. But two days before this his wife died suddenly in her carriage while taking a drive in the Park. Carlyle was deeply moved by this sudden deprivation. Near the close of the year he was persuaded by some friends to accompany them to Mentone in Southern France, close by the Italian frontier. Here he remained until the next March, busying himself in part by writing some *Reminiscences* of former days; which, however, were not published until after his death. But he grew weary of this balmy clime, and longed for his old London home. In his journal he thus discloses his frame of mind at this time:

CARLYLE AT MENTONE.

March 8, 1857.—Health very bad, cough *et cetera*, but principally indigestion — can have no real improvement till I see Chelsea again. Courage! get through the journey *taliter qualiter*, and don't have any more. I am very sad and weak, but not discouraged or indignant as sometimes. I live mostly alone with vanished shadows of the past. Many of them rise for a moment inexpressibly tender. One is never long absent from me. Gone, gone, but very beautiful and dear. Eternity, which cannot be very far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now and then. All terrors about it seem to me superfluous; all knowledge about it, any the least glimmer of certain knowledge impossible to living mortal. The universe is full of love, but also of inexorable sternness and severity, and it remains forever true that God reigns. Patience! Silence! Hope!

Carlyle returned to his old home at Chelsea. There was an evident demand for a uniform edition of his works; and he set about revising them. In this edition they make thirty goodly octavo volumes. Of these, *Frederick* forms ten volumes; the *Miscellanies*, six; *Cromwell*, five; the *French Revolution*, three; the *Life of Schiller*; *Heroes and Hero-Worship*; *Past and Present*; *Latter-day Pamphlets*; and the *Life of Sterling*, each one volume. The translations of *Wilhelm Meister* and *German Romance* are not included in the works. Subsequently the quite unimportant books, *The Portraits of John Knox* and *The Kings of Norway*, were written; and to the entire Works of Carlyle should be added the posthumous *Reminiscences*.

Carlyle was now a fairly rich man. His income from his books was far more than sufficient to meet his expenditures, and to leave him much which was applied to unostentatious private charity. His days of comparative poverty indeed came to an end in 1842, when, upon the death of her mother, the estate of Craigenputtock reverted to Jane Carlyle. By the death of his wife this estate—the value of which had considerably increased—became the property of Carlyle. All the kindred of his wife were dead; and there was no person bearing her name of Welsh to whom Craigenputtock could be left. Carlyle did not think it meet that this property should go into his own family. It should, he thought, revert to the public, yet in such a way as to keep up the name of Welsh. So he had a formal deed drawn up by which Craigenputtock, after his death, should be the property of the University of Edinburgh, the income to be appropriated to the support of poor and meritorious students, under

the title of "The John Welsh Bursaries," John Welsh, the father of Jane Carlyle, being the one through whom the estate had descended to the Carlyles.

In 1874 Mr. Disraeli, just then made Prime Minister, evidently supposing that Carlyle's pecuniary means were restricted, offered to confer upon him the Grand Cross of the Bath, together with a pension of £300—the utmost which the Crown could grant for eminent literary service done to the nation. This offer was thus gracefully declined by Carlyle:

HONORS AND PENSION DECLINED.

Your splendid and generous proposals for my practical behoof must not any of them take effect. Titles of honor are, in all degrees of them, out of keeping with the tenor of my own poor existence hitherto in this epoch of the world, and would be an incumbrance and not a furtherance to me. As to money, it has, after long years of rigorous and frugal, but also (thank God, and those that are gone before me,) not degrading, poverty, become in this latter time amply abundant, even superabundant; more of it, too, now a hindrance, not a help to me; so that the royal or other bounty would be more than thrown away in my case. And, in brief, that, except the feeling of your fine and noble conduct on this occasion, which is a real and permanent possession, there cannot anything be done that would not now be a sorrow rather than a pleasure.

Carlyle completed his seventy-eighth year on December 6, 1873. He had already nearly lost the use of his right hand, and was obliged to dictate to an amanuensis. But on this day he managed to write in pencil a few lines in his journal—the last legible words ever written by him:

CARLYLE'S LAST WRITTEN WORDS.

A life without work in it, as mine now is, has less and less worth to me; nay, sometimes a feeling of disgrace and blame is in me; the poor soul still vividly enough alive, but struggling in vain under the imprisonment of the dying or half-dead body. For many months past, except for idle *reading*, I am pitifully idle. Shame, shame! I say to myself; but I cannot help it. Great and strange glimpses of thought come to me at intervals, but to prosecute and fix them down is denied me. Weak, too weak, the flesh, though the spirit is willing.

But the vital powers were strong enough to hold out for eight years more. He still retained his interest in passing events, and though his memory of names and places gradually failed, he still talked at times, almost to the last, with much of his old spirit. But early in 1881 it became evident that the end was rapidly approaching. His power of speech failed him on the evening of February 4; and he passed quietly away the next morning at the age of eighty-five years and two months.

It seemed to be taken for granted that he would be laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Dean Stanley made a formal offer to that effect. But Carlyle had directed otherwise. He would be buried by the side of his father and his mother in the old churchyard of his native Ecclefechan. Thither the remains were carried by rail, accompanied by only three of his London friends. There were no religious ceremonies at the grave—nothing which indicated that any clergyman was present. This, however, was in accordance with custom in Scotland, where the funeral prayers are offered at a private house, either before or after the

interment. So had been buried the father and mother of Carlyle; and so he had desired to be buried.

CARMAN, WILLIAM BLISS, an American poet and essayist; born at Fredericton, N. B., April 15, 1861. An account of himself is given in the following letter written by him to the editor of *The Critic* in 1896:

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

To MR. GILDER'S OFFICE CAT:—

Dear Tom: A little bird (whose life pray spare!) tells me that you desire the main facts in the life of a certain minor bard. A smile of the broadest Cheshire over-spreads my countenance as I bethink me what a beautiful tale I could unfold for your credulous sympathy, if only I dared. But what dealer in fiction ever had the courage of his imagination? Not I, indeed. In the first place, you must know that this particular bardling is fallen upon sad and evil days of late, being accounted by his fellows a monstrous egotistic and over-rated person. This is good for him, as for all poets and artistic souls; never was a race more in need of humility than they. Therefore I warn you give him not too much of the velvet over your claw. Now I, being cognizant of certain things, recount them to you badly, to be dressed again in your most melodious or heart-breaking strain as you see fit—as the moonlight may encourage you and boot-jacks allow.

He was born (since one must condescend to become earthly *somewhere* on this earth) at Fredericton, on the St. John River, in New Brunswick, April 15, 1861. His father was one William Carman, a lawyer, whose life is much better worth preserving than ever his son's will



BLISS CARMAN.

be — a man of —. But you don't want that, fine though it is. His mother was of the Bliss family of Concord, Mass. All his people were of Loyalist descent. He was educated — or, rather, he went to school (until 1878) to George R. Parkin, the Imperial Federationist, whom he considers, after many years, the greatest teacher he has ever known. He was graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1881, with some honors. But his chief memory of those days is of an ideal home beside an idyllic river, the indulgent love of many friends and the hatred of no one. Later years, until 1888, he spent in private reading and study at Edinburgh and Harvard. Also, he has taught school (which he vows the most odious of all human occupations), read law and followed the engineer's compass in the field. In 1890 he went to New York for a few days and remained three years or thereabout, as office editor of *The Independent*. Also, he has been connected with *The Cosmopolitan* and *The Atlantic*, on temporary engagements; and in the spring of 1894 he was guilty of starting *The Chap-Book*, which he conducted for two or three months, and with which he expects to be credited (or taxed) for years to come, though he has long since condoned that undertaking. Then his Works! *Low Tide on Grand Pré* (1893), second edition (1894); *Songs from Vagabondia* (1894), with Richard Hovey; *A Seamark: a Threnody for R. L. Stevenson* (1895); *Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen* (1895); *More Songs from Vagabondia* (1896).

In the last few years your aspirant has spent much of his winters in Washington, and much of his summers on Grand Pré. Partly because they are beautiful places, and more because his friends are there.

And the wheel! He cherishes a black, bitter, benighted bigotry against that harmless but undignified conveyance. And seeing trousered women ride through the streets of Boston, he is given to curse. Not while he has strength to dip a paddle in a mill pond, or intellect enough remaining to count a stack of poker chips, will he forsake these infinite amusements for any such base utilitarian thing as wheels. Bicycles are only fit for children and

letter-carriers. The moment a gentleman puts his leg over one of them he becomes a "gent."

Now, Tom, for Heaven's sake, chew this up well. The artist must be egotistic; but his name should be suppressed. Because he feels acutely, he imagines he is an entity or some such thing. He is not. He is nobody. And he ought to be kept strictly in private life. Let his work stand or fall on its own worth. He himself, like all his fellows, passes to the dust and the shadow. And if you will look for the source of this man's attempts at poetry, you will find them in Emerson and Arnold and Swinburne, and most of all in Browning. There is little influence of any others. His first poem of any consequence was printed in *The Atlantic* ("Low Tide on Grand Pré") in 1889, and it was not until about 1886 that he began to fit words together into lines.

DRIFTING.

The while the river at our feet —
 A drowsy inland meadow stream —
 At set of sun the after-heat
 Made running gold, and in the gleam
 We freed our birch upon the stream.

There, down along the elms at dusk,
 We lifted dripping blade to drift,
 Through twilight scented fine like musk,
 Where night and gloom a while uplift,
 Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands —
 Spirit of life or subtler thing —
 Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
 Of death, and taught us, whispering,
 The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
 To hold the shadow of the sun;

The evening faltered, and I deemed
The time was ripe, and years had done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.
—*From Low Tide on Grand Pré.*

A VAGABOND SONG.

There is something in the autumn that is native to my
blood —

Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keep-
ing time.

O, the scarlet of the maple-trees can shake me like the
cry

Of the bugles going by;
And my lonely spirit thrills
When I see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

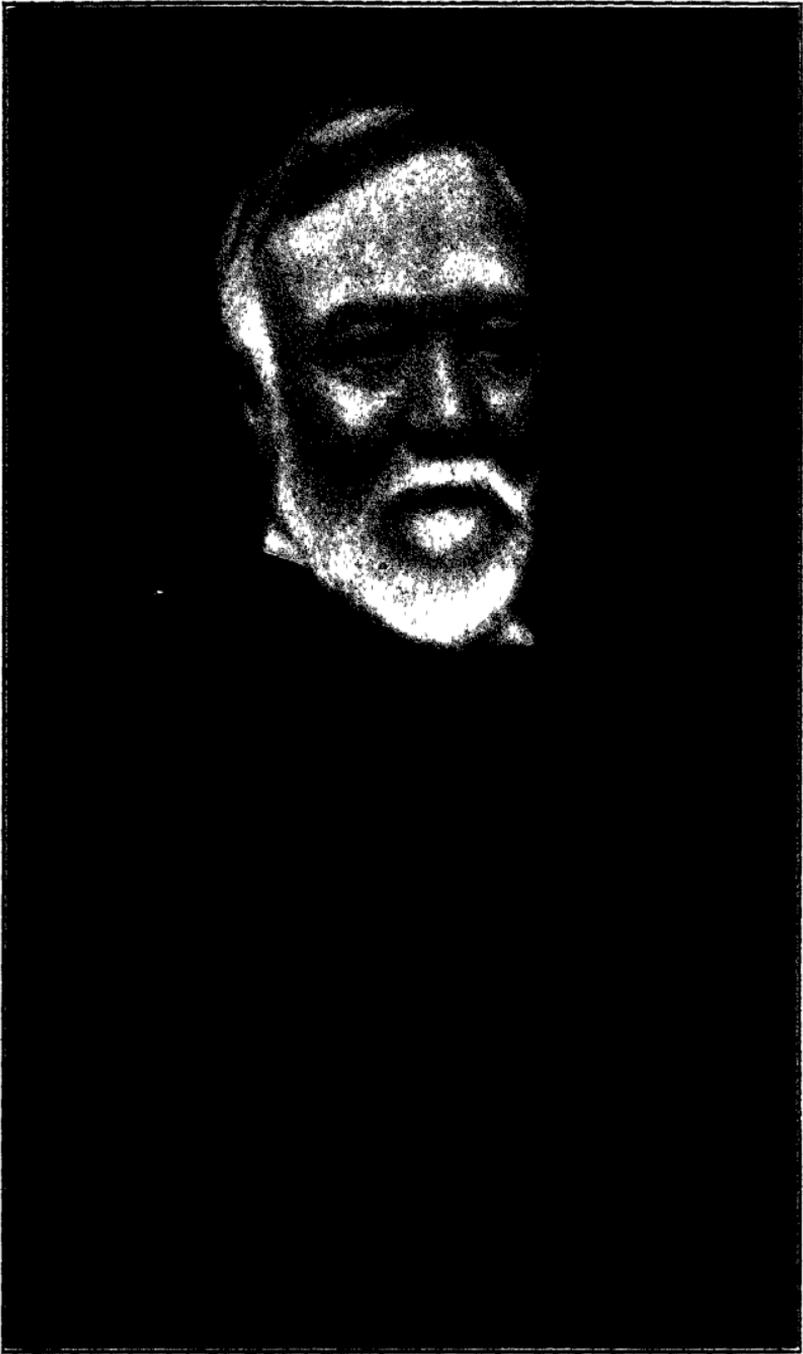
There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
And we rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame

She is calling, calling, calling every vagabond by name.
—*From More Songs from Vagabondia.*

Mr. Carman's later works include *Last Songs from Vagabondia* (1900); *A Winter Holiday* (1902); *Bal-lads of Lost Haven* (1903); and two volumes of prose essays, *The Kinship of Nature* (1903); *The Friendship of Art* (1904); and *From the Book of Valentines* (1905). During 1903-4 he was editor of *The Literary World*.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW, an American iron-master and philanthropist; born at Dunfermline, Scotland, November 25, 1837. When he was a mere child his father brought his family to America. The sons, of whom Andrew was the eldest, found employment, and while still young men engaged in the iron manufacturing business at Pittsburg, Pa., where they made a large fortune. When twelve years old Andrew began work as a telegraph messenger, became an operator and later manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad office at Pittsburg. He was soon promoted to be manager of the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and successful ventures with Woodruff, inventor of the sleeping-car, and in the oil fields, were followed by the establishment of a rolling-mill, which expanded until Mr. Carnegie controlled iron and steel interests aggregating some \$200,000,000. Mr. Carnegie has given large sums for the establishment of free libraries in Scotland and America.

In 1874 Andrew Carnegie made a visit to his native land. Of this visit he wrote a pleasant account, *An American Four-in-hand in Britain* (1876). In 1878 he set out upon an extensive course of travel, of which he wrote an account, entitled *Round the World* (1884). In 1886 he published a work, *Democracy Triumphant*, describing the "Fifty Years' March of the Republic," and abounding with carefully prepared statistical information. In 1900 he published *The Gospel of Wealth*; in 1902, *The Empire of Business*, and in 1905, *Life of James Watt*. In the *American Four-in-Hand* he gives a reminiscence of his departure for America, thirty years and more before:



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

SEEKING A NEW HOME.

We landed at the Broomilaw [on the Clyde near Glasgow] whither father and mother and Tom and I sailed thirty odd years ago, and began our seven weeks' voyage to the Land of Promise—poor emigrants in quest of fortune; but not without thoughts in the radical breasts of our parents that it was advisable to leave the land which tolerated class distinctions. . . . My father saw through not only the sham but the injustice of rank, from the King to the Knight; and loved America because she knows no difference in her sons. He was a Republican—aye, every inch—and his sons glory in that, and follow where he led. . . . Thanks to the generous Republic, which stood with open arms to receive us, as she stands to-day to welcome the poor of the world to share with her own sons, upon equal terms, the glorious heritage with which she is endowed.—*An American Four-in-hand in Britain.*

In his *Democracy Triumphant*, Mr. Carnegie gives, incidentally, an account of his first actual step toward fortune:

THE FIRST UPWARD STEP.

Well do I remember that, when a clerk in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, a tall, spare, farmer-looking kind of man came to me once, when I was sitting on the end seat of the rear car, looking over the line. He said he had been told by the conductor that I was connected with the railroad company, and he wished me to look at an invention he had made. With that he drew from a green bag a small model of a sleeping-berth for railway cars. He had not spoken a minute before, like a flash, the whole range of the discovery burst upon me. "Yes," I said, "that is something which the Continent must have." I promised to address him on the subject as soon as I had talked over

the matter with my superior, Thomas A. Scott. Upon my return I laid it before Mr. Scott, declaring that it was one of the inventions of the age. He remarked, "You are enthusiastic, young man; but you may ask the inventor to come and let me see it." I did so, and arrangements were made to build two cars, and run them on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

I was offered an interest in the venture, which, of course, I gladly accepted. Payments were to be made 10 per cent. per month after the cars were delivered. This was all very satisfactory until the notice came that my share of the first payment was \$217.50; but that amount was as far beyond my means as if it had been millions. I was earning \$50 per month, however, and felt that I had prospects. I decided to call upon the local banker, Mr. Lloyd, state the case, and boldly ask him to advance the sum upon my interest in the affair. He put his hand upon my shoulder, and said, "Why, of course, Andie; you are all right. Go ahead. Here is the money." It is a proud day for a man when he pays his *last* note, but not to be named in comparison with the day in which he makes his *first* one, and gets a banker to take it. I have tried both, and I know.

The cars paid their subsequent payments from their earnings. I paid my first note from my savings, so much per month: and thus did I get my foot upon fortune's ladder. It is easy to climb after that. And thus came sleeping-cars into the world. Blessed be the man who invented sleeping-cars! Let me record his name, and testify my gratitude to him. It was my dear, quiet, modest, truthful, farmer-looking friend, T. T. Woodruff, one of the benefactors of the age.—*Triumphant Democracy.*

In the autumn of 1878 Mr. Carnegie set out on an extended trip "Round the World." The book in which he records the incidents of this journey is "affectionately inscribed to my Brother and trusty Associates, who toiled at home that I might spend abroad." In this work he thus sums up what he regards as one

of the great advantages to be derived from foreign travel:

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

Another advantage to be derived from a journey round the world, is, I think, that the sense of the brotherhood of man — the unity of the race — is very greatly strengthened thereby. For one sees that the virtues are the same in all lands; and produce their good fruits, and render their possessors blessed in Benares or Kioto as in London or New York; that the vices, too, are akin; and also that the motives which govern men and their actions and aims are very much the same all the world over. . . . We know now that all the children of the earth dwell under the reign of the same divine law; and that for each and every one that law evolves through all ages the higher from the lower — the good from the evil; slowly but surely separating the dross from the pure gold; disintegrating what is pernicious to the race: so that the feeling that formerly told us that we alone had special care bestowed upon us gives place to the knowledge that every one, in his day and generation, wherever found, receives the truth best fitted for his elevation from that state to the next higher; and so "ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew," and grows its own fruit after its kind. For these and many other reasons, let all thoughtful souls follow my example, and visit their brethren from one land to another till the circle is complete.—*Round the World.*

Much more ambitious in its aim is the work *Triumphant Democracy*. In the Preface he says: "Born a subject of the Monarchy, adopted a citizen of the Republic, how could it be otherwise than that I should love both lands, and long to do what in me lay to bring their people to share that love for each other?" The keynote of the work is struck in the opening paragraphs:

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

The old nations of the earth creep on at a snail's pace; the Republic thunders past with the rush of the Express. The United States—the growth of a single century—has already reached the foremost rank among nations, and is destined soon to outdistance all others in the race. In population, in wealth, in annual savings, and in public credit; in freedom from debt, in agriculture, and in manufactures, America already leads the civilized world. France, with her fertile plains and sunny skies, requires 160 years to grow two Frenchmen where one grew before. Great Britain—whose rate of increase is greater than that of any other European country—takes seventy years to double her population. The Republic has frequently doubled hers in twenty-five. In 1831 Great Britain and Ireland contained twenty-four millions of people, and fifty years later thirty-four millions; France increased during the same period from thirty-two millions to thirty-seven millions. The Republic bounded from thirteen millions to fifty millions. England gained ten, France five, the United States thirty-seven millions. Thus the Republic, in one half-century, added to her number as many as the present total population of France, and more than the present population of the United Kingdom. . . . Truly, the Republic is the Minerva of nations. . . . Full-armed has she sprung from the brow of Jupiter-Britain. The thirteen millions of Americans have now [1886] increased to fifty-six millions: more English-speaking individuals than exist in all the world besides.—*Triumphant Democracy, Chap. I.*

COLONISTS AND CITIZENS.

But why talk of Canada, or any mere Colony? What book, what invention, what statue or picture—what anything—has a colony ever produced? or what man has grown up in a Colony who has become known beyond his own local district? None. Nor can a Colony ever

give to mankind anything of value beyond wood, corn, and beef. If Canada and the Australian Colonies were free and independent republics, the world would soon see the harvest of Democracy in noble works and in great minds. And for the mother of these nations the result would be infinitely better, even as to trade. Besides, she would be far prouder of her progeny: which, in itself, is not a bad return for a fond mother like her.—*Triumphant Democracy, Chap. V.*

FARM WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

The farms of America comprise 837,628 square miles—an area nearly equal to one-fourth of Europe, and larger than the four greatest European countries (Russia excepted) put together: namely, France, Germany, Austria and Hungary, and Spain. The capital invested in agriculture would suffice to buy up the whole of Italy, with its olive-groves and vineyards, its old historical cities, cathedrals, and palaces, and every other feudal appurtenance. Or, if the American farmers were to sell out, they could buy the entire peninsula of Spain, with all its traditions of mediæval grandeur; and the flat lands which the Hollanders, at vast cost, have wrested from the sea, and the quaint old towns they have built there. If he chose to put by his savings for three years the Yankee farmer could purchase the fee-simple of pretty Switzerland and not touch his capital at all.—*Triumphant Democracy, Chap. IX.*

TWO NATIONS AND ONE PEOPLE.

The assimilation of the political institutions of the two countries proceeds apace, by the action of the older in the direction of the newer land. Year after year some difference is obliterated. Yesterday it was an extension of suffrage; to-day it is universal and compulsory education: to-morrow the joining of law and equity; on the next day it will be the abolition of primogeniture and entail. A few years more, and all that remains of the

feudalistic times will have disappeared, and the political institutions of the two divisions will be practically the same, with only such slight variations of structure as adapt them to the slightly varying conditions by which they are surrounded.

It has always been my chief ambition to do what little I can — if anything — to hasten this process, that the two divisions may thereby be brought more closely into unison; that the bonds between my dear native land and my beloved adopted land may be strengthened, and draw them more tightly together. For sure am I — who am in part a child of both, and whose love for the one and the other is as the love of man for mother and wife — sure am I that the better these grand divisions of the British race know each other, the stronger will grow the attachment between them. And just as sure am I that in their genuine affection and indissoluble alliance lie the best hopes for the elevation of the human race. God grant, therefore, that the future of my native and adopted lands may fulfil the hopes of the staunchest, ablest, and most powerful friend of this land, the Great Commoner of his own, that, “although they may be two Nations, they may be but one People.” Thus spoke John Bright; and, echoing once more that fond hope, I lay down my pen, and bid my readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, farewell.—*Triumphant Democracy, Chap. XX.*

CARPENTER, WILLIAM BENJAMIN, an English biologist; born at Exeter, October 29, 1813; died at London, November 19, 1885. His father, the Rev. Dr. Lant Carpenter, Unitarian minister, removed to Bristol in 1817, and the son was educated in that city. He began the study of medicine with Dr. J. B. Estlin, of Bristol, and some time after accompanied this physician on a visit to the West

Indies. He resumed his studies on his return to Bristol, and continued them in 1834 at University College, and Middlesex Hospital, London, and in 1835 at Edinburgh, where he was graduated in 1839. During a part of this time he had been Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence in the Bristol Medical School. In 1844 he was appointed Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution, and in the same year was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, lecturer or professor in the London Hospital and University College (1849), Principal of University Hall (1852), and Registrar of the University of London (1856). He edited a *Popular Cyclopædia of Science* (1843), and from 1847 to 1852 was the editor of the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*. Among his many published scientific works are: *Principles of Human Physiology*; *Animal Physiology*; *The Microscope and Its Revelations*; *Use of Alcoholic Liquors*; *Physiology of Temperance*; *Mesmerism and Spiritualism*; *Nature and Man*. Dr. Carpenter received medals from the Royal and Geological Societies, the degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh, and in 1873 was made a corresponding member of the Institute of France.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BELIEF.

But having happened long since to speak on the subject to Professor Max Müller, I learned from him the additional very important fact, that this condition of self-induced suspension of vital activity, forms, as it were, the climax of a whole series of states, with two of which I was myself very familiar — “electrobiology,” or artificial reverie, and “hypnotism,” or artificial somnambulism; both of them admirably studied by Mr. Braid, through whose kindness I had many opportunities of investigating their phenomena. The self-induction of these

states, practised by the Hindoo devotees, is part of a system of a religious philosophy which is termed the Yoga; and by the kindness of Professor Max Müller I possess a very curious account of this philosophy, printed at Benares twenty-two years ago, by Sub-Assistant Surgeon Paul, who had carefully studied it. It appears from this that the object of the whole system is to induce a state of mystical self-contemplation, tending to the absorption of the soul of the individual into the Supreme Soul, the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer of the World; and that the lower forms of it consist in the adoption of certain fixed postures, which seem to act much in the same way with the fixation of the vision in Mr. Braid's methods. The first state, *pránáyáma*, corresponds very closely with that of reverie or abstraction; the mind being turned in upon itself and entirely given up to devout meditation, but the sensibility to external impressions not being altogether suspended. The second state, *pratyáhára*, is one which—the external senses being closed, while the mind is still active—corresponds with some forms of somnambulism. Those who have attained the power of inducing this condition then practise *dharána*, a stage of complete quiescence of body and mind, corresponding with what is known as catalepsy—the body remaining in any posture in which it may be placed. From this they pass into the *dhyána*, in which they believe themselves to be surrounded by flashes of external light or electricity, and thus to be brought into communion with the Universal Soul, which endows them with a clairvoyant power. And the final state of *samádhi*, which they themselves liken to the hibernation of animals, and in which the respiratory movements are suspended, is regarded as that of absolute mental tranquillity, which, according to these mystics, is the highest state which man can attain; the individual being absolutely incapable of committing sin in thought, act, or speech, and having his thoughts completely occupied with the idea of Brahma or the Supreme Soul without any effort of his own mind.—*Nature and Man.*

CARTWRIGHT, WILLIAM, an English clergyman and dramatist; born at Northway, near Tewkesbury, September, 1611; died at Oxford, November 29, 1643. He was the son of an inn-keeper, was educated at Oxford and became a popular and eloquent preacher. In 1643 he was chosen Junior Proctor and Reader in Metaphysics in the University, a few months before his sudden death. He was distinguished by graceful and attractive manners and by extraordinary industry, though his fame rests upon his personal popularity and the favorable criticism of his fellow-poets, especially Ben Jonson, rather than upon the merit of his verses. He wrote *The Ordinary*; *The Royal Slave*, a tragi-comedy; *The Lady Errant*, a tragi-comedy; and *The Siege, or Love's Convert*. A collection of his comedies, tragi-comedies, and other poems was published in 1647, and again in 1651.

ON BEN JONSON.

But thou still putt'st true passion on: dost write
 With the same courage that tried captains fight;
 Giv'st the right blush and color unto things;
 Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
 Smooth yet not weak; and, by a thorough care,
 Big without swelling, without painting fair.

ON A LADY WHO DIED SUDDENLY.

When the old, flaming Prophet climbed the sky
 Who at one glimpse did vanish, and not die,
 He made more preface to a death than this:
 So far from sick, she did not breathe amiss.
 She who to Heaven more heaven doth annex,
 Whose lowest thought was above all our sex,

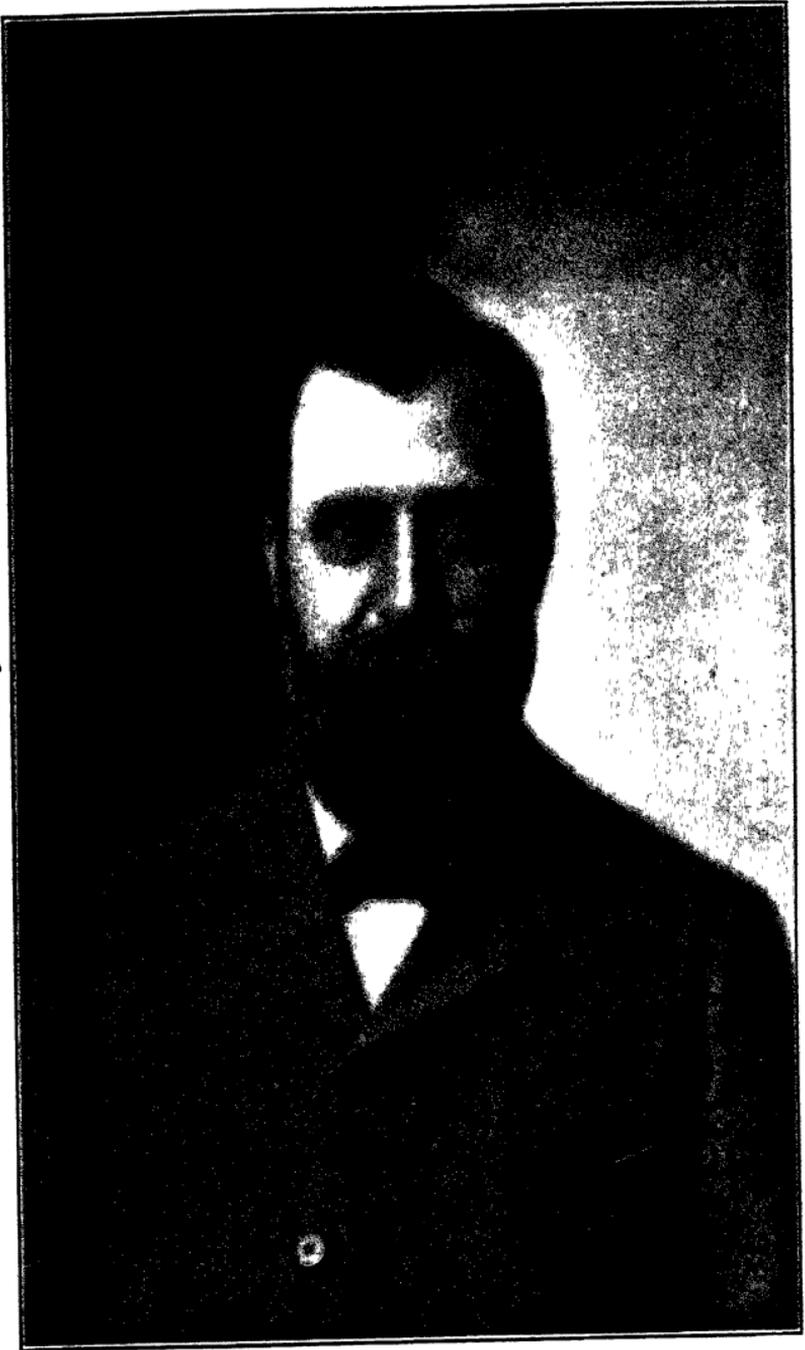
Accounted nothing death but to be reprieved,
 And died as free from sickness as she lived.
 Others are dragged away, or must be driven;
 She only saw her time, and stepped to Heaven,
 Where Seraphims view all her glories o'er,
 As one returned who had been there before.
 For while she did this lower world adorn,
 Her body seemed rather assumed than born:
 So rarefied, advanced, so pure and whole,
 That Body might have been another's Soul;
 And equally a miracle it were
 That she could die, or that she could live here.

TO CHLOE.

Chloe, why wish you that your years
 Would backward run, till they met mine?
 That perfect likeness, which endears
 Things unto things, might us combine.
 Our ages so in dates agree,
 That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births; the one when light
 First strikes the new awakened sense;
 The other when two souls unite;
 And we must count our life from thence:
 When you loved me, and I loved you,
 Then both of us were born anew.

CARUS, PAUL, a German-American philosopher, essayist, and editor; born in Ilseburg, Germany, July 18, 1852. He was educated at the *Gymnasium* at Stettin and at the University of Strassburg, and in 1876 was graduated from the University of Tübingen. He removed to the United States in 1879 and settled in Chicago, Ill., where he became



PAUL CARUS.

editor of *The Open Court* and of the *Monist*. He is regarded as a leading authority on Buddhism. His numerous books include *The Ethical Problem; Fundamental Problems; The Soul of Man; A Primer of Philosophy; Truth in Fiction; Monism and Meliorism; The Religion of Science; The Philosophy of the Tool; Our Need of Philosophy; Science, a Religious Revelation; The Gospel of Buddhism; Karma; Nirvana; Homilies of Science; Chinese Philosophy; The Idea of a God; Buddhism and the Christian Critics; The Dawn of a New Era; Kant and Spencer; The Nature of the State; The History of the Devil; Whence and Whither; Eros and Psyche; The Age of Christ* (1903), and *The Surd of Metaphysics* (1904).

Dr. Carus has presented the English speaking world with what is perhaps the most notable exposition of Buddhism, and has drawn some unique comparisons between that religion and the more modern Christianity. While inclined to be radical, and at times an extremist, Dr. Carus is one of the most original thinkers of his generation.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

The strength as well as the weakness of original Buddhism lies in its philosophical character, which enabled a thinker, but not the masses, to understand the dispensation of the moral law that pervades the world. As such, the original Buddhism has been called by Buddhists the little vessel of salvation, or Hinayāna; for it is comparable to a small boat on which a man may cross the stream of worldliness, so as to reach the shore of Nirvāna. Following the spirit of a missionary propaganda, so natural to religious men who are earnest in their convictions, later Buddhists popularized Buddha's doctrines and made them accessible to the multitudes. It is true that they

admitted many mythical and even fantastical notions, but they succeeded nevertheless in bringing its moral truths home to the people who could but incompletely grasp the philosophical meaning of Buddha's religion. They constructed, as they called it, a large vessel of salvation, the Mahâyâna, in which the multitudes would find room and could be safely carried over. Although the Mahâyâna unquestionably has its shortcomings, it must not be condemned offhand, for it serves its purpose. Without regarding it as the final stage of the religious development of the nations among which it prevails, we must concede that it resulted from an adaptation to their condition and has accomplished much to educate them. The Mahâyâna is a step forward in so far as it changes a philosophy into a religion, and attempts to preach doctrines that were negatively expressed, in positive propositions.

Far from rejecting the religious zeal which gave rise to the Mahâyâna in Buddhism, we can still less join those who denounce Christianity on account of its dogmatology and mythological ingredients. Christianity has a great mission in the evolution of mankind. It has succeeded in imbuing with the religion of charity and mercy the most powerful nations of the world, to whose spiritual needs it is especially adapted. It extends the blessings of universal good-will with the least possible amount of antagonism to the natural selfishness that is so strongly developed in the Western races. Christianity is *the religion of love made easy*. This is its advantage, which, however, is not without its drawbacks. Christianity teaches charity without dispelling the ego-illusion; and in this sense it surpasses even the Mahâyâna: it is still more adapted to the needs of multitudes than a large vessel fitted to carry over those who embark on it: it is comparable to a great bridge, a Mahâsêtu, on which a child who has no comprehension as yet of the nature of self can cross the stream of self-hood and worldly vanity.

A comparison of the many striking arguments between Christianity and Buddhism may prove fatal to sectarian conceptions of either religion, but will in the end help to mature our insight into the true significance of both. It

will bring out a nobler faith which aspires to be the cosmic religion of universal truth.—*From the Preface to The Gospel of Buddhism.*

THE OUTCAST.

When Bhagavant dwelt at Shrāvasti in the Jētavana, he went out with his alms-bowl to beg for food and approached the house of a Brahman priest while the fire of an offering was blazing upon the altar. And the priest said: "Stay there, O shaveling; stay there, O wretched shramana; thou art an outcast."

The Blessed One replied: "Who is an outcast?"

"An outcast is the man who is angry and bears hatred; the man who is wicked and hypocritical, he who embraces error and is full of deceit.

"Whosoever is a provoker and is avaricious, has sinful desires, is envious, wicked, shameless, and without fear to commit sins, let him be known as an outcast.

"Not by birth does one become an outcast, not by birth does one become a Brahman; by deeds one becomes an outcast, by deeds one becomes a Brahman."—*The Gospel of Buddhism.*

THE WOMAN AT THE WELL.

Ānanda, the favorite disciple of Buddha, having been sent by the Lord on a mission, passed by a well near a village, and seeing Prakriti, a girl of the Mātanga caste, he asked her for water to drink.

Prakriti said, "O Brahman, I am too humble and mean to give you water to drink, do not ask any service of me lest your holiness be contaminated, for I am of low caste."

And Ānanda replied: "I ask not for caste but for water;" and the Mātanga girl's heart leaped joyfully and she gave Ānanda to drink.

Ānanda thanked her and went away; but she followed him at a distance.

Having heard that Ānanda was a disciple of Gautama Shākya-muni, the girl repaired to the Blessed One and

cried: "O Lord help me, and let me live in the place where Ananda thy disciple dwells, so that I may see him and minister unto him, for I love Ananda."

And the Blessed One understood the emotions of her heart and he said: "Prakriti, thy heart is full of love, but you do not understand your own sentiments. It is not Ananda whom you love, but his kindness. Receive, then, the kindness you have seen him practise unto you, and in the humility of your station practise it unto others.

"Verily there is great merit in the generosity of a king when he is kind to a slave; but there is a greater merit in the slave when ignoring the wrongs which he suffers he cherishes kindness and good-will to all mankind. He will cease to hate his oppressors, and even when powerless to resist their usurpation will with compassion pity their arrogance and supercilious demeanor.

"Blessed art thou, Prakriti, for though you are a Mâtanga you will be a model for noblemen and noblewomen. You are of low caste, but Brahmans will learn a lesson from you. Swerve not from the path of justice and righteousness and you will outshine the royal glory of queens on the throne."—*The Gospel of Buddhism.*

CARY, ALICE and PHŒBE, American poets; born near Cincinnati, O., the former April 26, 1820, and the latter September 4, 1824. They were educated at home. In 1849 they published conjointly a volume of *Poems*; and in the following year, upon the death of their mother, they removed to New York City, where they resided during the remainder of their lives. Alice died there February 12, 1871; and her bereaved sister survived her but a few months, dying at Newport, R. I., July 31, of the same year. In 1869



ALICE CARY.

they had together prepared a volume entitled *From Year to Year*; and two years after their death their *Last Poems* was published. Alice, who was the more voluminous writer of the two, had early become known as "Patty Lee" by her contributions to the *National Era*. In her name were issued *Clovernook* (1852-53); *Hogar* (1852); *Lyra* (1852-55); *Clovernook Children* (1854); *Married, Not Mated* (1856); *Pictures of Country Life* (1859); *Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns* (1865); *The Bishop's Son* (1867); *Snow-Berries* (1867); and *A Lover's Diary* (1867). Phoebe published in her own name *Poems and Parodies* (1854); and *Poems of Faith, Hope and Love* (1867).

Horace Greeley used to tell with much pleasure how the Cary sisters came to New York to make their living by literature; and how, renting first a cheap little house, they gradually built up a home of their own which became known far and wide as a literary centre: "Their parlor was not so large as some others, but quite as neat and cheerful; and the few literary persons or artists who occasionally met, at their informal invitation, to discuss with them a cup of tea and the newest books, poems, and events, might have found many more pretentious, but few more enjoyable, gatherings. I have a dim recollection that the first of these little tea-parties was held up two flights of stairs, in one of the less fashionable sections of the city; but good things were said there that I recall with pleasure even yet; while some of the company, on whom I have not since set eyes, I cherish a grateful and pleasant remembrance. As their circumstances gradually though surely improved, by dint of diligent industry and judicious economy, they occupied more

eligible quarters; and the modest dwelling they have for some years owned and improved, in the very heart of this emporium, has long been known to the literary guild as combining one of the best private libraries, with sunniest drawing-room (even by gas-light) to be found between Kingsbridge and the Battery."

AT DEACON WHITFIELD'S.

The whole family — that is, Deacon and his wife, and their son and daughter, Jerry and Sally — were seated on the porch in the moonlight, cutting apples to dry — for, as the father and son returned from their harvest-field in the evening, they brought regularly each a basket of apples, which were duly prepared for drying the next day — so that all the time was turned to good account. They worked in silence, and as at a task which in fact it was, voluntarily assumed on the part of the old people, and quietly submitted to on that of the young. A low but belligerent growl of the great brindled watch-dog that lay at the front gate night and day caused in the little group a general sensation, which became especially lively when it was followed by the click of the latch at the gate, and the sound of a briskly approaching foot-step.

"Who on earth can be coming, this time of night?" exclaimed the Deacon, in some alarm, for it was eight o'clock.

"I am afraid somebody is sick or dead," said Mrs. Whitfield; but she was kept in suspense only a moment, when the genial salutation of "Good evening, neighbors," dispelled all fears.

The visitor was Deacon White, a short, good-natured, blue-eyed man, who wore a fashionable hat and coat every day, and didn't cut apples of nights. Jerry immediately vacated his chair, in behalf of the guest, and seating himself on a great, speckled pumpkin, with an arch look at Sally, continued his work in silence; for the children, as they were always called, never presumed to talk in the

presence of superiors — that is, older people. The two neighbors talked about everything: crops in general, the wheat harvest in particular, and the probable prices of oats and potatoes; then of the various changes which had taken place in the neighborhood within their remembrance; who had come from the East, and who had gone West, and who had been married, and who had died, until Sally began to think she never *should* find out what Deacon White came for. At last, however, he revealed his errand, making it a sort of parenthesis in the body of his conversation, as though it were a mere trifle, and he was used to such things every day; whereas it had doubtless troubled his mind from the beginning, and he expected its announcement to create some sensation, which, to his evident disappointment and mortification, it failed to do; or, if it did, Deacon Whitfield suffered not the slightest emotion to betray itself — a degree of impassibility being one of the strong points of his character on which he particularly prided himself.

“Do you think our folks will go, Jerry?” said Sally, as she helped her brother carry away the basket of apple-parings.

“Yes, I guess not,” said Jerry; and then added, in a bitterer tone, “I’m glad he did not ask me — I wouldn’t have gone if he had.”

The reader must know that the old-fashioned minister of the Clovernook church, having become dissatisfied with the new-fangled follies that had crept into the midst of his people, had lately shaken the dust from his feet and departed, after preaching a farewell sermon from the text, “Oh, ye generation of vipers!” upon which, a young man, reputed handsome, and of charmingly social and insinuating manners, had been invited to take the charge, and his approaching installation was about to be preceded by a dinner at Deacon White’s, he himself extending to his brother deacons the invitations in person. He had secretly felt little edified for several years past with the nasal exhortations of the old pastor, which invariably closed with “A few more risings and settings of the sun,” etc., and being pleased with the change himself, he nat-

urally wished all the congregation to be so; and the dinner and merry-making at his house he meant as a sort of peace-offering to those who were likely to be disaffected; nevertheless, some few, among whom was Deacon Whitfield, were likely to prove stiff-necked.

A dinner-party at five o'clock! That was the *beatenest* thing he had heard of. He took supper at four.—*Clover-nook.*

THE SURE WITNESS.

The solemn wood has spread
 Shadows around my head:
 "Curtains they are," I said,
 "Hung dim and still about the house of prayer:"
 Softly among the limbs,
 Turning the leaves of hymns,
 I hear the winds, and ask if God were there.
 No voice replied, but while I listening stood,
 Sweet peace made holy hushes through the wood.

With ruddy, open hand,
 I saw the wild rose stand
 Beside the green gate of the summer hills,
 And, pulling at her dress,
 I cried, "Sweet hermitess,
 Hast thou beheld Him who the dew distils?
 No voice replied, but while I listening bent
 Her gracious beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendor shone:—
 "She walketh Heaven alone,
 And seeth all things," to myself I mused;
 "Hast thou beheld Him, then,
 Who hides himself from men
 In that great power through nature interfused?"
 No speech made answer, and no sign appeared,
 But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

Waking one time, strange awe
 Thrilling my soul, I saw
 A kingly splendor round about the night;

Such cunning work the hand
 Of spinner never planned;
 The finest wool may not be washed so white.
 "Hast thou come out of Heaven?"
 I asked; and lo!
 The snow was all the answer of the snow.

Then my heart said, Give o'er;
 Question no more, no more!
 The wind, the snow-storm, the wild hermit flower,
 The illuminated air,
 The pleasure after prayer,
 Proclaim the unoriginated Power!
 The mystery that hides him here and there,
 Bears the sure witness he is everywhere.

— ALICE CARY.

LATENT LIFE.

Though never shown by word or deed,
 Within us lies some germ of power,
 As lies unguessed, within the seed,
 The latent flower.

And under every common sense
 That doth its daily use fulfil,
 There lies another, more intense,
 And beauteous still.

This dusty house, wherein is shrined
 The soul, is but the counterfeit
 Of that which shall be, more refined
 And exquisite.

The light which to our sight belongs,
 Enfolds a light more broad and clear;
 Music but intimates the songs
 We do not hear.

The fond embrace, the tender kiss
 Which love to its expression brings,
 Are but the husk the chrysalis
 Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,
 Hopes, impulses that fade and die,
 Are but the layers peeled away
 From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow
 These rough and ugly masks we wear,
 I think, that we shall be as now —
 Only more fair.

And He who makes his love to be
 Always around me, sure and calm,
 Sees what is possible to me,
 Not what I am.

— ALICE CARY.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all:
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
 Dark with the mistletoe;
 Not for the violets golden
 That sprinkle the vale below;

Not for the milk-white lilies
 That lean from the fragrant ledge,
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
 And stealing their golden edge;
 Not for the vines on the upland,
 Where the bright red berries rest,
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
 It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers —
The summers of long ago;

But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a weak embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;

And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

— ALICE CARY.

FADED LEAVES.

The hills are bright with maples yet;
But down the level land
The beech-leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hill-tops glow,
And in the still, sharp air, the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the briar-rose
 Have lost their rounded pride:
 The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
 Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,
 The dormouse sly and wise,
 Hiding away in the disgrace
 Of nature, from men's eyes.

The pigeons, in black wavering lines,
 Are swinging toward the sun,
 And all the wide and withered fields
 Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now
 The squirrel hastes to gain,
 And sets his house in order for
 The winter's weary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,
 To read good books, to sing
 The low and lovely songs that breathe
 Of the eternal Spring.

— ALICE CARY.

DYING HYMN.

Earth with its dark and dreadful ills,
 Recedes and fades away;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
 Ye gates of death give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;
 My blindness is my sight;
 Thy shadows that I feared so long
 Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
 My faith doth so abound,
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet
 The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,
 Low as the grave, to go;
 I know that my Redeemer lives:
 That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see,
 Where dwells my Lord and King;
 O grave, where is thy victory!
 O death, where is thy sting!

— ALICE CARY.

FIELD PREACHING.

I have been out to-day in field and wood,
 Listening to praises sweet and counsel good,
 Such as a little child had understood,
 That, in its tender youth,
 Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

The modest blossoms, crowding round my way,
 Though they had nothing great or grand to say,
 Gave out their fragrance to the wind all day;
 Because his loving breath,
 With soft persistence, won them back from death.

And the right royal lily, putting on
 Her robes, more rich than those of Solomon,
 Opened her gorgeous missal in the sun,
 And thanked Him, soft and low,
 Whose gracious, liberal hand had clothed her so.

When wearied, on the meadow-grass I sank;
 So narrow was the rill from which I drank,
 An infant might have stepped from bank to bank,
 And the tall rushes near
 Lapping together, hid its waters clear.

Yet to the ocean joyously it went;
 And rippling in the fulness of content,
 Watered the pretty flowers that o'er it leant;
 For all the banks were spread
 With delicate flowers that on its bounty fed.

The stately maize, a fair and goodly sight,
 With serried spear-points bristling sharp and bright
 Shook out his yellow tresses for delight,
 To all their tawny length,
 Like Samson, glorying in his lusty strength.

And every little bird upon the tree,
 Ruffling his plumage bright, for ecstasy,
 Sang in the wild insanity of glee;
 And seemed, in the same lays,
 Calling his mate and uttering songs of praise.

The golden grasshopper did chirp and sing;
 The plain bee, busy with her housekeeping,
 Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing,
 As if she understood
 That, with contentment, labor was a good.

I saw each creature, in his own best place,
 To the Creator lift a smiling face,
 Praising continually his wondrous grace;
 As if the best of all
 Life's countless blessings was to live at all!

So, with a book of sermons, plain and true,
 Hid in my heart, where I might turn them through,
 I went home softly through the falling dew,
 Still listening, rapt and calm,
 To nature giving out her evening psalm.

While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned
 Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,
 The tree-tops, unconsumed, to flame were turned
 And I, in that great hush,
 Talked with his angels in each burning bush!

— PHŒBE CARY

OUR HOMESTEAD.

Our old brown homestead reared its walls
 From the wayside dust aloof,
 Where the apple-boughs could almost cast
 Their fruit upon its roof;

And the cherry-tree so near it grew
That when awake I've lain
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs
As they creaked against the pane;
And those orchard trees, oh, those orchard trees;
I have seen my little brothers rocked
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier, under the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose, by the garden fence
Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotics rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovelier
But not to me so fair;
For those roses bright, oh, those roses bright!
I have twined them in my sister's locks
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly,
And there never was water half so sweet
As the draught that filled my cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep
That my father's hand set up.
And that deep old well, oh, that deep old well!
I remember now the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair,
That hair is silver now!

But that broad hearth's light, oh, that broad hearth's
light!

And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night!

— PHŒBE CARY.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the Cross,
Nearer gaining the Crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

— PHŒBE CARY.

CARY, HENRY FRANCIS, an English translator; born at Gibraltar, December 6, 1772; died at London, August 14, 1844. He was the son of a captain in the British army, and was educated at Oxford, where he was early distinguished for his knowledge of the classics and of Italian, French, and English literature. He became vicar of Abbot's Bromley, Staffordshire, in 1796; removed to the living of Kingsbury, Warwickshire, in 1800; became reader at Berkeley Chapel, London, in 1807, and was appointed assistant keeper of printed books at the British Museum in 1826, resigning in 1837.

In 1805 he published a translation of Dante's *Inferno* in English blank verse, and in 1814 a translation of the entire *Divina Commedia*. It is on this work that his reputation as a literary man endures. It attracted little attention for some years until Coleridge, in a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, spoke of it in terms of high praise. The attention of the world having thus been called to the work, it gradually grew in public favor and soon took its place among standard translations; and, though many rivals have appeared, it still holds its honorable place. It has the great merits of accuracy, idiomatic vigor, and readableness. Cary had the satisfaction of seeing his work pass through four editions. He afterward translated *The Birds* of Aristophanes and the *Odes* of Pindar, and wrote a number of short memoirs in continuation of *Johnson's Lives of the Poets*.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE INFERNO.

“Through me you pass into the city of woe:
 Through me you pass into eternal pain;
 Through me among the people lost for aye.
 Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd;
 To rear me was the task of power divine,
 Supremest Wisdom and primeval Love.
 Before me things create were none, save things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.
 All hope abandon ye who enter here.”

Such characters in color dim I marked
 Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed:
 Whereat I thus: “Master, these words import
 Hard meaning.” He as one prepar'd replied:
 “Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave;
 Here be vile fear extinguish'd. We are come
 Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
 To misery doom'd, who intellectual good
 Have lost.” And when his hand he had stretch'd forth
 To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheered,
 Into that secret place he led me on.

Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans
 Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
 That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
 Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
 Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
 With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
 Made up a tumult that forever whirls
 Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,
 Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.
 I then, with error yet encompass'd, cried:
 “O master! what is this I hear? what race
 Are these who seem so overcome with woe?”
 He thus to me: “This miserable fate
 Suffer the wretched souls of those who liv'd
 Without or praise or blame, with that ill band
 Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved
 Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves

Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth,
 Not to impair his lustre, nor the depth
 Of Hell receives them, lest th' accursed tribe
 Should glory thence with exultation vain."

I then: "Master! what doth aggrrieve them thus,
 That they lament so loud?" He straight replied:
 "That will I tell thee briefly. These of death
 No hope may entertain: and their blind life
 So meanly passes that all other lots
 They envy. Fame of them the world hath none,
 Nor suffers; Mercy and Justice scorn them both.
 Speak not of them, but look and pass them by."
 And I, who straightway look'd, beheld a flag,
 Which whirling ran around so rapidly,
 That it no pause obtain'd; and following came
 Such a long train of spirits I should ne'er
 Have thought that death so many had despoil'd.

Then looking farther onward I beheld
 A throng upon the shore of a great stream;
 Whereat I thus: "Sir, grant me now to know
 Whom here we view, and whence impell'd they seem
 So eager to pass o'er as I discern,
 Through the blear light?" He thus to me in fear:
 "This shalt thou know, soon as our steps arrive
 Beside the woeful tide of Acheron."

Then with eyes downward cast and fill'd with shame,
 Fearing my words offensive to his ear,
 Till we had reach'd the river, I from speech
 Abstain'd. And lo! toward us in a bark
 Comes on an old man hoary white with eld,
 Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not
 Ever to see the sky again. I come
 To take you to the other shore across,
 Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
 In fierce heat and in ice. And thou who there
 Standest, live spirit! get thee hence, and leave
 These who are dead." But soon as he beheld
 I left them not, "By other way," said he,
 "By other haven shalt thou come to shore,
 Not by this passage; thee a nimbler boat

Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide:
 "Charon! thyself torment not: so 'tis willed,
 Where will and power are one: ask thou no more."

Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks
 Of him the boatman o'er the livid lake,
 Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames. Meanwhile
 Those spirits, faint and naked, color changed,
 And gnash'd their teeth, soon as the cruel words
 They heard. God and their parents they blasphemed
 The human kind, the place, the time, the seed
 That did engender them and give them birth.

Then all together sorely wailing drew
 To the curs'd strand, that every man must pass
 Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,
 With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
 Beck'ning, and each, that lingers, with his oar
 Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
 One still another following, till the bough
 Strews all its honors on the earth beneath;
 E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
 Cast themselves one by one down from the shore,
 Each at a beck, as falcon at his call

Thus go they over through the umbered wave,
 And ever they on the opposing bank
 Be landed, on this side another throng
 Still gathers. "Son," thus spake the courteous guide,
 "Those who die subject to the wrath of God,
 All here together come from every clime,
 And to o'erpass the river are not loth:
 For so heaven's justice goads them on, that fear
 Is turned into desire. Hence ne'er hath passed
 Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,
 Now mayst thou know the import of his words."

This said, the gloomy region trembling shook
 So terribly, that yet with clammy dews
 Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave a blast,
 That, lightning, shot forth a vermilion flame,
 Which all my senses conquer'd quite, and I
 Down dropp'd, as one with sudden slumber seiz'd.

— *The Inferno, Canto III.*

CASANOVA DE SEINGALT, GIOVANNI JACOBO, an Italian adventurer; born at Venice in 1725; died at Dux, Bohemia, in 1803. His career of adventure and intrigue in almost all the countries of Europe has gained for him the name of "The Gil Blas of the Eighteenth Century." He was educated at Padua and Venice, and intended to become an ecclesiastic; but being in youth expelled from a seminary of priests for immorality, he started out upon his travels, and visited Naples, Rome, and Constantinople, leading a life of adventure. In 1745 he returned to his native city and supported himself as a violinist until the cure of a senator who had been attacked by apoplexy brought him into fortunate notice. His irregularities, however, drove him away again, and he wandered off to Milan, Mantua, Verona, Ferrara, Bologna, Parma, and then to Paris, where he arrived in 1750. Here he was patronized by the nobility, and became acquainted with several authors of distinction, including Voltaire and Rousseau. But everywhere he got into trouble and disgrace. He was allowed to visit the Court of Frederick the Great; Catherine of Russia was disposed to befriend him; he hobnobbed with Louis XV., and was well known at Versailles; but everywhere he cheated at cards and got drunk; and in 1755 he arrived home again at Venice. Here he was arrested as a spy and imprisoned under the leads of the Doge's Palace. His getting out of this prison is one of the celebrated escapes in the annals of adventure. It made him famous, and he was lionized, and allowed to set the fashions for society; until, making every place too hot for its inhabitants, first

one city, then another — Varsovia, Paris, Madrid — had to drive him out. Among his exploits, we find him in 1761 professing magic and undertaking for a stipulated sum of money to regenerate Madame D'Urfé into a young man. In 1790 he became librarian to Count Waldstein, in whose castle he died thirteen years afterward. Among the literary works of Casanova are a translation of the *Iliad*; a number of histories; a work of fiction entitled *Eight Years among the Inhabitants of the Interior of the Globe*; *Récit de Sa Captivité* (1788); and his celebrated *Mémoires*, which have been often republished

THE PIOMBI.

The cells for the state prisoners are on the highest floor, in the roof of the ducal palace, which roof is neither covered with slates nor tiles, but with plates of lead (*piombi*) three feet square, and about a line in thickness. The only access to them is through the gate of the palace and through those galleries along which I had been brought, and in the way up to them the council-hall of the state inquisitors is passed. The secretary alone keeps the key, and the jailer returns it to him every morning after he has performed his service for the prisoners. This arrangement was made because, at a late hour of the day, the Council of Ten assembled in an adjoining chamber, called *La Bussola*, and the jailers would have had to pass through an ante-room where people in attendance on that Council were in waiting.

These prisoners occupy the two opposite sides of the building, three, among which were mine, toward the west, and four toward the east. The gutter on our side ran along the inner court; on the other side it overhung the canal *Rio di Palazzo*. The cells on that side are very light, and a man can stand upright in them; but it was not so with the others, which were

called *trave*, from the beams which crossed the windows in the roof. The floor of my cell was the ceiling of the hall of the inquisitors, who, according to the rules, assembled only at night after the meeting of Ten.—*Translation from the French in 1826.*

THE POZZI.

There are also nineteen frightful subterraneous dungeons in the ducal palace, destined for prisoners condemned to death. All judges and rulers on earth have esteemed it a mercy if they left the wretch his life, however painful that life might be to him. It can only be a mercy when the prisoner considers it himself as such; and he ought to be consulted on the subject, or else the intended mercy becomes injustice. These nineteen subterraneous dungeons are really graves; but they are called "wells" (*pozzi*), because they are always two feet deep in water, the sea penetrating through the gratings that supply the wretched light that is allowed to them. The prisoner who will not stand all day long in salt water must sit on a trestle, that serves him at night for a bedstead; on this is placed his mattress, and each morning his bread, water, and soup, which he must swallow immediately, if he do not wish to contend for it with large sea rats that infest these wretched abodes.

I knew of a Frenchman, who having served as a spy for the Republic, in a war with the Turks, had sold himself as an agent also to them. He was condemned to death, but his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment in the "well"; he was four and forty years of age when he was first immured, yet he lived seven and thirty years in them; he could only have known hunger and misery, yet thought "*dum vita superest bene est*," and to this misery did I now expect to be condemned.—*From the Memoirs; old translation.*

CASAS, BARTOLOMÉ DE LAS, a Spanish prelate and missionary; born at Seville in 1474; died at Madrid, July, 1566. He was educated at Salamanca, and is supposed by some historians to have accompanied Columbus to the West Indies in 1498. Others conclude that he first crossed the Atlantic in 1502, in company with Ovando. In 1510 he took orders as a priest at San Domingo; whence he went to Cuba with Velasquez. Here he distinguished himself for his humane treatment of the natives, whose cause he championed against the cruelties practised upon them by his countrymen. In his zeal for the Indians he returned to Spain several times, and, obtaining decrees in their favor, did what he could to have them carried out among the colonists. During one of these visits home, the title of "Protector of the Indians" was conferred upon him; but such was the opposition he met with in his crusade against Indian slavery that, in despair—and, as he afterward confessed, in an evil moment—he recommended negro slavery as a substitute. So that this apostle of freedom has been charged with having been the father of American slavery. Negroes, however, had been already brought to the New World as slaves. For a time he became disheartened, and, assuming the tonsure in 1522, he retired to the Dominican convent in San Domingo; but in 1530 he again appeared as a crusader in behalf of the Indians, visiting Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and even Germany. Three times he crossed the ocean to Germany, where he published his writings against the oppression of the Indians. Some of the laws which he procured to be passed were received with

such alarm in America as to cause rebellion; and notwithstanding his preaching had accomplished incalculable good, so far short did the result fall of the end he aimed at that, in 1547, he resigned and retired to Valladolid. Many of the works of Las Casas are still in manuscript, unpublished, notwithstanding their vast historical importance. His *Historia de las Indias* was printed in 1875. The *Destruction of the Indias by the Spaniards*, which was published in London in 1583, and again in 1625, is a translation of his *Breuissima Relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias*, which he had issued at Seville in 1552.

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

There was a certain man named Juan Bono, and he was employed by the members of the *audiencia* of St. Domingo to go and obtain Indians. He and his men, to the number of fifty or sixty, landed on the island of Trinidad. Now the Indians of Trinidad were a mild, loving, credulous race, the enemies of the Caribs, who ate human flesh. On Juan Bono's landing, the Indians, armed with bows and arrows, went to meet the Spaniards, and to ask them who they were, and what they wanted. Juan Bono replied that his crew were good and peaceful people, who had come to live with the Indians; upon which, as the commencement of good fellowship, the natives offered to build houses for the Spaniards. The Spanish captain expressed a wish to have one large house built. The accommodating Indians set about building it. It was to be in the form of a bell, and to be large enough for a hundred persons to live in. On any great occasion it would hold many more. Every day, while this house was being built, the Spaniards were fed with fish, bread, and fruit by their good-natured hosts. Juan Bono was very anxious to see the roof on, and the Indians continued to work at the building with alacrity. At last it was completed, being two stories high, and so

constructed that those within could not see those without. Upon a certain day Juan Bono collected the Indians together, men, women, and children, in the building, to see, as he told them, "what was to be done." Whether they thought they were coming to some festival, or that they were to do something more for the great house does not appear. However, there they all were, four hundred of them, looking with much delight at their own handiwork. Meanwhile, Juan Bono brought his men round the building, with drawn swords in their hands; then, having thoroughly entrapped his Indian friends, he entered with a party of armed men, and bade the Indians keep still, or he would kill them. They did not listen to him, but rushed against the door. A horrible massacre ensued. Some of the Indians forced their way out, but many of them, stupefied at what they saw, and losing heart, were captured and bound. A hundred, however, escaped, and, snatching up their arms, assembled in one of their own houses, and prepared to defend themselves. Juan Bono summoned them to surrender: they would not hear of it; and then he resolved to pay them completely for the hospitality and kind treatment he had received; and so, setting fire to the house, the whole hundred men, together with some women and children were burnt alive. The Spanish captain and his men retired to the ships with their captives. From his own mouth I heard that which I write. Juan Bono acknowledged that never in his life had he met with the kindness of father and mother but in the island of Trinidad. "Well, then, man of perdition, why did you reward them with such ungrateful wickedness and cruelty?" "On my faith, Padre, because they gave me for instructions to take them in peace if I could not by war."—WILSON'S *Translation*.

CASAUBON, ISAAC, a Franco-Swiss critic and classical scholar; born at Geneva, February 8, 1559; died at London, July 1, 1614. Until he was nineteen years old his only education was such as his father, a Huguenot minister, who had returned with his family to France after the edict of 1561, could give him when at home and not in hiding or flying from the persecutions of those troubled times. But at nineteen he was sent to the University of Geneva, where he studied Greek with Francis Portus, a native of Crete. At Portus's death, in 1581, he requested that Casaubon, then only twenty-two, be made his successor. He remained at the University as Professor of Greek until 1596, and during this time he began publishing his editions of Greek authors which first brought him into notice as a keen and learned critic. In 1596 he accepted an invitation from the University of Montpellier, France, to become Professor of Greek, but he remained here only three years. In 1600, soon after the publication of his *Athenæus*, he was invited to Paris by Henry IV. to teach Greek, and four years after he was appointed sub-librarian of the royal library. After the assassination of Henry IV., in 1610, Casaubon went to London hoping to find leisure and rest, but James I., by whom he was very kindly received, gave him no opportunity for this, and he died while engaged on a work for the King, a criticism of the *Annals* of Baronius. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Among his works are *Athenæus*; *On Ecclesiastical Liberty*; *Characters of Theophrastus*, and an edition of Polybius and of Aristotle's works.

JANUARY 1, 1610.—That I, my wife, children, sister, and all dear to me, may happily begin this year, and may see it to a joyful termination, I humbly entreat Thee, immortal God, through Thine own mercy, and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thine only begotten Son. Thee, I say, do I humbly supplicate, and adore Thy great name: Now assuredly, if ever, and more than ever, do I, my wife, and all that are mine, stand in need of Thy protection and assistance. For now have I come to this, that I am compelled to engage in continual spiritual combats. Frequent discussions must be held with that eminent man who is unquestionably superior in learning to all the rest of my opponents and is scarcely inferior in ability to any one of them. Above all others, *he* presses me who is the first man in the kingdom of France; he who, by the goodness of God, has now for so many years supported me, and furnished me with the leisure which I possess. The matter, then, has come to this point that, if I continue to oppose his wish, I must lose his favor, and be deprived of his benefactions. If this should happen, what lies before me but that I should be, humbly speaking, the most miserable of men? What hope have I, far or near? For, indeed, foreseeing long ago that that would happen which now seems on the point of occurring, so that my present position would be quite insecure, I have made every effort to procure some other means of support. But all the hopes which were held out to me have failed. . . . As often as I reflect on my condition, immortal God, horror rises up in my mind from the fear, lest, owing to the circumstances in which I am placed, I should do anything which would offend Thy thrice holy name, a thing which I hate, and from which I shrink with my whole heart.—*Diary.*



EMILIO CASTELAR.

CASTELAR, EMILIO, a Spanish statesman and orator; born at Cadiz, September 8, 1832; died at Murcia, May 25, 1899. After studying in the schools of Alicante, Castelar completed his education at Madrid. In 1854 he made his first appearance as an orator in the Liberal cause. In 1856 he was appointed Professor of History in the University of Madrid, which position he lost in 1864, in consequence of his connection with a Democratic journal. During the revolutionary movement of 1866 Castelar was arrested and sentenced to death, but made his escape from Spain, and occupied the next two years in travelling and writing. After the revolution of 1868 he returned to Spain, resumed his professorship, and opposed the establishment of a monarchy. On the resignation of King Amadeo he was chosen Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a few days later President of the Spanish Republic. His efforts to suppress the Carlists were unsuccessful; and a vote of confidence in him having been defeated in 1874, he resigned the Presidency, and went to Switzerland. The next year he resigned his position in the University.

He wrote numerous novels, poems, travels, works on politics, slavery, war, etc. Among his publications are *Ernesto*, a novel (1855); *Lucan, His Life, His Genius, His Poems* (1857); *Popular Legends* (1857); *Democratic Ideas* (1858); *Civilization in the First Five Centuries of Christianity* (1858-59); *Account of the War in Africa* (1859); *The Redemption of the Slave* (1859); *Letters to a Bishop upon the Liberty of the Church* (1864); *Parliamentary Speeches* (1871); *Old*

Rome and New Italy (1873); *Life of Lord Byron*, and *The History of a Heart*, a romance.

THE PROPHETS AND SIBYLS OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

How wonderful is each of these figures! One cannot comprehend how the poor genius of man has performed so much. I have seen artists, in mute contemplation before these frescoes, let fall their arms in astonishment, and shake their heads in desperation, as if saying, "Never can we copy this!" . . .

Isaiah is reading the book of human destiny. His cerebrum is like the curve of a celestial sphere, an urn of ideas, as the tops of high mountains are the crystal sources from which descend great rivers. The angel calls him, and, without dropping his book, he slowly raises his head toward heaven, as if suspended between two infinities. Jeremiah wears the sackcloth of the penitent, which suits the prophet wandering near Jerusalem. His lips vibrate like a conqueror's trumpet. His beard falls in wavy masses upon his breast. His head is inclined like the crown of a cedar struck by the lightning. His melancholy eyes overflow with tears. His hands are vigorous, but swelled by bearing the tottering stones of the sanctuary. He is thinking of the complaint and the elegies of the children of Israel, captives by the waters of Babylon, and the pitiful lamentation of the Queen of Nations, solitary and desolate as a widow.

Ezekiel is transported; his spirit possesses him. He speaks with his visions as if occupied with a divine delirium. Invisible monsters hover around and shake their wings in his hearing, producing apparently a violent tempest, like the roaring and surging of the ocean. The sea-breeze fills his mantle as if it were a sail. Daniel is himself absolutely absorbed in writing, relating to the world the history of the chastisement of tyrants and the hopes and happiness of the good; the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar — changed from a god into a beast; the crime and punishment of Belshazzar, surprised by death in the midst of the orgy where he feasted his concubines,

giving them wine in the cups stolen from the sacred temple; the condemnation of the courtiers of Darius, devoured in the pit by hungry lions. . . . Jonah is terrified, as, rising from the bosom of the sea to go into the desert, he watches the fate of the great city of Nineveh. Zachariah is the most aged of the group. He staggers as if the ground were rent under his feet by the trembling of the earthquake announced in his last prophecy.

What is most admirable about those colossal figures—and this we can never weary of admiring—is, that not only are they decorations of a hall, the adornments of a chapel, but men—men who have suffered our sorrows and experienced our disappointments; whom the thorns of the earth have pierced; whose foreheads are furrowed by the wrinkles of doubt, and whose hearts are transfixed by the chill of disenchantment; men who have seen battles and beheld the slaughter of their fellows; who have looked on tragedies where generations are consumed, and who see falling on their brows the damp of death while seeking to prepare by their efforts a new society; whose eyes are worn and almost blind from looking continually at the movable and changing glass of time, and at humanity exhausted by the slow fire of ideas; men whose powerful and concentrated nerves support the weight of their great souls; and upon the souls the still greater burden of aspirations which admit not of realization; of impossible dreams and of painful struggles without victory; with no satisfaction on the earth, but with boundless desires for the infinite. . . .

How sublime are the sibyls of the Sistine Chapel! How our eyes and our thoughts turn from one to the other without being able to fix themselves! These figures appear to be the mothers of ideas, the embodiment of eternal beings. Anyone would say they hold in their fingers the thread of universal life, and that they weave the web of nature. They are the Persian, the Erythræan, the Delphian, the Lybian, the Cumæan. If you search for their genealogies, you must find Dante, Plato, Isaiah, and Æschylus; they are of the same race. . . . Sibyl

of Persia! bowed by the weight of ages, thou rememberest how the infant world confided to thee her secrets and confessed her sorrows, and how before death, oppressed by years and labor, thou didst desire to write a cyclical poem on the leaves of thy brazen book! Thou of Libya! who comest upon us, rushing as if the scorching sand of the desert burned thy feet—to bring to man some great idea, gathered in space, where all ideas are transformed like mysterious larvæ. Erythræ! thou wert youthful as Greece, beautiful as one of the sirens of thy Archipelago, a songstress sweet as the earth of the poets, undulating and graceful as the seas which bring forth divinities, the friend of light, and trimming the lamp by thy side round whose brilliancy the human conscience shall hover as a butterfly! Maiden of Cumæ! virgin, like Iphigenia, immolated for kings, thou didst receive the kiss of Apollo upon thy lips, the shadow of the laurel on thy brow, the immortality of genius in thy bosom; thou wert formed to intone a song of harmony which should vibrate through countless ages! Thou, Sibyl of Delphi, leavest thy cavern, and there, where the mountains are chiselled as if by the hand of a sculptor, where the Tyrrhene Sea is most lovely, near the Gulf of Baiæ, looking like a Grecian Goddess, and intoxicated as a Bacchante reclining on her couch of vine leaves, breathest the soft melody of hope! Are ye of flesh? Are ye women? Have ye felt love, sorrow, and disappointment? Or are ye but the archetypes of things, the symbols of art, the shades of the muses, invoked by all the poets, and that none have beheld but in unrealized and impossible visions—the various forms of the eternal Eve—named alternately Sappho, Beatrice, Laura, Vittoria Colonna, Héloïse—and who stand by the cradle and the tomb of all ages, smiling to us hopefully, awakening in us new aspirations, or flying to our arms as an illusion soon vanishing in the infinite.—*Old Rome and New Italy.*

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

The Puritans are the patriarchs of liberty; they opened a new world on the earth; they opened a new path for

the human conscience; they created a new society. Yet, when England tried to subdue them and they conquered, the republic triumphed and slavery remained. Washington could only emancipate his Slaves. Franklin said that the Virginians could not invoke the name of God, retaining Slavery. Jay said that all the prayers America sent up to Heaven for the preservation of liberty while Slavery continued were mere blasphemies. Mason mourned over the payment his descendants must make for this great crime of their fathers. Jefferson traced the line where the black wave of Slavery should be stayed.

Nevertheless, Slavery increased continually. I beg that you will pause a moment to consider the man who cleansed this terrible stain which obscured the stars of the American banner. I beg that you will pause a moment, for his immortal name has been invoked for the perpetuation of Slavery. Ah! the past century has not, the century to come will not have, a figure so grand, because as evil disappears so disappears heroism also.

I have often contemplated and described his life. Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous, like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime; growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to Heaven; a boatman at tender years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast and tranquil waters of the Mississippi; later, a woodman, with axe and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of Nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples, he fought for the country, and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the presidency of the Republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States

were dissolved, when the slaveholders uttered their war cry and the slaves their groans of despair — the woodcutter, the boatman, the son of the Great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him, England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two millions of men, gathers a half million of horses, sends his artillery 1,200 miles in a week, from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee; fights more than six hundred battles; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar; and, after having emancipated 3,000,000 slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies, in the very moment of victory — like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work! Sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God his benedictions.—*The Redemption of the Slave.*

CASTIGLIONE, BALDASSARE, an Italian nobleman; born at Casatico, Mantua, in 1478; died at Toledo, February 8, 1529. He was educated at Milan, and became so well instructed as a critic of art that Raphael and Michelangelo are said never to have thought their works perfect until they had his approbation. His shining talents, his knowledge, and his pleasing manners won him the favor of the Duke of Urbino, a patron of literature, at whose Court he was honorably entertained, and who employed him as an envoy to the British Court. Henry VIII., to whom he was sent, made him a knight. He

was afterward sent as envoy to Louis XII. of France. Tasso devoted a sonnet to the death of Castiglione; and Giulio Romano raised in Padua a monument to his memory. His literary works include two volumes of *Letters*, which were issued at Padua in 1769; Latin and Italian *Poems*, which are models of excellence; and the celebrated book—that upon which his fame chiefly rests—*Del Cortegiano* (The Courtier), a manual for the nobility and gentry, remarkable for elegance of style, and valuable historically and as the autobiography of a noble mind. The first edition of this work was published at Venice in 1528, and has been since translated into several of the languages of Europe. The Italians call it “Il Libro d’Oro”—The Book of Gold—and it has been characterized as always new, always interesting, always instructive. It is written in the form of a dialogue, and specifies all the qualities which an accomplished, intelligent, honest courtier ought to possess, and the manner in which he ought to use them for the good of his prince.

It was Tasso in praising Castiglione’s writings declared that their beauty deserved that in all ages they should be read and praised, and that, as long as courts should endure, as long as princes, ladies, and gentlemen should meet together, and as long as valor and courtesy should abide in the hearts of the human race, so long should the name of Castiglione be prized.

THE PALACE OF URBINO.

Federigo, the Duke of Urbino, erected on the rugged site of the old capital a palace which has been said by many to be the most beautiful palace in Italy. And so fittingly did he furnish this palace, and so completely,

that one might say it was not a mere palace, but a palatial city. Not only did it have the silver vases and the hangings of richest golden and silken cloths, and such-like things as the great are wont to furnish their splendid residences withal; but it was beyond measure beautified and enriched with ancient marble statues and antique bronzes, with the choicest paintings, and with all sorts of instruments of music; nor might there be aught admitted to the furnishing of the duke's palace that was not of exceeding rarity and excellence. Also at great expense did he bring together therein very many books, both excellent and rare, written in the Greek, the Latin, and the Hebrew tongues; and these he sumptuously adorned with gold and silver adornings, deeming this collection of these valuable books to be, indeed, the paramount treasure of this his magnificent palace.—*From Il Cortegiano.*

THE DUCHESS.

To my lady the Duchess was held of all in so worthy a reverence that each thought it the greatest pleasure to please her in all ways, and decorum and a sweet freedom from restraint were so happily blended that laughter and play were by her presence enlivened yet tempered with dignity. Goodness and magnanimity governed all her words and actions; and any who might see her but once would know her for a lady of the highest degree. All felt the impress of her influence, and all were tuned into accord with the quality and pitch of her very presence. Thus each desired to imitate her as a pattern of behavior. The lofty virtue that was in the very bearing of this lady, and all her noblest qualities, I cannot now rehearse; they are well known, nor could pen or tongue of mine express them as is fit. If anything might seem to be wanting in her, or were somewhat hidden, as it were, from view, it was but as though fortune herself had staggered, wondering at such rarity of virtue, and had chosen rather to reveal those qualities through adversity and the pangs of misfortune; so that it might be seen that with a woman's fragile frame and beauty of person there may be blent

that prudence, and that strength of character, and that combination of all the virtues, that is so seldom found even among those of the sterner and hardier sex.—*From Il Cortegiano.*

CASTLE, EGERTON, an English novelist; born at London, March 12, 1858. He was educated at Glasgow University and Cambridge. After a brief military career he turned to literature and journalism, and has written: *Schools and Masters of Fence* (1884); *Bibliotheca Dimicatoria* (1891); *Consequences* (1891); *La. Bella and Others* (1892); *English Book Plates* (1892); *Saviolo*, a play (1893); *The Light of Scarthey* (1895); *The Jerningham Letters* (1896); *The Pride of Jennico* (1898); *Young April* (1899); *Desperate Remedies*, a play; *The Bath Comedy* (1899); *Marshfield the Observer* (1899); *The Secret Orchard* (1900); *The Star Dreamer* (1901); *The House of Romance* (1902); *Incomparable Bellairs* (1903); and *The Rose of the World* (1905). *The Pride of Jennico* and *The Bath Comedy* were written jointly by Mr. Castle and his wife, Agnes Castle.

HOW GEORGE KERR REPENTED AT LEISURE.

Popular proverbs — those short statements of long experience — must, from their very essence, be various and even contradictory on almost every question.

Concerning marriage especially — that most solemn, uncertain, and fatal of human engagements — do they wax numerous and conflicting, even as are the consequences of a bid at the eternal lottery.

“Happy the wooing that’s not a long a-doing,” is an acceptable maxim, and a wise, in the estimation at least

of young and ardent love. It fits admirably with other well-known emotional prognostications anent the risky undertaking: "Happy is the bride the sun shines on," and such-like. Alas that its natural cross, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," should ever prove equally opposite!

People who plunge headlong into very early matrimony have, as a rule, ample opportunity to test the pithiness of both proverbs.

Rapturous always their first impressions; but, in a little while, the inevitable sobering process once fairly started — with the whole of a life stretching drearily before them a lengthy series of wasted capabilities — grim their reflections on the endless consequences of one imprudent step!

The various aspects of leisurely repentance formed in the year 1857 a main theme in the mental existence of Mr. George Kerr, who was then aged twenty-three.

Arrived at the green door of his little house in Mayfair, he paused a moment in disheartened and bitter cogitation. No doubt she was lying in wait for him up-stairs, preparing a scene in punishment for their last quarrel. . . . No peace for him, night or day! Was it astonishing that he was sick — sick to death — of all this?

He turned the key in the door, and let himself in with a muttered curse on his unhappy home. Contrary to orders, when all had retired except himself, the lights were still blazing in the hall; on the other hand, the lamp had burned itself out in his smoking-room, and filled it with nauseating darkness. His savage pull at the bell brought the sleepy footman tumbling up-stairs before his eyes were well opened.

"Why are you not in bed — why is there a light in the hall?"

"Mrs. Kerr has not yet come in," said the man in injured tones.

"Not come in . . . ?"

There was a lengthy silence.

"You can go to bed," said George at last, with forced

calmness. "First take that lamp away, and light the candles. I shall wait up for your mistress."

There had been nothing very particular about the day just elapsed. It had only differed in details from that of almost every day since chill disillusion had first entered into George Kerr's mad paradise—so few weeks after the irrevocable deed had been sealed—but it was destined to have far-reaching consequences.

From the very morning, as the youthful husband sat to a cold, ill-served, solitary breakfast—the mistress of the house as usual sleeping late in the day after the worldly exertions of the night—the sense of his injuries had been strong upon him.

Only a year ago, at that very hour, he was standing beside his bride in the solemn cathedral of Seville, and in galling contrast to the high hopes, the proud rapture, which then had filled him, the dead failure of the present rose, specter-like, to mock him, and would not be laid again. He recalled how he had looked down with palpitating heart on the blushing, smiling face, lace-veiled, by his side; how the touch of the slim fingers, as he held them within his, thrilled him through and through; with what a tender earnestness, what faith and love—God knows!—he had vowed to cherish her till death;—recalled the tumult of joy with which he had led her down the aisle, his wife! . . .

It would be curious to look back on, in truth, if it were not almost maddening.

The quarrel had started, trivially enough, by his refusal to escort her to the ball that evening. In no humor to put himself out for her this day, he had vowed himself determined to have a quiet evening for once at any price. She pouted, protested, wept and stormed in vain, finally brushed away her tears, and, with sudden calm defiance, announced her determination to go alone.

"If you do," had retorted the husband, fairly roused, "I shall never forgive you." And thereupon he had flung himself out of the house, to seek in his club the peace and independence refused him in his home.

He had not dreamed she would have dared to disobey

him openly; indeed, such an act of emancipation would have been considered so marked in those days of sterner social propriety that he had not for an instant contemplated seriously the possibility of her carrying out her threat; and his anger was deep indeed when he discovered the fact.

Gone to that infernal ball! Gone, in the very teeth of his command!

"Before heaven, she actually browbeats me!" he cried, as, once more alone, he paced the little room from end to end, gradually collecting his thoughts after the first blank confusion of his rage.

The silver clock on the mantelpiece struck twice in its chirpy way. She was enjoying herself, without doubt, not thinking of returning home for another hour or so, bathing her soul in the adulation that was as the very breath of life to her. Oh! he could see her, prodigal of smiles and those soft long looks which he had thought were for him alone, yielding herself, with all her voluptuous grace that had once enthralled him, to the delight of the dance. And her husband—dangling fool!—where was he?

He could hear the half-mocking inquiry some confidential swain would breathe into the dainty shell of her little ear, and Carmen's careless answer: "She did not know; at his club, she supposed."

And the "husband at home," viciously chewing the stump of an extinct cigar, seething, not in thoughts of jealousy—for passion had burned itself out long ago, and love had been stifled by ever-recurring disappointment—but in maddening anger at the despicable situation he had created for himself, swore a great oath that he would afford food for such laughter no longer.

Yet what to do? Ay, there was the rub!

He could not beat her, he could not break her—and she defied him.

The sense of his own impotence met him on every side.

"Yes, look at yourself!" he snarled, as he caught sight of his morose face in the glass, and paused in his caged tramp to glare at it. "Look! think of your driveling

folly, and despise yourself for one moment of weakness! You will now have to put up with the consequences, George Kerr, 'till death do you part!' . . . You are the guardian of a beautiful, brainless fool, whom you cannot control, with whom you have nothing in common but the chain which binds you together. He almost laughed aloud as he recalled the mad impatience, the tenacity, the determination with which he carried his point in the face of so many difficulties — unto this end!

And the thought of the dear old regiment he had sacrificed with so light a heart came over him with almost a passion of regret. It was the most glorious, surely, that ever glittered under the sun. Even now it was starting for another spell of doughty work in India, while he — here he was, white-faced, useless, with not even a show of happiness to set off against his waste of youth.

The weary minutes, feverishly ticked off by the little clock, had measured two leaden hours before the young man, storm-spent and heart-sick, could settle on a feasible plan of action. But at length, as the rays of dawning day were creeping through the curtain folds a glimmer of light broke over the chaos of his mind. She had promised to obey and honor him, as he to cherish her, but she was, even now, sinning against that vow. And if she refused to keep her part of the contract, why need he hold himself to his? Let her obey, as a wife is bound to obey her husband, or he would put her from him, and be surely justified before God and man in so doing.

George, under the relief of his new-found determination, flung himself on a deep arm-chair and gradually fell into a sort of drowsy, semi-conscious condition, from which a loud rattle of wheels and a sharp peal of the bell aroused him to a vivid sense of the moment's importance.

Drawing his weary limbs together, he rose with a stern composure to open the door to his wife.— *Consequences.*

MASTER HULDEBRAND.

The concert-room in the palace was a very fine place, all florid gilding and painting, and on the night in question it was crammed to overflowing; all the Court was

present, and those of the townsfolk important enough to have received invitations, together with the nobles of the land who had travelled from far and wide to see their Prince married, every one in his very best clothes, and as ugly a lot as you could see.

In the front row of all, on three gold and velvet arm-chairs, sat, first, our benign Prince, then Adolphus Frederick, resplendent in all his orders, and his wig in such beautiful big curls that it was fine to see; and on his left Seraphina Sophia, in a robe of pale green satin sewn with pearls, and her hair powdered high above her head, and two such red cheeks that the Archduke could not take his eyes off them, so highly did he approve of their healthy appearance. But for all that, they came from the rouge-pot, as any one who knew our Princess in her simple home-life could have told him at a glance.

Punctually as the clock struck eight, the Royal party made its appearance, and at the selfsame moment Master Huldebrand stepped on to the platform. He looked paler than ever in his sombre purple velvet suit, and his eyes burned like live embers under his beetling brows. He came forward and made his bow, looked straight at the Princess, who cast down her eyes, and then seating himself at the clavier began to play.

On the programme it was said that he would begin by a sonata of Glück's, but even as he struck the first few notes I knew that no composer living or dead had written them, but that they came straight from our master's broken heart. As he once played to his Princess the day he heard the news of her betrothal, so he now played to her again for the last time. And we hung on his fingers, breathless, for he ravished us into a very ecstasy of melody such as was never heard before, save once, or will be again in this world.

How long it lasted I never knew, whether one hour or more, or whether it was less. It seemed like a minute, and yet as if one had been listening to it for centuries, and that it must go on eternally, so beautiful was it. It was sad, sad as life and sad as death, with such an unutterable wail of misery and yearning that I thought my

heartstrings were cracking with the pity of it; it was sweet as the song of the nightingale in the moonlight, and the scent of the honeysuckle in the heat of the day; it was stormy, it rose and fell in ever-recurring waves of sound as the ocean beats against the rocks in a tempest.

And there was no end to the changes in it. Now a song of love so seductive and tender as to stir even my withered old heart, now a lament so piteous and keen that the tears ran down my cheeks before I knew my folly. Once the master's fingers, speeding like a hurricane over the keys, drew from them a sort of savage dance of inexpressible weirdness, broken by a battery of short strange chords like bursts of demoniac laughter.

Surely never was instrument in the hands of such a fiend of inspiration before. In truth our master was like one possessed; as he played he swayed from side to side, his long, lank hair, half unpowdered, escaped from its ribbon, and hung grey around his countenance. Every second he grew whiter and whiter, more wan, more wild, more haggard, and now and then one would almost have thought that he was battling in desperate frenzy with some ghastly, invisible spirit that drove him on despite himself.

But all at once a happier mood seemed to come over him, a series of tender modulations replaced the madness of his improvisation, and he gradually broke into a glorious strain, full of such solemn triumph and extraordinary gladness that all knew it could be nothing but a wedding march. And the Prince and the Archduke and all the audience, who had been not a little disturbed and astounded by the foregoing, now began to nod their heads and smile to each other, relieved to be free from the uncomfortable tension which had held them; this they could understand; this was something like.

"Ya, ya, so it goes!"

But as the wedding march went on, gathering, as it were, more joy and more grandeur bar by bar, there crept, in some amazing and bewildering way, into its harmonies, one solemn note of woe, ever the same and ever recurring like the toll of a funeral bell. And I

cannot tell you the weird and depressing effect of that note in the midst of the gladness, nor the gloom it seemed to cast over us all. And the gay strains grew faint and perplexed, with an increasing plaintiveness about them, hurried, uncertain, groping — and the mournful note tolled on, louder and louder, till it drowned all else with its frightful persistent, melancholy warning, and I felt a shiver run down my spine, and only that I was sitting amongst those dolts of Hassauers, should have stretched out my hand for a grasp of something warm and human.

Now, as I looked around, I saw nothing but white faces, eyes goggling and mouths gaping, so that it was clear to me I was not singular in my impressions. Only the Archduke went on beating time and nodding his head as he had done at the beginning of the march, and I do not think he noticed how his wedding music had grown into a funeral dirge.

Well, suddenly the Princess stood up from her seat, straight and rigid, pressed her hands to her left side, and calling out with a wild cry of pain:

“My heart, my heart!” fell fainting into her father’s arms.

Oh, there was a hurry-scurry! Everybody standing up and pressing forward, advising, condoling, discussing, one louder than the other. A great breach of Court etiquette, to be sure, but then they were all delighted with the sound of their own voices again after the spell our master’s wild genius had laid on them. (And yet I heard those Hassauers declare that there was nothing admirable about our artist at all, and his playing but a scrimmage over the notes. *Na*, so they are made in the north.)

Our sweet Princess was carried to her room, and the doctors were in instant attendance. The Archduke was put out — extremely so; he feared he might have been taken in after all, and that her health was not what an Archduchess’s should be. But the doctors were able to reassure him completely. It was nothing — a mere passing weakness; the emotion, the music, the natural feelings of a maiden on such an occasion, all this explained the accident most satisfactorily. Why, a bride-elect who did

not faint before the wedding would be something quite incorrect, after all.

And the master? The master had slipped away in all the bustle, and was back in his little room alone. He was only half conscious of what he was doing, and some think he was then already in a fever, and that what he had played was a very delirium of music. And this, they say, further explains the surpassingly curious events that followed, and which, according to them, never happened at all, and were merely the phantasies of his disordered brain.

But it is a free world, and one need agree with no one; that is the comfort of it; so, as for me, I keep my opinion. But this, whether dream or reality, was what happened to Master Huldebrand that night.

It was towards midnight; all the town was quiet, and he was sitting still at his window in the little inn room thinking; whether awake or asleep none can say for certain. A tallow candle with a great long wick was burning on a table behind him, so that I suppose he could have been seen from the street. The wind was wild and cold, and the rain was falling.

Now he heard some one call him from beneath his window. It was a woman's voice, pitched in a low and cautious key, and yet with such urgency in its tones that it struck on the master's ear as loud as a brazen trumpet.

"Master Huldebrand, Master Huldebrand!"

The master arose in haste, and opening the casement, put forth his head into the driving rain.

A slim figure, whose face looked up at him white and anxious from the dark wrappings about her head, and which he vaguely saw was that of a young woman, stood just before the house.

"For God's sake," she cried, in the same subdued yet passionate manner, "come with me; come at once; the Princess has sent for you."

Now how the master got down the stairs and out of the door, who knows? but all I can tell you is, that at the sound of his mistress' name he felt a sudden madness.

And the next minute found him in the wet, cold street, hurrying over the slimy stones, slipping, stumbling, but ever rushing onward by the side of the veiled figure, who skimmed along like the wind, pulling impatiently at his sleeve, as if she would have him speed yet faster.

Presently he knew that they turned through a narrow gate into a gravelled walk, where dripping tendrils of creeping plants splashed across his face as he passed; that from this they came to a place where his guide stopped him and bade him, in a fierce whisper, tread cautiously or they were lost, and then they went down steps into the ground.

Down they went, some dozen steps or so, into a level flagged passage, where they groped their way onwards by the damp clammy walls; and, again, up steps of stairs so narrow, so abrupt, so winding, that as the master mounted, he grew quite giddy and exhausted, and thought they would never stop.

All at once a tiny ray of light filtered through the gloom, and then the mysterious messenger stopped him.

"Go in, in God's name," she said, and he thought she was weeping; "and may no evil come of this night's work."

The wall gave way under her touch, and the master found himself in a vast and spacious room, full of gentle light, fragrance, and warmth. And there—oh merciful Heaven!—on a couch, looking at him with sweet, eager, longing eyes, lay the Princess—*his* Princess—and she was all in white, like an angel and her hands were pressed to her heart.

Slowly she stretched out her arms to him; then—surely it must have been a dream—the poor musician found himself upon his knees beside her, and she was clasping him by the neck.

"Oh, master," she said, over and over again, "you have broken my heart; oh, master, tell me the music."

And as he was silent in his bewilderment, and faint from awe and rapture, and did not answer, not knowing what she meant, she cried again, piteously, with a wail:

"Tell me the music, tell me the music!"

There came a sort of blank over him from which he awoke to find himself in a strange and exquisite maze of happiness.

His arms were round his Princess, her head was on his shoulder, his eyes were drowned in hers in an unutterable ecstasy of passion. And he was telling her — though he knew not how, nor what words he spoke, no more than he had known the notes he had played — the master was telling her his love.

And presently he felt her sweet arms flag and flag as they clasped him; and her fair head slip away from his shoulder; the exquisite burden of her form grew heavier and heavier in his embrace; and then something drew his head down, and his lips to meet hers, and all was oblivion save that he thought he was floating away on the music of heaven.

How long it lasted he could not count, when a sigh from the lips beneath his aroused him, and all at once those lips struck him with a sudden chill; laying her gently down on the couch, he raised himself to look.

What was this? What was this? How cold, and still, and white! Help, help! the Princess! Ah, my God! What was this?

Someone shrieked wildly behind him; there came a veil before his eyes, a surging in his ears, and a swaying of the ground on which he stood. And loudly the tolling note that had haunted his wedding march began to boom and boom in his head. Then grasping hands dragged him into darkness, and there came a nightmare of steps, down and down in frightful dizzy descent, a hideous vista of interminable streets, and a fiend that drove him ever onwards; and again the tolling note in his head, so that he felt his brain bursting with the noise of it, and ran wildly to escape.

After this unconsciousness.

When Master Huldebrand returned once more to sentient being, he was lying on his narrow bed in his little inn room, to which he had retired after the concert. And

it was already late in the morning, for the sun was streaming in through the window in broad level rays, and the whole air was filled with the hum of the busy working town. The master lay for a moment or two wondering what was this weight of sorrow at his heart. Then he remembered it was the morning of the Princess' wedding day; and as it was borne in upon him, the master turned over on his side, away from the light, that he might sleep to his misery.

But there was something irritating, something disturbing that would not let him rest. A monotonous mournful sound coming at slow intervals with maddening, hateful regularity.

The bell, the bell, that doleful, dreadful bell striking the air, vibrating, lingering, dying away, then again, and again, and again. Oh, God, he was going mad!

This knell that rang in his music last night, that haunted his dreams, that was inextricably mixed up with the wild, sweet, fearful memories now confusedly crowding back on him with each moment of fuller wakefulness; this knell that seemed to fall on a raw nerve, to send a quivering shoot of pain through his frame at every stroke, would it never be silent?

Yes, yes, he had gone mad, there could be no doubt of that.

He sat up in bed bathed in a cold sweat, and drove in frenzy his fingers into his ears. Behold! the bell ceased. With a new terror on him, he drew them out and listened, and there was the tolling again.

It was reality, then; his anguish redoubled, and though he knew not why, he shook with a great fear.

Now, as he sat and strained his ear to the hollow sound, there came a bustling and stirring in the next room, and looking he saw his door was ajar.

"God-a-mercy!" cried a woman's voice from the room within, fat and jovial, "I have not yet recovered from the turn I got this morning. Figure to thyself, Trude — I go to the door for the milk, and there lies the Herr just as if he were dead, sopping and soaking with the rain,

his face turned up to the sky as white as a cream cheese. You could have knocked me over with a breath."

"*Herr je!*" came another voice in thinner accents, in a pause emphasised by a clatter of crockery, "and was he dead then?"

"God preserve!" cried the first with a shriek, "no, no, the poor gentleman was but in a faint! I think he had a little bit of fever in the night, and wandered out not knowing what he was doing. My man and I we carried him in and laid him in bed, and when last I looked in he was sleeping like a lamb. So long as he does not fall ill on my hands! . . . But as I was saying, it quite upset me, and now this bell with its tolling instead of the joy-bells for the wedding—just as I was about to start for the procession too. *Na*, knowest thou? I like it not. It is to me as if something had happened."

Master Huldebrand still sat up listening, and that so intently, it seemed as if all his strength and will had passed into the one faculty.

There came a tramp, tramp on the wooden stairs, and a call in a man's rough voice:

"Fraüchen, Fraüchen, hast heard the news? The Princess Seraphina was found dead in her bed this morning."

The musician fell back on his pillow, and lay staring straight up at the ceiling.

"Well—well, 'tis all for the best perchance; you see, our Archduke had need of a healthy wife!"

"So somebody was saying."

The master began to laugh and hug himself. The Princess was dead; she would never be the Archduke's bride—oh, that was grand!

But then came the bell again. How sad it was, how terrible in its unchangeable note! "Dead, dead—dead!" it seemed to say.

Dead!

He saw her cold and white and straight, her young face set in the eternal age of death, and bandaged with an awful white bandage; and she had one stiff hand on her broken heart. That's what she died of, of course—

the master knew all about it; he had broken it, and he ought to know.

"Dead, dead, dead!" shrieked the bell, and

"Dead, dead, dead," shrieked the master; and louder and louder came the tolling, till it filled the whole room with a mighty clamor, till the air became alive with the ringing, and the whole world was one great sound. Master Huldebrand rolled on the bed, and drew the pillows over his ears; in vain — he could not shut it out. He fell on his knees and prayed; he fought with it, and tried to beat it away, but all to no avail.

Then he found out something so terrible that the hair stood up on his head with the horror of it. And this was that he was the bell, he himself, unhappy man, and that he would have to toll on for ever. This was the Princess' wish because the music had killed her.

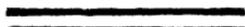
And howling he ran out into the street.

.

Ah, well! our poor master — he was a great genius, but that was the end of it all. The Hof Doctor says he was always a little mad, and that even his music was against all reason; but he never said that to me twice, for it was more than I could hear from any man.

Ah, he is a loss to us indeed! No one ever played as he did.

They tell me he is a hopeless lunatic, and keeps on fancying himself a bell, which is an odd fancy; if he had thought himself a clavier, you know, 'twould have seemed more natural. His sufferings have been terrible, but now he is quieter and more contented. Of late he has begun to believe that he is ringing for a wedding, which somehow appears to please him. I am told, however, he cannot live another year.— *La Bella and Others.*



CATHERWOOD, MARY HARTWELL, an American novelist; born at Luray, Ohio, December 16, 1847; died at Chicago, Ill., December 26, 1902. Her father, a physician, died when she was ten years old, and her mother a year later. From this time her girlhood was spent with relatives, or at a boarding-school. She was educated at the Granville (Ohio) Female College, and in 1877 was married to James S. Catherwood. Her first contributions to literature were for a juvenile magazine published in Boston, but her first literary success was in the *Romance of Dollard* (1889), a story of Canadian life, first published as a serial in *The Century Magazine*. She also wrote some excellent children's stories, among them *Old Caravan Days*; *The Dogberry Ranch*; *Secrets at Roseladies*, and *Rocky Fork*. Her first novel, *Craque-o'-Doom*, was published in 1881. Among her later works are *The Story of Tonty* (1890); *The Lady of Fort St. John* (1891); *Old Kaskaskia*, a story of old Louisiana life (1893); *The White Islander* (1893); *The Chase of Saint Castin and Other Stories* (1894); and *Lazare* (1902).

THE PRIEST'S VISIT TO THE RIVER CÔTE.

The sacrament of marriage, so easy of attainment in New France at that time, had evidently been dispensed with in the first hut this spiritual father entered. His man carried in his sacred luggage, and the temporary chapel was soon set up in a corner unoccupied. The children hovered near in delight, gazing at tall candles and gilt ornaments, for even in that age of poverty the pomps of the Roman Church were carried into settlers' cabins throughout New France. Dollier de Casson had for his

confessional closet a canopy of black cloth stretched over two supports. The penitent crept under this merciful wing, and the priest, seated on a stool, could examine the soul as a modern photographer examines his camera; except that he used ear, instead of eye.

The interior of a peasant censitaire's dwelling changes little from generation to generation. One may still see the crucifix over the principal bed, joints of cured meat hanging from rafters, and the artillery of the house resting there on hooks. A rough-built loom crowded inmates whom it clothed. And against the wall of the entrance side dangled a vial of holy water as a safeguard against lightning.

Dollier de Casson stood up to admonish his little flock, gathered from all the huts of the Côte, into silence before him. The men took off their rough caps and put them under their arms, standing in a disordered group together. Though respectful and obedient, they did not crowd their spiritual father with such wild eagerness as the women, who, on any seat found or carried in, sat hungrily, hushing around their knees the nipped French dialect of their children.

"What is this, Antonio Brunette?" exclaimed Father de Casson after he had cast his eyes among them. "Could you not wait my coming, when you well knew I purposed marrying you this time? You intend to have the wedding and the christening together?"

"Father," expostulated the swart youth, avoiding the priest to gaze sheepishly at his betrothed's cowering distress, "Pierre's daughter is past sixteen, and we would have been married if you had been here. You know the king lays a fine on any father who lets his daughter pass sixteen without binding her in marriage. And Pierre is a very poor man."

"Therefore, to help Pierre evade his Majesty's fine, you must break the laws of Heaven, must you, my son? Hearty penance shall ye both do before I minister to you the sacrament of marriage. My children, the evil one prowls constantly along the banks of this river, while your poor confessors can only reach you at intervals of

months. Heed my admonitions. Where is Pierre's wife?"

Down went Pierre's face between his hands into his cap.

"Dead," he articulated from its hollow. "Without absolution. And the little baby on her arm, it went with her unbaptized."

"God have pity on you, my children," said Dollier de Casson. "I will say masses over her grave, and it is well with the little, unblemished soul. How many children have you, Pierre?"

"Seventeen, father."

"Twenty-six, he should say, father," a woman near the priest declared. "For the widow of Jean Ba'ti' Morin has nine."

"And why should Pierre count as his own the flock of Jean Ba'ti' Morin's widow?"

"Because he is to marry her, father, when Antonio Brunette marries his oldest girl."

"If I come not oftener," remarked the priest, "you will all be changed about and newly related to each other so that I shall not know how to name ye. I will read the service for the dead over your first wife, Pierre, before I marry you to your second. It is indeed better to be dwelling in love than in discord. Have you had any disagreements?"

"No, father; but Jean Ba'ti's oldest boy has taken to the woods and is off among the Indians, leaving his mother to farm alone, with only six little lads to help her."

"Another coureur de bois," said the priest, in displeasure.

"Therefore, father," opportunely put in Jean Ba'ti's widow, "I having no man at all, and Pierre having no woman at all, we thought to wed."

"Think now of your sins," said Father de Casson, "from oldest to youngest. After penance and absolution and examination in the faith ye shall have mass."

The solemn performance of these religious duties began and proceeded until dusk obliterated all faces in the dimly

lighted cabin. Stump-roots were piled up in the fireplace, and Pierre's daughter, between her prayers, put on the evening meal to cook.

If a child tittered at going under the confessional tent, its mother gave it a rear prod with admonishing hand. In that humble darkness Father de Casson's ear received the whispers of all these plodding souls, and his tongue checked their evil and nourished their good. The cabin became a chapel full of kneeling figures telling beads.

This portion of his duty finished, Dollier de Casson postponed the catechizing, and made Pierre take a lighted stick of pine and show him that ridge whereunder mother and baby lay. There was always danger of surprise by the Iroquois. The men and women who followed in irregular procession through the vast dimness of northern twilight kept on their guard against moving stumps or any sudden uprising like the rush of quails from some covert. In rapid tones the priest repeated the service for the dead; then called his followers from their knees to return to the house to celebrate the weddings of Pierre and Pierre's daughter.

After this rite, supper was served in Pierre's house, the other families dispersing to their own tables — cabbage-soup, fat pork, and coarse bread made from pounded grain; for this côte was too poor to have a mill. These were special luxuries for Father de Casson, for the usual censitaire supper consisted of bread and eels. The missionary priest, accustomed with equal patience to fasting or eating, spread his hands above unsavory steam and blessed the meal. Silently, while he spoke, the door opened, and a slim, dark girl entered the house.—*The Romance of Dollard.*

CATLIN, GEORGE, an American explorer, artist, and author; born at Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 26, 1796; died at Jersey City, N. J., December 23, 1872. He early abandoned the profession of law for that of art, and became a portrait-painter. In 1832 he set out upon a course of travel among the Indians of the Northwest, studying their history, traditions, manners, and customs, and making numerous portraits and other pictures. The results of this journey were embodied in the large work, profusely illustrated, *The Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians* (1841). This was followed by *The North American Portfolio of Hunting Scenes* (1844); *Eight Years' Travel and Residence in Europe* (1848); *The Breath of Life* (1864); and, still later, *Rambles among the Rocky Mountains and the Andes*. The first of these works is the one by which mainly the author will be remembered.

MANDAN CUSTOMS IN REGARD TO THE DEAD.

These people never bury the dead, but place the bodies on slight scaffolds just above the reach of human hands, and out of the way of wolves and dogs; and they are there left to moulder and decay. This cemetery, or place of deposit for the dead, is just back of the village, on a level prairie; and, with all its appearances, history, forms, ceremonies, etc., is one of the strangest and most interesting objects to be described in the vicinity of this peculiar race.

Whenever a person dies in the Mandan village, and the customary honors and condolence are paid to his remains, and the body dressed in its best attire, painted, oiled, feasted and supplied with bow and quiver, shield, pipe and tobacco — knife, flint and steel, and provisions enough

to last him a few days on the journey which he is to perform; a fresh buffalo's skin, just taken from the animal's back, is wrapped around the body, and tightly bound and wound with thongs of raw hide from head to foot. Then other robes are soaked in water, till they are quite soft and elastic, which are also bandaged around the body in the same manner, and tied fast with thongs, which are wound with great care and exactness, so as to exclude the action of the air from all parts of the body. There is then a separate scaffold erected for it, constructed of four upright posts, a little higher than human hands can reach; and on the tops of these are small poles passing around from one post to the others; across which are a number of willow-rods just strong enough to support the body, which is laid upon them on its back, with its feet carefully presented toward the rising sun.

There are a great number of these bodies resting exactly in a similar way; excepting in some instances where a chief, or a medicine-man, may be seen with a few yards of scarlet or blue cloth spread over his remains, as a mark of public respect and esteem. Some hundreds of these bodies may be seen reposing in this manner in this curious place, which the Indians call "the village of the dead;" and the traveller who visits this country to study and learn, will not only be struck with the novel appearance of the scene, but if he will give attention to the respect and devotions that are paid to this sacred place, he will draw many a moral deduction that will last him through life; he will learn, at least, that filial, conjugal, and paternal affection are not necessarily the results of civilization; but that the Great Spirit has given them to man in his native state, and that the spices and improvements of the enlightened world have never refined upon them. There is not a day in the year in which one may not see in this place evidences of this fact that will wring tears from his eyes, and kindle in his bosom a spark of respect and sympathy for the poor Indian; if he never felt it before. Fathers, mothers, wives, and children, may be seen lying under these scaffolds, prostrated upon the ground, with their faces in the dirt, howling forth incessantly the most

piteous and heart-broken cries and lamentations for their kindred; tearing their hair — cutting their flesh with their knives, and doing other penance to appease the spirits of the dead, whose misfortunes they attribute to some sin or omission of their own, for which they sometimes inflict the most excruciating self-torture. When the scaffolds on which the bodies rest decay and fall to the ground, the nearest relations, having buried the rest of the bones, take the skulls, which are perfectly bleached and purified, and place them in circles of an hundred or more on the prairie — placed at equal distances apart (some eight or nine inches from each other) with the faces of all looking to the centre; where they are religiously protected and preserved in their precise positions from year to year, as objects of religious and affectionate veneration.

There are several of these “Golgothas” or circles of twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and in the centre of each ring or circle is a little mound of three feet high, on which uniformly rest two buffalo skulls (a male and female); and in the centre of the little mound is erected a “medicine pole,” about twenty feet high, supporting many curious articles of mystery and superstition, which they suppose have the power of guarding and protecting this sacred arrangement. Here, then, to this strange place do these people again resort, to evince their further affection for the dead — not in groans and lamentations, however, for several years have cured the anguish; but fond affections and endearments are here renewed, and conversations are here held and cherished with the dead. Each one of these skulls is placed upon a bunch of wild sage, which has been pulled and placed under it. The wife knows (by some mark or resemblance) the skull of her husband or her child, which lies in this group; and there seldom passes a day that she does not visit it with a dish of the best cooked food that her wigwam affords, which she sets before the skull at night, and returns for the dish in the morning. As soon as it is discovered that the sage on which the skull rests is beginning to decay the woman cuts a fresh bunch and places

the skull carefully upon it, removing that which was under it.

Independent of the above-named duties which draw the women to this spot, they visit it from inclination and linger upon it to hold converse and company with the dead. There is scarcely an hour in a pleasant day but more or less of these women may be seen sitting or lying by the skull of their child or husband — talking to it in the most pleasant and endearing language that they can use (as they were wont to do in former days) and seemingly getting an answer back. It is not unfrequently the case that the woman brings her needle-work with her, spending the greater part of the day sitting by the skull of her child, chatting incessantly with it while she is embroidering or garnishing a pair of moccasins; and perhaps overcome with fatigue, falls asleep, with her arms encircled around it, forgetting herself for hours; after which she gathers up her things and returns to the village.— *Manners, etc., of the North American Indians.*

CATO, MARCUS PORCIUS PRISCUS, a Roman statesman, warrior, and author; surnamed "The Censor;" born at Tusculum, 234 B.C.; died 149 B.C. He served in the Roman army at the age of seventeen, and distinguished himself alike by his valor and by his temperate life. He never drank anything but water, and always contented himself with the very plainest food. By the interest of his friend, Valerius Flaccus, he was appointed military tribune in Sicily; and afterward became quæstor in Africa under Scipio, where he displayed strict economy in the expenditure of the public money. After passing through other employments he was chosen consul in 195 B.C., in which station he had Valerius Flaccus for

his colleague. He conducted the war in Further Spain with great success; and on his arrival at Rome was honored with a triumph. Eight years afterward he was elected censor, and exercised the functions of that office with a stringency which passed into a proverb; and a statue was erected to him with a laudatory inscription. In his later years, fearing the rivalry of Carthage, he always concluded his speeches in the Senate with the expression, "*Delenda est Carthago!*" He wrote a history of Roman affairs, of which only a few fragments remain; but a treatise of his own husbandry is extant, bearing the title *De Re Rustica*. *Lives* of Cato, by Cornelius Nepos, by Aurelius Victor, and by Plutarch, have come down to us; and we have many particulars of his life and character in the writings of Cicero and Livy. Cicero praises his compositions for their acuteness, their wit, and their conciseness; and speaks with emphasis of the impressiveness of Cato's eulogy and the satiric bitterness of his invective.

THE FARM.

The bailiff shall maintain discipline; shall see to the observance of the holidays; and shall be watchful that the property of others is let alone, and that his own is taken care of. In the household, he shall be the arbitrator of disputes, and shall see to the punishment of those who are guilty of offence. He must see that the members of the household do not suffer; that they be neither cold nor hungry. Let him keep them from idleness; and thus they will be held back from thieving and all wrong-doing; for if the bailiff himself does not allow evil, no evil will come to pass. Yet if the bailiff consent to wrong-doing, let the master see that it be surely punished. Let the bailiff evince gratitude for any act of kindness; so that he who doeth well may joyfully continue in well-doing. Let the

bailiff not be seen loafing about; nor be drunken; nor be a guest at feasts. Let him be diligent to keep the household active, and to see that all the commands of the master receive prompt obedience. Nor let him think himself wiser than the master. Moreover, let the bailiff be the friend of his master's friends; yet let him give no heed to any, except as he be so bidden of the master. Let him not meddle with priestly functions, unless it be beside the hearth and at the compitalia. Only by order of the master must the bailiff give credit; and then let him see that payments are punctually made. To none, except it be to only two or three families—from whom he for convenience must borrow—must he lend the seed-corn; nor the utensils of the kitchen; nor the barley; nor the wine; nor the oil. Let him also render his account with the master frequently. Let him not allow over-time to the mechanic, the hired hand, nor the tool-grinder; nor buy without the knowledge of the master; nor secrete anything from the master; nor have loungers about the place; nor seek to the sooth-sayer, the prophet, the priest, or the magician. Let him be acquainted with all the details of the work; and let him put his own hand to them frequently, but without fatigue. Thus will he know the minds of the workers; and thus will they labor with more content; while he himself will not be longing to wander about, and his health and sleep will be good. And let the bailiff be the first to rise in the morning, and the last to retire at night; seeing to it that the doors are locked, that all are asleep in their proper places, and that the cattle have been fed.—*From De Agricultura.*

CATS, JAKOB, a Dutch poet; born at Brouwershaven, November 10, 1577; died near The Hague, September 12, 1660. He was educated at Leyden and Orléans, and was an advocate in The Hague and in Middleburg. He represented his

country twice at two very dissimilar Courts in England, that of Charles I., who knighted him in 1627, and that of Oliver Cromwell. Upon his return home he retired from public life, and in a rural retreat near The Hague betook himself to the cultivation of poetry. Cats was the people's poet, and was for generations known affectionately as "Father Cats." His poems on country life are full of good precepts of wisdom and virtue. His works include *Houwelijck* (Fidelity), which appeared in 1625; *A Looking-Glass of the Old Times and the New* (1632), and *The Wedding Ring* (1637). Edmund William Gosse perhaps expresses the present critical estimate of Cats in his article on the *Literature of Holland*, when he says: "In this voluminous writer the genuine Dutch habit of thought, the utilitarian and didactic spirit which we observe in Houwaert and in Boendale, reached its zenith of fluency and popularity. Cats was a man of large property and high position in the state, and his ideas never rose above the horizon of wealth and easy domestic satisfaction. He is an exceedingly dull and prosaic writer, whose Alexandrines run smoothly on without any power of riveting the attention or delighting the fancy. Yet his popularity with the middle classes in Holland has always been immense, and his influence extremely hurtful to the growth of all branches of literary art."

THE STATUE OF MEMNON.

We read in books of ancient lore
An image stood in days of yore,
Which, when the sun with splendor dight
Cast on its lips his golden light,
Those lips gave back a silver sound,
Which filled for hours the waste around;

But when again the living blaze
 Withdrew its music-waking rays,
 Or passing clouds its splendor veiled,
 Or evening shades its face concealed,
 This image stood all silent there,
 Nor lent one whisper to the air.

This was of old.— And even now,
 The man who lives in fortune's glow
 Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge,
 In town and country, court and college,
 And all assert, *nem. con.*, whatever
 Comes from his mouth is vastly clever:
 But when the glowing sun retires,
 His reign is o'er, and dimmed his fires,
 And all his praise like vapor flies—
 For who e'er calls a poor man wise?

CATULLUS, CAIUS VALERIUS, a Roman poet; born at Verona about 86 B.C.; died at Rome about 47 B.C. He inherited a competent estate, and lived a life of pleasure. He was the earliest Latin lyric poet of any note. At an early age he went to Rome and enjoyed the society of the most celebrated men of the day, including Cicero, Cæsar, and Pollio. On his arrival at the Imperial City he was possessed of considerable means, and this fact, together with his brilliant genius and vivacity, brought him at once into the society of men of the highest intellectual activity and refinement of the time, as well as of the most profligate of the luxurious city. Catullus being a mere boy, accustomed to the simple habits of his native province, plunged at once into the deepest dissipation of the age. The pace sustained by the more mature of

his associates was more than the young man could endure, and he soon squandered his patrimony and undermined his health, and died just when his genius should have been a-ripening. He was remarkable for the versatility of his imagination, the loveliness of his conception, and the facility of his expression. His earlier poems record the various stages of his passion for a woman named Lesbia, who finally proved unfaithful to him, as she had to his predecessor in her affections. His poetic narration of the events of his time is as reliable as current history of more pretentious tone. His longest poem is *The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis*, in hexameter verse. "His *Atys*," says Professor William Ramsay, "is one of the most remarkable poems in the whole range of Latin literature. Rolling impetuously along in a flood of wild passion, bodied forth in the grandest imagery and the noblest diction, it breathes in every line the fiery vehemence of the Greek dithyramb. We admire by turns his unaffected ease, playful grace, vigorous simplicity, pungent wit, and slashing invective."

About one hundred and sixteen poems attributed to him are extant, most of which are short. Many of the poems are of an amatory character, with not unfrequently a tone of grossness. Catullus has been a favorite subject of translation. There is a literal prose rendering by Walter Kelly, and several metrical versions — or rather imitations — by various authors.

DEDICATED TO CORNELIUS NEPOS.

My little volume is complete,
With all the care and polish neat
That makes it fair to see:
To whom shall I then — to whose praise —

Inscribe my lively, graceful lays? —
 Cornelius, friend, to thee.
 Thou only of the Italian race
 Hast dared in three small books to trace
 All time's remotest flight:
 O Jove, how labored, learned and wise!
 Yet still thou ne'er wouldst quite despise
 The trifles that I write.
 Then take the book I now address,
 Though small its size, its merit less,
 'Tis all thy friend can give:
 And let me, guardian Muse, implore
 That when at least one age is o'er,
 This volume yet may live.
 — *Translation of* GEORGE LAMB

HIS COUNTRY HOUSE AT SIRMIO.

O best of all the scattered spots that lie
 In sea or lake — apple of landscape's eye!
 How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
 With what a sigh of full, contented rest,
 Scarce able to believe my journey's o'er
 And that these eyes behold thee safe once more!
 Oh where's the luxury like the smile at heart,
 When the mind, breathing, lays its load apart:
 When we come home again, tired out, and spread
 The loosened limbs o'er the all-wished-for bed!
 This, this alone is worth an age of toil.—
 Hail, lovely Sirmio! Hail, paternal soil!
 Joy, my bright waters, joy: your master's come!
 Laugh every dimple on the cheek of home.
 — *Translation of* LEIGH HUNT.

ON QUINTIA AND LESBIA.

Quintia is beauteous in the millions' eye:
 Yes — beauteous in particulars, I own;
 Fair-skinned, straight-shaped, tall-sized; yet I deny
 A beauteous whole; of *charmingsness* there's none;
 In all that height of figure there is not
 A seasoning spice of that — I know not what;

That fragrant something, grace without a name:
 But Lesbia's air is charming as her frame;
 Yes — Lesbia, beauteous in one graceful whole,
 From all her sex their single graces stole.

— *Translation of ELTON.*

ON HIS OWN LOVE.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
 The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
 I can feel it alas! I can feel it too well,
 That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

— *Translation of MOORE.*

SAPPHO'S ODE.

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas that deprived my soul of rest,
 And raised such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gazed, in transport tost
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame;
 On my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

With dewy damp my limbs were chilled;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sank, and died away.

— *Translation of AMBROSE PHILLIPS.*



CAWEIN, MADISON JULIUS, an American poet; born at Louisville, Ky., March 23, 1865. His verse is often exceedingly musical and displays great command of metres. He is at his best in his purely Kentuckian poems. His works include: *Blooms of the Berry* (1887); *The Triumph of Music* (1888); *Accolon of Gaul* (1889); *Lyrics and Idyls* (1890); *Days and Dreams* (1891); *Moods and Memories* (1892); *Intimations of the Beautiful* (1894); *Poems of Nature and Love* (1893); *Red Leaves and Roses* (1893); *Undertones* (1895); *The Garden of Dreams* (1896); *Shapes and Shadows* (1898); *Idyllic Monologues* (1898); *Myth and Romance* (1899); *One Day and Another* (1901); *Weeds by the Wall* (1902).

FIELD AND FOREST CALL.

I.

There is a field that leans upon two hills,
Foamed o'er with flowers, and twinkling with clear rills;
That, in its girdle of wild acres, bears
The anodyne of rest that cures all cares;
Wherein soft wind and sun and sound are blent,
And fragrance — as in some old instrument
Sweet chords — calm things, that nature's magic spell
Distils from heaven's azure crucible,
And pours on earth to make the sick mind well.
There lies the path, they say —
Come away! Come away!

II.

There is a forest, lying 'twixt two streams,
Sung through of birds and haunted of dim dreams;
That in its league-long hand of trunk and leaf



CAXTON.

Lifts a green wand that charms away all grief;
 Wrought of quaint silence and the stealth of things.
 Vague, whispering touches, gleams and twitterings,
 Dews and cool shadows — that the mystic soul
 Of nature permeates with suave control —
 And waves o'er earth to make the sad heart whole.
 There lies the road they say —
 Come away! Come away!

CAXTON, WILLIAM, the first English printer; born in Kent about 1422; died at London about 1492. Few details of his life are known. He says: "I was born and lerned myn english in Kente in the weeld, where I doubte not is spoken as brode and rude englissch as is in ony place of england." He thanks his parents for giving him a good education. In 1438 he was apprenticed to a merchant, upon whose death he went to Bruges, where he entered into business for himself, became governor of a Company of Merchant Adventurers, and was twice sent to negotiate a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy concerning the wool-trade. In 1471 he entered the service of Margaret, the Duchess of Burgundy. About this time he learned the art of printing. The first book printed in English was *The Recuyell of the Historeys of Troye*, the translation of which Caxton had begun in 1469, and had finished after he entered the service of the Duchess. The year of his return to England is uncertain. *The Game and Playe of Chesse Moralised*, printed in 1474, is said to have come from his press at Westminster; but the first book known certainly to have been printed in England is the *Dictes and Notable*

Wyse Sayenges of the Phylosophers, which bears the date 1477. No fewer than ninety-nine works, many of them translated into English by Caxton, are known to have been printed by him. Among them are *The Chronicles of England* (1480); *Description of Britayne* (1480); *The History of Reynart, the Foxe* (1481); *Confessio Amantis* (1483); *The Golden Legende* (1483); *The Knyghte of the Toure* (1484); *The Subtyl Historyes and Fables of Esope* (1484); *The Lyf of Charles the Grete* (1485); *The Book of Fayttes of Armes and of Chyvalrye* (1489), and *The Arte and Crafte to Know Well to Dye* (1490). Caxton's industry ceased only with life. The translation of the *Vita Patrum* was completed by him a few hours before he died.

THE TWO MASTERS OF ARTS.

Now, then, I will finish all these fables with this tale that followeth, which a worshipful priest and a parson told me late: He said that there were dwelling at Oxenford two priests, both Masters of Arts—of whom that one was quick and could put himself forth; and that other was a good, simple priest. And so it happened that the master that was pert and quick was anon promoted to a benefice or twain, and after to prebends, and for to be a dean of a great prince o' chapel, supposing and weening that his fellow, the simple priest, should never be promoted, but be always an annual, or, at the most, a parish priest. So, after a long time that this worshipful man, this dean, came running into a good parish with five or seven horses, like a prelate, and came into the church of the said parish, and found there this good, simple man, sometime his fellow, which came and welcomed him lowly. And that other bade him "Good morrow, Master John," and took him slightly by the hand, and axed him where he dwelt. And the good man said, "In this parish." "How," said he, "are ye here a

sole priest, or a parish priest?" "Nay, sir," said he, "for lack of a better, though I be not able nor worthy, I am parson and curate of this parish." And then that other vailed [lowered] his bonnet, and said, "Master Parson, I pray you to be not displeased; I had supposed ye had not been beneficed. But, master," said he, "I pray you what is this benefice worth to you a year?" "Forsooth," said the good, simple man, "I wot never; for I never make accompts thereof, how well I have had it four or five years." "And know ye not," said he, "what it is worth?—it should seem a good benefice." "No, forsooth," said he, "but I wot well what it shall be worth to me." "Why," said he, "what shall it be worth?" "Forsooth," said he, "if I do my true dealing in the cure of my parishes in preaching and teaching, and do my part belonging to my cure, I shall have heaven therefore. And if their souls be lost, or any of them by my default, I shall be punished therefore. And hereof I am sure." And with that word the rich dean was abashed: and thought he should be the better, and take more heed to his cures and benefices than he had done. This was a good answer of a good priest and an honest. And herewith I finish this book, translated and imprinted by me, William Caxton.—*Fable told by Caxton at the end of Æsop's Fables.*

CELLINI, BENVENUTO, a Florentine artist, whose *Autobiography* is a famous Italian classic; born November 10, 1500; died February 13, 1571. He served an apprenticeship with a jeweller and goldsmith, and at the same time applied himself to the study of drawing, engraving, and music. He was appointed by Clement VII. his goldsmith and musician. Being of a very turbulent disposition, he was frequently engaged in quarrels, in one of which

he so severely wounded his antagonist that he was forced to make his escape from Florence to Rome in the disguise of a friar. Here he distinguished himself by his courage in defending the citadel against the Constable Bourbon, whom he says he killed as he attempted to scale the city walls. He also defended the Castle of St. Angelo; and the Prince of Orange he declares was killed by the ball which was shot from a cannon he had directed. After this he was employed to engrave stamps for the mint, and the coins and medals which he executed are very beautiful. On the death of Clemnet VII., in 1534, he returned to Florence, whence he went to France, where he was patronized by Francis I. But soon quitting that country, he revisited Rome, where he was confined for a long time in the Castle of St. Angelo on the charge of having robbed the fortress of a considerable treasure when he had formerly had the care of it. He escaped, but was retaken, and suffered great hardships until released by the mediation of Cardinal Ferrara. He then revisited France, where he executed some fine works of sculpture and cast large figures in metal, which gained him a high reputation. After staying there five years he returned to his own country, and was employed by the Grand Duke Cosimo de Medici, who gave him a studio, where he commenced his great work, *Perseus*. The story of the casting of Cellini's *Perseus* has played an important part in later literature. The success of this performance was so great that, in gratitude, the artist went on a pilgrimage to Vallombrosa and Camaldoli. He now contested the palm of glory with Bandinelli for a design of Neptune; and when his work was pronounced the best, his rival died of grief. Cellini's

fame was now established, and he spent the remainder of his days in Florence. He worked equally well in marble and metal, and wrote a treatise on the goldsmith's art and another on sculpture and the casting of metals. His *Autobiography*, having long circulated in manuscript, was printed in 1730. Goethe translated it into German, and it has been rendered into English by W. Roscoe and J. A. Symonds. "From the pages of this book," says Mr. Symonds, "the Genius of Renaissance, incarnate in a single personality, leans forth and speaks to us. . . . Cellini is the most candid of autobiographers, and as ignorant of shame as he is candid."

THE FIERCE LITTLE FLORENTINES.

My brother, younger than myself by two years, a very bold and hot-headed boy (who was then about fourteen, and I two years older), one Sunday, between the Porta San Gallo and the Porta Pinta, got into a quarrel with a youth of twenty, sword in hand, and pressed him so closely that he gave him a severe wound, and was proceeding further; but a great crowd had gathered, among which were many friends of his antagonist, who, when they saw things going badly for their friend, began to throw stones, one of which struck my poor young brother on the head, so that he fell down as if dead. I, who happened to be present, though without either friends or arms, called out to my brother to withdraw, as he had done enough. As soon as he fell down, I rushed to him and, seizing his sword, placed myself in front of him, against many swords and stones lifted against me—nor ever left my brother till some brave soldiers came from the Porta San Gallo and saved me from the crowd, wondering much to find such courage in one so young. I then took my brother home for dead: and it was no easy matter to bring him to himself.—*From his Autobiography.*

THE DEATH OF POMPEO.

Pompeo had gone into an apothecary's shop at the corner of the Chiavica, on some business of his own: but I was told he was boasting of having braved me, which was very unfortunate for him. As I arrived at the corner he came out of the shop, and his bravos opened their ranks and received him in their midst. I put my hand to a sharp little dagger I had, and forcing my way through the bravos, laid hold of him by the breast with such rapidity and certainty that none of them could interfere. As I pulled him toward me, he turned away his face, in his terror, and I struck him below the ear. At the second stroke he fell dead, which was not my intention; but, as people say, blows are not bargained for. I then retired by the Strada Julia, meditating where to take refuge.—*From His Autobiography.*

A MIRACULOUS INCIDENT.

Once when I was in prison, in a terrible dream, words of the greatest importance were written on my forehead, as with a pen; and he who did it charged me three times to keep silence and betray it to no one. When I awoke I found my forehead marked; in my poem of *The Capitol*, written in prison, an account is given of several such events. I was also told, without knowing who said it, of all that would happen to Signor Pier Luigi, so clear and distinct that I have always believed that it came from an angel of Heaven. And I cannot here refrain from mentioning one thing, the most wonderful that has ever happened to any man, which I say in justification of God and his secret ways, which he condescended to make me worthy to know—that from the time when I saw these things there rested a *splendor* (inexplicable miracle!) upon my head, which has been evident to every man to whom I have chosen to show it, though these have been very few. This can be perceived above my shadow in the morning, from the rising of the sun to two o'clock, and most distinctly

when the grass is still wet with dew; also it is visible in the evening when the sun sinks toward the north. I became aware of it in Paris, because the air there is much clearer, and it showed much better than in Italy, where clouds are more general; but everywhere I can see it, and show it to others, though never so well as in France.—*From the Memoirs.*

THE CONFLICT.

Oh troubled spirit mine,
Cruel! how sad is this surviving!
If 'gainst us stands the will Divine,
Who is there for us, succor giving?
Away, away to better living.

Ah, wait awhile
For happier days will be,
Heaven promises, than e'er you knew before.
The coming hours will smile,
Since the great God has granted free
Grace that will never turn to weeping more.

CENTLIVRE, SUSANNA FREEMAN, a British actress and dramatist; born in Ireland about 1670; died at London, December 1, 1723. Her father, a Mr. Freeman, had been forced to flee from England at the restoration of Charles II., on account of his adherence to the cause of Parliament. The daughter, having been left an orphan, came to London, and at the age of sixteen was married to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox, the founder of the family of that name. Her husband dying within a year, she married a military officer named Carroll, who was some eight-

een months after killed in a duel. His widow went upon the stage, and also wrote several dramatic works, which were popular in their day; some of which, as *The Busybody* and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, are still occasionally produced upon the stage. At the age of thirty-eight she married Joseph Centlivre, chief cook to Queen Anne. Mrs. Centlivre led an irreproachable life, and her wit and beauty rendered her a favorite in literary society. Her dramatic works were printed in 1761, and subsequently in 1872. *The Busybody*, in which Marplot is the leading character, ranks high among English comedies. *The Busybody* was first acted at Drury Lane, May 12, 1709. It was one of the most successful, as it is generally regarded as the best, of Mrs. Centlivre's plays, which number eighteen in all. Nevertheless, it was at first so coldly regarded by the actors that Wilkes is said to have thrown down his part of Sir George Airy, and to have been with difficulty induced to resume it. A part of the plot is taken from Ben Jonson's *The Devil Is an Ass*. Steele, in the *Tatler*, speaks of *The Busybody*, and says that the "plot is laid with that subtlety of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit." Martin Marplot, a silly, cowardly, inquisitive fellow, is not unlike Dryden's Mar-all, and is generally regarded as the original of the later Paul Pry. This character was first introduced in *The Busybody*, and was more fully developed in the comedy *Marplot in Lisbon*.

HOW MARPLOT GOT THE PATCH OVER HIS EYE.

Charles.—Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

Sir George.—Oh, I honor men of the sword, and I

presume this gentleman has lately come from Spain or Portugal, by his scars.

Marplot.—No, really, Sir George, mine sprung from civil fury. Happening last night into the Groom-Porter's, I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a — sort of a — kind of a milksop, as I thought. Devil take the dice he flung out; and my pockets being empty, as Charles here knows they often are, he proved a surly North Briton and broke my face for my deficiency.

Sir George.—Ha! ha! and did you not draw?

Marplot.—Draw, Sir! why I did but lay my hand upon my sword, to make a swift retreat, and he roared out: “Now the Deel a ma sol, Sir, gin ye touch yer steel Ise whip mine through yer wem!”

Sir George.—Ha! ha! ha!

Charles.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! safe was the word, so you walked off, I suppose.

Marplot.—Yes; for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends, you know.

Sir George.—Your friends are much obliged to you, Sir; I hope you'll rank me in that number.

Marplot.—Sir George, a bow from the side box, or to be seen in your chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir George.—Trifles; you may command 'em when you please.

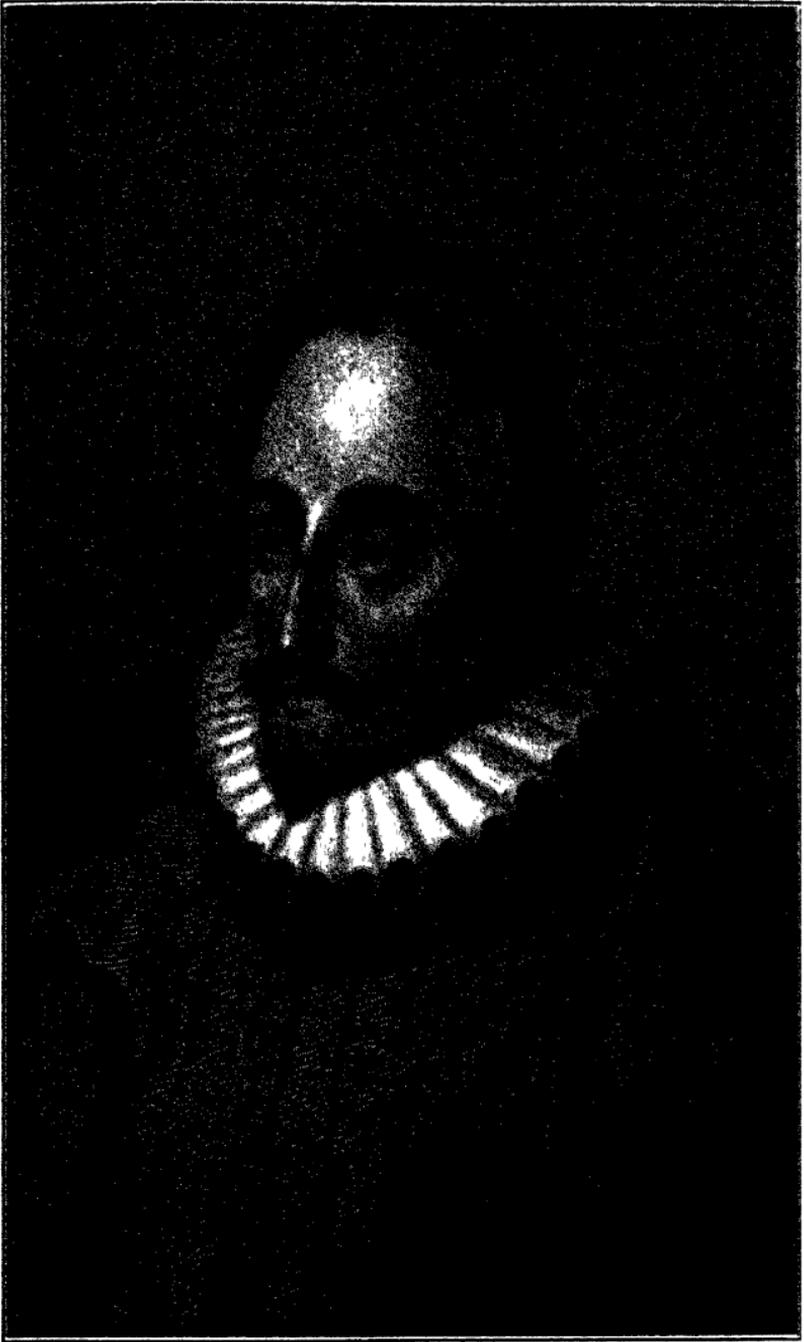
Charles.—Provided he may command you.

Marplot.—Me! why, I live for no other purpose. Sir George, I have the honor to be caressed by most of the reigning toasts of the town; I'll tell 'em you are the finest gentleman —.

Sir George.—No, no, prithee let me alone to tell the ladies.

—From the Busybody.

CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE, a Spanish poet and novelist; born near Madrid, Spain, October 9, 1547; died there, April 23, 1616. He was of a respectable family, and is said to have spent two years at the University of Salamanca, and to have studied afterward in Madrid. In 1568 he went to Italy in the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, and two years afterward became a soldier. He distinguished himself at the naval battle of Lepanto, where his left hand was shattered by a gunshot. After five years of army life he obtained leave of absence; but on his way to Spain was taken prisoner, and sent to Algiers, where he remained a captive for five years. He was at length ransomed by his friends, and re-entered the army, in which he continued to serve until 1583. He then began his literary career, (his first work being a prose pastoral entitled *Galatea*. In 1584 he married. During the next ten years he wrote about thirty dramas, of which only two survive. In 1588 he went to Seville as Commissioner to the Indian squadrons, and helped to victual the ships of the Spanish Armada. For several years after this time his life is involved in obscurity. He is said to have visited La Mancha, and to have been imprisoned there on a charge of malversation in office. It is said that while in prison he conceived the idea of *Don Quixote*. In 1603 he was living in Valladolid. In 1604 he published the first part of *Don Quixote*, which ran through four editions in a single year. In 1613 he published *Novelas Exemplares*, or *Didactic Tales*, twelve stories which display a thorough acquaintance with every phase of Spanish life. The next year appeared Cer-



CERVANTES.

vantes's most successful poem, a burlesque entitled *Viage al Parnassus*, and a volume of plays. During this year (1614) his tranquillity was disturbed by the appearance of a book purporting to be a continuation of the adventures of Don Quixote, in which the knight is a raging maniac and the squire a dull buffoon. To this book Cervantes refers several times in his own Second Part, which was published late in 1615. He was now impoverished and diseased. On the 4th of April, 1616, he entered the order of Franciscans, and died within three weeks.

MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

Soon after Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold; and scarcely had he seen it when, turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut another is open.' I say this because if fortune last night shut the door against what we sought, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now opens wide another, for a better and more certain adventure; in which, if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling-mills or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, concerning which thou mayest remember I swore the oath."—"Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills to finish the milling and mashing of our senses."—"The devil take thee," replied Don Quixote: "what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?"—"I know not," answered Sancho, "but, in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say"—"How can I be mistaken

in what I say, thou scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head!"—"What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass, like mine, with something on his head that glitters."—"Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote. "Retire, and leave me alone to deal with him, and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own." . . .

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw was this: There were two villages in that neighborhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the less, wherein one customer now wanted to let blood, and another to be shaved; to perform which, the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened that while upon the road it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which, being lately scoured, was seen glittering at the distance of half a league; and he rode on a gray ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-gray steed, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his knightly extravagances; and when the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rosinante's best speed, and couched his lance, intending to run him through and through; but, when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff! or instantly surrender what is justly my due."

The barber, so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him.

The basin he left on the ground; with which Don Quixote was satisfied, observing that the pagan had acted discreetly, and in imitation of the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with his teeth that which it knows by instinct to be the object of pursuit. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet; who, holding it in his hand, said, "Before Heaven, the basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing." He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the vizor; but not finding it he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is that one-half is wanting."

When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin."—"Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the possession of one, who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed, look like a barber's basin: but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed, or even equalled by that which the god of smiths himself made and forged for the god of battles. In the meantime I will wear it as I best can, for something is better than nothing, and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones."—"It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chaps. . . . But setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-gray steed

which looks so much like a gray ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here to shift for itself? for, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him: and, by my beard, the beast is a special one.”—“It is not my custom,” said Don Quixote, to “plunder those whom I have overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses and leave them on foot, unless the victor had lost his own in the conflict; in such case it is lawful to take that of the enemy as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be; for when we are gone his owner will return for him.”—“God knows whether it were best for me to take him,” replied Sancho, “or at least to exchange him for mine, which, methinks, is not so good. Verily, the laws of chivalry are very strict if they do not even allow the swopping of one ass for another; but I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined?”—“I am not very clear as to that point,” answered Don Quixote; “and, being a doubtful case, until better information can be had, I think thou mayest make the exchange, if thou art in extreme want of them.”—“So extreme,” replied Sancho, “that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper person.” Thus authorized, he proceeded to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture.

Being thus refreshed and comforted both in body and mind, they mounted; and, without determining upon what road to follow, according to the custom of knights-errant, they went on as Rosinante’s will directed, which was a guide to his master and also to Dapple, who always followed in love and good-fellowship, wherever he led the way.—*Don Quixote; translation of JARVIS.*

DON QUIXOTE’S ADVICE TO SANCHO PANZA.

At this time Don Quixote came up to them, and hearing how soon Sancho was to depart to his government, he took him by the hand and, with the duke’s leave,

led him to his chamber, in order to give him some advice respecting his conduct in office; and having entered, he shut the door, and, almost by force made Sancho sit down by him, and with much solemnity addressed him in these words:

“I am thankful to Heaven, friend Sancho, that even before fortune has crowned my hopes prosperity has gone forth to meet thee. I, who had trusted in my own success for the reward of thy services, am still but on the road to advancement, whilst thou, prematurely, and before all reasonable expectations, art come into full possession of thy wishes. Some must bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain what they desire; whilst another comes and, without knowing how, jumps at once into the preferment for which so many had sued in vain. It is truly said that ‘merit does much, but fortune more.’ Thou, who in respect of me art but a very simpleton, without either early rising or late watching, without labor of body or mind, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on thee, findest thyself the governor of an island, as if it were a trifle, a thing of no account! All this I say, friend Sancho, that thou mayest not ascribe the favor done thee to thine own merit, but give thanks, first to Heaven, which disposeth things so kindly; and, in the next place, acknowledge with gratitude the inherent grandeur of the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being disposed to believe what I have now said to thee, be attentive, my son, to me, thy Cato, who will be thy counsellor, thy north star, and thy guide, to conduct and steer thee safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea upon which thou art going to embark, and where thou wilt be in danger of being swallowed up in the gulf of confusion. *First*, my son, fear God; for to fear Him is wisdom, and being wise, thou canst not err. *Secondly*, consider what thou art, and endeavor to know thyself, which is the most difficult study of all others. The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity, and the fate of the frog that foolishly vied with the ox will serve thee as a caution; the recollection, too, of having been

formerly a swine-herd in thine own country will be to thee, in the loftiness of thy pride, like the ugly feet of the peacock."

"It is true," said Sancho, "that I once kept swine; but I was only a boy then; when I grew toward a man I looked after geese, and not hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose, for all governors are not descended from kings."

"That I grant," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore those who have not the advantage of noble descent should fail not to grace the dignity of the office they bear with gentleness and modesty, which when accompanied with discretion, will silence those murmurs which few situations in life can escape. Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants; for, when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavor to make thee so; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous, humble man than a lofty sinner. . . . Remember, Sancho, if thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is a common property, and may be acquired by all; it, has, moreover, an intrinsic worth which blood has not. This being so, if peradventure any one of thy kindred visit thee in thy government, do not slight or affront him, but receive, cherish, and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt please God, who allows none of His creatures to be despised; and thou wilt also manifest therein a well-disposed nature.

"If thou takest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those who are appointed to governments to be long separated from their families), teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness; for it often happens that all the consideration a wise governor can acquire is lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman. If thou shouldst become a widower (an event which is possible), and thy station entitle thee to a better match, seek not one to serve thee for a hook and angling-rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in; for, believe me, whatever the

judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall be made to pay four-fold for all that of which he has rendered no account during his life.

"Be not under the dominion of thine own will; it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their own understanding. Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, with thee than the applications of the wealthy. Be equally solicitous to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich and the sighs and entreaties of the poor. Whenever equity may justly temper the rigor of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the delinquent; for it is better that a judge should lean on the side of compassion than severity. If perchance the scales of justice be not correctly balanced, let the error be imputable to pity, not to gold. If perchance the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries and think only of the merits of the case. Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou shalt thereby commit are often without remedy, and at the expense both of thy reputation and fortune. When a beautiful woman comes before thee to demand justice, consider maturely the nature of her claim, without regarding either her tears or her sighs, unless thou wouldst expose thy judgment to the danger of being lost in the one, and thy integrity in the other.

"Reville not with words him whom thou hast to correct with deeds; the punishment which the unhappy wretch is doomed to suffer is sufficient, without the addition of abusive language. When the criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail and depraved nature of man, and, as much as thou canst without injustice to the suffering party, show pity and clemency; for though the attributes of God are equally adorable, yet His mercy is more shining and attractive in our eyes than His justice.

"If, Sancho, thou observest these precepts, thy days will be long and thy fame eternal, thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy chil-

dren to thy heart's content, and they and thy grandchildren shall want neither honors nor titles. Beloved by all men, thy days shall pass in peace and tranquillity; and, when the inevitable period comes, death shall steal on thee in a good and venerable old age, and thy grandchildren's children, with their tender and pious hands, shall close thine eyes."—*Don Quixote; translation of* JARVIS.

CHADBOURNE, PAUL ANSEL, an American scientist and educator; born at North Berwick, Me., October 21, 1823; died at New York, February 23, 1883. After his graduation from Williams College, in 1848, he became Professor of Natural History and Chemistry at Bowdoin College, and subsequently at Williams. In 1867 he was elected President of the University of Wisconsin; in 1872 President of Williams College, and in 1882 President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. His works are: *The Relations of Natural History to Intellect, Taste, Wealth and Religion; Natural Theology; Instinct in Animals and Men; and Strength of Men and Stability of Nations.*

"President Chadbourne"—we quote from *The Literary World*—"was a scientist as well as a theologian, a man who understood nature as well as philosophy, who knew how to investigate facts as well as to reason from them. Such men take vastly broader views than the mere specialist, and unfortunately usually have a smaller following than the mere dogmatist." To the vigorous and tireless energy of Dr. Chadbourne the editor of Appleton's *Annual* penned in 1883 the fol-

lowing just tribute: "Activity and zeal were specially prominent in his career. He travelled extensively in his own country, as well as in foreign lands. His life was full of adventure, of singular vicissitudes, and of noble, memorable work. He served four institutions of learning, three of them as president. He led parties for scientific exploration and research; he managed large and important business enterprises; and he published a number of scientific books. He was a theologian, too, of no mean power, and his mind and heart were at rest in possessing and enjoying those truths firmly held by the denomination with which he was connected."

APPARENT FORETHOUGHT IN PLANTS.

This apparent forethought in preparing materials and storing them for a time of need is not manifested by the trees alone, but in a greater or less degree it is exercised by every plant that grows—more manifest is it in those that live more than a single year. What wonders are performed beneath our very feet! If we could look beneath the thick woven sward of the meadows, or roll back the decaying leaves of the forest, or pluck up the thickened root-stocks of the water lily and kindred forms from their oozy beds beneath the shallow lakes, we should find in every place evidence of instinct-like forethought among the plants and provision for their future wants. When the frost of autumn and ice of winter have covered the earth with death, so that to the eye there seems to be but mere remnants of withered grass and herbage, we still wait in confident expectation that spring will wake new forms to sudden life from hidden germs, as by enchantment. In roots of grass and bulb of lily, in all the thousand storehouses beneath the soil, the busy, prudent plants have laid up their provisions ready for instant use—not to preserve life in winter—but for their spring's work in bringing

sudden beauty of leaf and flower upon the earth, when awakened to activity from their winter's sleep. They answer to the call of the great magician, the Sun, whose touch dissolves, as by enchantment, the flinty soil and palsyng power of winter; and now with eager haste they utilize the stores of food which they carefully reserved the year before, when they seemed to be living to the extent of their means. There is no such foolish extravagance in the plant economy as living to the full extent of income each year, except when the time has come for the plants to pass away, and then, with true parental instinct, they bequeath all they possess to their children; which bequest is always found to be just enough to start the young plantlets well in life, till large enough to work and gather materials for themselves. All the wealth of beauty in early spring—the green blade of grass—the fragrant *Arbutus* of the hillside and the golden *Caltha* by the brook—these all are the products of plant labor of the former year. These slow, secret processes are hid from the eye of the most careful observer, and they would never be known were it not for the sudden display of leaf and flower in springtime that reveals the secret of this hoarded wealth.—*Instinct in Animals and Men.*

CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE, an American clergyman and author; born at Marblehead, Mass., October 19, 1840; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., December 11, 1904. He was educated at Exeter Academy and at Harvard; and studied theology at the Harvard Divinity School. In 1864 he was ordained and became pastor of the Second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn, N. Y. One of his books, a volume of sermons, was translated into German and published under the title *Religion ohne Dogma*. Besides

many articles for cyclopædias, especially for *Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia*, he published, in book form, *The Life of N. A. Staples* (1870); *A Book of Poems* (1875); *The Book of To-day* (1878); *The Faith of Reason* (1879); *Some Aspects of Religion* (1879); *The Man Jesus* (1881); *Belief and Life* (1881); *Origin and Destiny* (1883); *In Nazareth Town* (1884); *A Daring Faith* (1885); *A Legend of Good Poets* (1886); *The Power of an Endless Life* (1888); *The Revelation of God* (1890); *Life of Theodore Parker* (1900).

CARPE DIEM.

O soul of mine, how few and short the years
 Ere thou shalt go the way of all thy kind,
 And here no more thy joy or sorrow find
 At any fount of happiness or tears!
 Yea, and how soon shall all that thee endears
 To any heart that beats with love for thee
 Be everywhere forgotten utterly,
 With all thy loves and joys, and hopes and fears!
 But O my soul, because these things are so
 Be thou not cheated of to-day's delight.
 When the night cometh, it may well be night;
 Now it is day. See that no minute's glow
 Of all the shining hours unheeded goes,
 No fount of rightful joy by thee untasted flows.

BY THE SEASHORE.

The curvèd strand of cool, gray sand
 Lies like a sickle by the sea;
 The tide is low, but, soft and slow,
 Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet, with twinkling feet,
 Hurry and scurry to and fro;
 And sip and chat of this and that
 Which you and I may never know.

The runlets gay, that haste away,
To meet each snowy-bosomed crest
Enrich the shore with fleeting store
Of art-defying arabesque.

Each higher wave doth touch and lave
A million pebbles smooth and bright;
Straightway they grow a beauteous show,
With hues unknown before bedight.

High up the beach, far out of reach
Of common tides that ebb and flow,
The drift-wood's heap doth record keep
Of storms that perished long ago.

Nor storms alone: I hear the moan
Of voices choked by dashing brine,
When sunken rock or tempest shock
Crushed the good vessel's oaken spine.

Where ends the beach the cliffs upreach,
Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old;
And here I rest while all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

Far out at sea the ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line,
Their sails unfold like cloths of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep as 'twere asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs, its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls

Oh peace and rest! upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean;
No break, no bar of sun or star,
Just God and I, with naught between.

Oh when some day in vain I pray
For days like this to come again,
I shall rejoice with heart and voice
That one such day has ever been.

CHALMERS, THOMAS, a Scottish clergyman; born at Anstruther, March 17, 1780; died at Edinburgh, May 31, 1847. At a very early age he entered the University of St. Andrews, where he distinguished himself especially in mathematics and the natural sciences. He zealously continued his studies in these departments at the University of Edinburgh, and after his ordination and appointment to the parish of Kilmany in 1803. In 1808 he published an *Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources*. Not long afterward he was invited by Dr. Brewster, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, to write the article on "Christianity" for that publication. His studies for this article brought about an entire change in his religious character. Henceforth he was not merely a Christian moralist, but an earnest evangelical preacher.

In 1815 he was called to the ministry of the Tron Church, Glasgow. Here he delivered a series of *Astronomical Discourses*, which were published early in 1817, and before the close of the year passed through nine editions. In 1819 he became minister of the large and poor parish of St. John's. There were about 2,000 families in the parish, mostly consisting of factory-workers and common laborers, of whom not more than 800 families were connected with any Chris-

tian congregation. His labors — not merely as a preacher but as actual “overseer” of this large parish — were enormous, and in every way most successful. For one thing, the pauper expenditure of the parish was steadily reduced from £1,400 to £280 a year. At the commencement of this ministry Chalmers began a series of quarterly pamphlets on *The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns*, devoted to the elucidation of the religious and civic reforms which he was carrying on.

His health began to decline under the pressure of his manifold labors, and in 1823 he accepted the offer (the seventh of the kind which he had received during eight years) of the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. In 1827 he wrote his treatise on *The Use and Abuse of Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments*. In 1828 he was transferred to the chair of Theology in the University of Edinburgh; and soon began the preparation of an extended treatise on *Political Economy*, which was published in 1832. He was now invited to write one of the series of the “Bridgewater Treatises.” He chose for his subject *The Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man*. This volume was published in 1833, and is conceded to be one of the ablest of those famous treatises.

Dr. Chalmers had hitherto taken no prominent part in the general affairs of the Church of Scotland; but he was now forced to the front by the death of Dr. Andrew Thomson, who had long been the acknowledged leader of the “Evangelical” party, which had gained the ascendancy in that Church. Into the details of the contest which ensued in the General As-

sembly, and lasted nearly ten years, we need not here enter. The upshot of all was, that in 1843, four hundred and seventy clergymen formally withdrew from the General Assembly, and constituted themselves into the "Free Church of Scotland," Dr. Chalmers being elected as their first "Moderator," or presiding officer. For a couple of years he was vigorously engaged in organizing the Free Church movement; but he gradually withdrew from the work, occupying himself with his duties as principal of the Free Church College, and perfecting his *Institutes of Theology*, a work which was not published until after his death which occurred suddenly. He had bidden his family good-night on the Sabbath evening of May 30, 1847, being apparently in his usual health. When his room was entered the next morning, he was found dead in his bed, with no indication that there had been any painful struggle. The body was already cold, indicating that death had occurred some hours previously.

The *Works* of Chalmers were carefully edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna. They comprise (in the American edition) four volumes, besides a volume of *Correspondence*. In addition to these there are nine volumes of "Posthumous Works," containing *Daily Scripture Readings; Sabbath Scripture Readings; Institutes of Theology; Prelections on Butler's Analogy*, and a volume of *Sermons* preached from 1798 to 1847.

THE SUPREMACY OF CONSCIENCE.

When consciences pronounce differently of the same action, it is for the most part, or rather, it is almost always, because understandings view it differently. It is either because the controversialists are regarding it with

unequal degrees of knowledge, or each through the medium of his own partialities. The consciences of all would come forth with the same moral decision, were all equally enlightened in the circumstances, or in the essential relations and consequences of the deed in question; and, what is just as essential to this uniformity of judgment, were all viewing it fairly, as well as fully. It matters not, whether it be ignorantly or wilfully, that each is looking at this deed but in the one aspect or in the one relation that is favorable to his own peculiar sentiment. In either case, the diversity of judgment on the moral qualities of the same action is just as little to be wondered at as a similar diversity on the material qualities of the same object—should any of the spectators labor under an involuntary defect of vision, or voluntarily persist in shutting or in averting his eyes. It is thus that a quarrel has well been termed a “misunderstanding,” in which each of the combatants may consider, and often honestly consider, himself to be in the right; and that on reading the hostile memorials of two parties in a litigation, we can perceive no difference in their moral principles, but only in their historical statements; and that in the public manifestoes of nations when entering upon war, we can discover no trace of a contrariety of conflict in their ethical systems, but only in their differently put or differently colored representations of fact; all proving that, with the utmost diversity of judgment among men respecting the moral qualities of the same thing, there may be a perfect identity of structure in their moral organs notwithstanding; and that Conscience, true to her office, needs but to be rightly informed that she may speak the same language, and give forth the same lessons in all the countries of the earth.

It is this which explains the moral peculiarities of different nations. It is not that justice, humanity, and gratitude are not the canonized virtues of every region; or that falsehood, cruelty, and fraud would not, in their abstract and unassociated nakedness, be viewed as the objects of moral antipathy and rebuke. It is that, in

one and the same material action, when looked to in all the lights of which, whether in reality or by the power of imagination, it is susceptible, various, nay, opposite, moral characteristics may be blended; and that while one people look to the good only without the evil, another may look to the evil only without the good. And thus the identical acts which in one nation are the subjects of a most reverent and religious observance may, in another, be regarded with a shuddering sense of abomination and horror. And this, not because of any difference in what may be termed the moral categories of the two peoples, nor because, if moral principles in their unmixed generality were offered to the contemplation of either, either would call evil good or good evil. When theft was publicly honored and rewarded in Sparta, it was not because theft in itself was reckoned a good thing; but because patriotism, and dexterity, and those services by which the interests of patriotism might be supported, were reckoned to be good things. When the natives of Hindoostan assemble with delight around the agonies of a human sacrifice, it is not because they hold it good to rejoice in a spectacle of pain; but because they hold it good to rejoice in a spectacle of heroic devotion to the memory of the dead. When parents are exposed, or children are destroyed, it is not because it is deemed to be right that there should be the infliction of misery for its own sake; but because it is deemed to be right that the wretchedness of old age should be curtailed, or that the world should be saved from the miseries of an overcrowded species. In a word, in the very worst of these anomalies some form of good may be detected, which has led to their establishment; and still some universal and undoubted principle of morality, however perverted or misapplied, can be alleged in vindication of them. A people may be deluded by their ignorance; or misguided by their superstition; or, not only hurried into wrong deeds, but even fostered into wrong sentiments, under the influence of that cupidity or revenge which are so perpetually operating in the warfare of savage or demi-savage na-

tions. Yet, in spite of the topical moralities to which these have given birth, there is an unquestioned and universal morality notwithstanding. And in every case, where the moral sense is unfettered by these associations, and the judgment is uncramped, either by the partialities of interest or by the inveteracy of national customs which habit and antiquity have rendered sacred, Conscience is found to speak the same language, nor, to the remotest ends of the world, is there a country or an island where the same uniform and consistent voice is not heard from her.

Let the mists of ignorance and passion and artificial education be only cleared away; and the moral attributes of goodness and righteousness and truth be seen undistorted, and in their own proper guise; and there is not a heart or a conscience throughout earth's teeming population which could refuse to do them homage. And it is precisely because the Father of the human family has given such hearts and conscience to all His children that we infer these to be the very sanctities of the Godhead, the very attributes of His own primeval nature.—*The Bridgewater Treatise.*

COMPARATIVE INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS EARTH.

Though the earth were to be burnt up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished forever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to

these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighborhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the Divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them, and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety by the destruction of our planet as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit,

and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe toward the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security.

Now it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment His energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in His providence as if we were the objects of His undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though His mind takes into His comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of his attention; that He marks all my thoughts; that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.—*The Bridgewater Treatise.*

CHAMBERS, ROBERT, a Scottish publisher and author; born at Peebles, July 10, 1802; died at St. Andrews, March 17, 1871. While he was a boy his father removed to Edinburgh, where he was placed in a classical school, with the design of giving him a university education; but the straitened circumstances of his parents prevented the execution of this plan, and he was compelled to earn his livelihood. At the age of sixteen he established himself as a second-hand bookseller. After a few years he entered into partnership with his elder brother, William Chambers, who had engaged in the same business. In 1832 the brothers began the publication of *Chambers's Journal*, a periodical which is still continued. At first Robert Chambers was merely a contributor to the *Journal*; but he soon became joint-editor. The brothers founded a great publishing establishment, in which they were so closely connected that it is not easy to assign to each his special share in the conduct of it; but in general William acted as the business manager, and Robert as the literary conductor. The works of Robert Chambers are very numerous. Among them are *Traditions of Edinburgh*; *A History of the Rebellion of 1745*; *Domestic Annals of Scotland*; *Biography of Distinguished Scotchmen*; *Life and Writings of Burns*; *Ancient Sea-Margins*, and *The Book of Days*. He was also the principal compiler of *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*.

From Chambers's *Rebellion of 1745* we give a characteristic passage:

THE HIGHLANDERS AT THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

It was not till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour, and the Highlanders had seen many of their kindred stretched upon the heath, that Charles at last gave way to the necessity of ordering a charge. The aid-de-camp intrusted to carry his message to the Lieutenant-General—a youth of the name of Mac-Lauchlan—was killed by a cannon-ball before he reached the first line; but the general sentiment of the army as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want; and that general took it upon him to order an attack, without Charles's permission having been communicated. Lord George had scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the MacIntoshes—a brave and devoted clan, though never before engaged in action—unable any longer to brook the unavenged slaughter made by the cannon, broke from the centre of the line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the enemy. The Atholemen, Camerons, Stewarts, Frasers, and MacLeans, then also went on, Lord George Murray heading them with that rash bravery for which he was so remarkable. Thus, in the course of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line; except at the left extremity, where the MacDonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage.

It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders, before an onset, to *scrug their bonnets*—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to insure them against falling off in the ensuing *mêlé*. Never, perhaps, was this motion performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to revenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, and who survived until a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment, with a feeling something like awe, upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage, which glowed on every face and gleamed in every eye, as he surveyed the extended line

at this moment. It was an exhibition of mighty and all-engrossing passion, never to be forgotten by the beholder.

The action and event of the onset were, throughout, quite as dreadful as the mental emotion which urged it. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon the lines of the enemy, which, indeed, they did not see for smoke till involved among their weapons. All that courage—all that despair could do—was done. They did not fight like living or reasoning creatures, but like machines under the influence of some uncontrollable principle of action. The howl of the advance—the scream of the onset—the thunders of the musketry and the din of the trumpets and drums confounded one sense; while the flash of the firearms, and the glitter of the brandished broadswords, dazzled and bewildered another. It was a moment of dreadful and agonizing suspense—but only a moment; for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. They swept through and over that frail barrier, almost as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labors of the gossamer which stretch across its path; not, however, with the same unconsciousness of the event. Almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife. When the first line had been completely swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before, a numerous and confident force, at last submitted to destiny, by giving way and flying. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than thus forfeit their well-acquired and dearly estimated honor.

They rushed on—but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.—*The Rebellion of 1745.*

A curious episode in the literary career of Robert Chambers was the writing and publication of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. The book appeared anonymously in 1844, and at once aroused general attention. Edition after edition was called for within the ensuing ten years. Extraordinary precautions had been taken to prevent its authorship from being known. These were so successful that the 1877 edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "His knowledge of geology was one of the principal grounds on which the authorship of the celebrated anonymous work, the *Vestiges of Creation*, was very generally attributed to Robert Chambers. As, however, neither he himself nor anyone entitled to speak for him ever acknowledged the work, its authorship remains a mystery." It was not, indeed, until 1884 that the mystery of the authorship was cleared up. In that year Alexander Ireland, one of the four persons to whom the secret had been confided, published a new edition (the twelfth), in which he gives all the details of the composition and publication of the work, together with the reasons which led the author to withhold his name from it.

CHARACTER OF THE VESTIGES.

"Now," continues Mr. Ireland, "as probably the oldest survivor of his intimate associates, and cherishing, as I fondly do, the recollection of his valued and irreplaceable friendship, it seems to me to be a duty to the memory of Robert Chambers that I should place on record, while it is still in my power to do so, the honor-

able fact that to his genius the world was indebted for that remarkable work, which in this country was the immediate forerunner of Darwin's theory of Evolution. The *Vestiges* is a work conceived and executed in a reverent and truly religious spirit, the author attempting to set forth, in befitting language, the system of law ordained by the Almighty, whereby all things, from the beginning of time, and throughout illimitable space, have been and are connected and bound together as the orderly manifestations of his Divine Power."

THEORY OF PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT.

The proposition determined on after much consideration is that the several series of animated beings, from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are, under the providence of God, the results, *first*, of an impulse which has been imparted to the forms of life, advancing them, in definite times, by generation, through grades of organization terminating in the highest dicotyledons and vertebrata; these grades being few in number and generally marked by intervals of organic character, which we find to be a practical difficulty in ascertaining affinities; *second*, of another impulse connected with the vital forces, tending in the course of generations to modify organic structures in accordance with external circumstances—as food, the nature of the habitat and the meteoric agencies—these being the "adaptations" of the natural theologian. We may contemplate these phenomena as ordained to take place in every situation and time, where and when the requisite materials and conditions are presented; in other orbs as well as in this; in any geographical area of this globe which may at any time arise:—observing only the variations due to difference of materials and of conditions.

The nucleated vesicle is contemplated as the fundamental form of all organizations; the meeting-point between the inorganic and the organic; the end of the mineral and beginning of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, which thence start in different directions, but in a general parallelism and analogy. This nucleated vesicle

is itself a type of mature and independent being, as well as the starting-point of the foetal process of every higher individual in creation — both animal and vegetable. We have seen that the *proximate principles*, or first organic combinations, being held — and in some instances proved — as producible by the chemist, an operation which would produce in these the nucleated vesicle, is all that is wanting effectually to bridge over the space between the inorganic and the organic. Remembering these things, it does not seem, after all, a very immoderate hypothesis that a *chemico-electric operation, by which the germinal vesicles were produced*, was the first phenomena in organic creation, and that the second was *an advance of these through a succession of higher grades and a variety of modifications* in accordance with laws of the same absolute nature as those by which the Almighty rules the physical department of Nature.— *Vestiges*.

POSSIBLE ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

The idea that any of the lower animals were concerned in the origin of Man is usually scouted by unreflecting persons as derogatory to human dignity. It might in the same way seem a degradation to a full-grown individual to contemplate him as having once been a helpless babe upon his mother's knee; or to trace him further back, and regard him as an embryo wherein no human lineaments had as yet appeared. All organic things are essentially progressive: there would be no end to perplexity and misjudgment if we were to take up each at its maturity, and hold it as made ridiculous by the consideration of what it was in its earlier stages: — The grandeur of the oak, for instance, lost in the idea of its once having been an acorn; the nobleness of a Washington, or the intense intellectual force of a Bonaparte, sunk in recollections of their schoolboy days. In nature much will appear humble by contrast; but to a healthy mind nothing will appear contemptible. When we look in a right spirit into her mysteries, we discover only the manner in which her master is pleased to work, and then all appears beautiful exceedingly. Thus it has

never occurred to any physiologist to love or admire his race less, because he knew that the human organization has to pass through stages of reproduction, the earlier of which are not to be distinguished from those of the invertebrate animal. So need it never be imputed as a degradation to mankind that the force and tendencies of their illustrious nature once lay imperfectly developed in some humble form of being.—*Vestiges*.

THE MENTAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN AND ANIMALS.

Common observation shows a great general superiority of the human mind over that of the inferior animals. Man's mind is almost infinite in device; it ranges over all the world; it forms the most wonderful combinations; it seeks back into the past, and stretches forward into the future; while the animals generally appear to have a narrow range of thought and action. But so also has an infant but a limited range, yet it is mind which works there, as well as in the most accomplished adults. The difference between mind in the lower animals and in man is a difference in degree only; it is not a specific difference. All who have studied animals by actual observation, and even those who have given a candid attention to the subject in books, must attain more or less clear convictions of this truth, notwithstanding the obscurity which prejudice may have engendered.

We see animals capable of affection, jealousy, envy; we see them quarrel, and conduct quarrels in the very manner pursued by the ruder and less educated of our own race. We see them liable to flattery, inflated with pride, and dejected by shame. We see them as tender to their young as human parents are, and as faithful to a trust as the most conscientious of human servants. The horse is startled by marvellous objects, as a man is. The dog and many others show tenacious memory. The dog also proves himself possessed of imagination by the act of dreaming. Horses finding themselves in want of a shoe, have of their own accord gone to a farrier's

shop, where they were shod before. Cats closed up in rooms, will endeavor to obtain their liberation by pulling a latch or ringing a bell. A monkey, wishing to get into a peculiar tree, and seeing a dangerous snake at the bottom of it, watched for hours till he found the reptile for a moment off its guard; he sprang upon it, and, seizing it by the neck, bruised its head to pieces against a stone; after which he quietly ascended the tree. We can hardly doubt that the animal seized and bruised the head, because he knew or judged there was danger in that part. It has several times been observed that in a field of cattle, when one or two were mischievous, and persisted long in annoying or tyrannizing over the rest, the herd, to all appearance, consulted, and then, making a united effort, drove the troublers off the ground. The members of a rookery have also been observed to take turns in supplying the needs of a family reduced to orphanhood. All of these are acts of reason, in no respect different from similar acts of men. Moreover, although there is no heritage of accumulated knowledge amongst the lower animals as there is amongst us, they are in some degree susceptible to those modifications of natural character and capable of those accomplishments which we call education.

The taming and domestication of animals, and the changes thus produced upon their nature in the course of generations, are results identical with civilization amongst ourselves; and the quiet, servile steer is probably as unlike the original wild cattle of this country as the English gentleman of the present day is unlike the rude baron of the age of King John. Between a young, unbroken horse and a trained one, there is, again, all the difference which exists between a wild youth, reared at his own discretion in the country, and the same person when he has been toned down by long exposure to the influences of refined city society. Of extensive combinations of thought, we have no reason to believe that any animals are capable — and yet most of us must feel the force of Sir Walter Scott's remark, that there was scarcely anything which he would not believe of a dog.



ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

There is a curious result of education in certain animals, namely, that habits to which they have been trained in some instances become hereditary. . . . This hereditariness of specific habits suggests a relation to that form of psychological manifestation usually called instinct; but instinct is only another term for mind, or is mind in a peculiar state of development; and though the fact were otherwise, it could not affect the conclusion, that manifestations such as have been enumerated are mainly intellectual manifestations, not to be distinguished as such from those of human beings.—*Vestiges*.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT WILLIAM, an American artist and novelist; born at Brooklyn, N. Y., May 26, 1865. He studied art at Julian's in Paris, and also at the Ecole des Beaux Arts from 1886 to 1893. He first exhibited in the Salon of 1889. For some years he made illustrations for *Life and Truth*, but after the publication of his first novel *In the Quarter* (1893), he turned his attention mostly to story writing. His later novels include *The King in Yellow* (1893); *The Red Republic* (1894); *A King and a Few Dukes* (1894); *The Maker of Moons* (1895); *Oliver Lock* (1896); *The Mystery of Choice* (1896); *With the Band*, verse (1897); *Lorraine* (1897); *Ashes of Empire* (1897); *The Haunts of Men* (1898); *The Cambric Mask* (1899); *Outsiders* (1899); *The Conspirators* (1900); *Cardigan* (1901); *Maids of Paradise* (1902); *A Young Man in a Hurry* (1904), and *Iole* (1905). He has also written three volumes of descriptive essays: *Outdoorland* (1903); *Orchardland* (1903); and *Riverland* (1904). Several of his

novels have been dramatized. We select several striking passages from *A King and a Few Dukes*. (Copyright by G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 1896.)

THE MORNING FLIGHT.

Dawn was silvering the dew-tipped tree-tops as we shook out our bridles, and galloped on. The clean, fresh air grew sweet with the fragrance of unclosing blossoms; birds stirred in every hedge, twittering sleepily; a great sombre owl sailed from a crooked branch overhead, and floated away toward the darker forest depths. Along the road little pools of water grew pale and then pink as the east brightened, and, in the hush of early morning, a distant cock-crow came faintly to our ears.

Silently, close together, we flew along, our horses striding easily, manes, forelocks, and tails streaming straight out, flanks rising and falling without distress. And now, far ahead in the morning haze, a sweet bell tolled, and I heard a dog barking from the nearer hillside.

The solemn cattle stared at us as we passed through a farm-yard, the turkeys gobbled silly comments from their thistle patch, and a very small puppy rushed out at us, and chased us nearly a rod, barking until I feared for his tender throat.

Houses crowded along the roadside now, low grey cottages from the chimneys of which lazily curled the morning smoke. One or two heavy featured Taximbourgeois, carrying primitive scythes and wooden rakes, stepped aside to give us way, bidding us an apathetic "good morning!"

All at once a tower loomed up from the haze across the meadows,—a heavy, forbidding tower, squatly and unlovely.

"Schloss Lauterschnapps!" panted Sylvia, "we are there!"—*A King and A Few Dukes*. (By permission of G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

A ROYAL VIEW OF WAR.

"I am the Princess Sylvia of Marmora and sister to the King," she said, "and I am not accustomed to justify myself to anybody. Yet now it is my pleasure to justify myself to you,—to you a foreigner, who bring to my country the curse of the sword;—who ride into my land at the head of a fierce mercenary army to force upon my people what my people have repudiated by force. What is it to you that cottages are burned and wretched peasants lose their all? What is it to you that a peaceful people are harried like starving wolves? Do you know what war is? Do you care? Do you think it is all helmets and horses and gorgeous trappings? Have you ever seen a cannon wheel crush the breast of a dying man? Have you ever seen your black shells rip a woman into shreds of quivering flesh? You who eat and drink when you will, who have but to speak, and satisfy your hunger, do you know what starvation is? Have you seen a city full of tottering skeletons, scraping the filth from gutter refuse to find a bone? That is war!"—*A King and a Few Dukes.* (By permission of G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

A DEDICATION.

Old friend, I dream again; the skies are blue,
The sounds of rippling rivers fill my ears,
And borne upon the current of past years
My thoughts are drifting back again to you.

Again I lie beside the woodland stream
Where golden grasses glisten splashed with spray,
Where willows whiten in the breath of May,
Where alder grey and slender birches gleam.

I watch the crystal current flow and flow,
Now silver, brimming in a placid pool,
Now lost in hidden hazel thickets cool,
Now on the sedges' edges lapping low.

The painted trout come sailing, sailing by,
 Stemming the idle current of my dream,
 And sunbeams steal between green leaves and gleam
 On pebbled shallows, mirrors of the sky.

So dream with me, old friend, beside the fire,
 Here where our shadows tremble on the wall,
 Where ashes rustle as the embers fall;
 And peace shall fall on us and end desire.

— From *A King and a Few Dukes*.
 (By permission of G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

CHAMISSO, ADELBERT VON, a German poet; born at the Castle of Boncourt, Champagne, January 30, 1781; died at Berlin, August 21, 1838. He came of a good family of Champagne, who, at the outbreak of the French Revolution, fled to Prussia, where, in 1796, Adelbert became one of the Queen's pages. He afterward obtained a commission in the army, which he resigned in 1806. He had applied himself with ardor to the study of German, and on his release from the army joined in the publication of an *Almanac of the Muses*. During a visit to Madame de Staël he began the study of botany, which he pursued with such success that in 1815 he was appointed botanist of the expedition under Kotzebue for the circumnavigation of the globe. On his return he became custodian of the Botanical Gardens of Berlin, where he spent the remainder of his life. Chamisso wrote numerous poems, among which are *The Lion's Bride*; *Retribution*; *Woman's Love and Life*; and *Cousin Anselmo*. He is best known by a prose narra-

tive, *Peter Schlemihl*, the man who lost his shadow, which was first published in 1814.

THE TRANSFER OF THE SHADOW.

The sun now began to shine more intensely, and to annoy the ladies. The lovely Fanny carelessly addressed the gray man, whom, as far as I know, nobody had addressed before, with the frivolous question: "Had he a *marquée*?" He answered with a low reverence, as if feeling an undeserved honor had been done him; his hand was already in his pocket, from which I perceived canvas, bars, ropes, iron-work—everything, in a word, belonging to a most sumptuous tent, issuing forth. The young men helped to erect it; it covered the whole extent of the carpet, and no one appeared to consider all this as at all extraordinary. If my mind was confused, nay terrified, with these proceedings, how was I overpowered from him. At last I could bear it no longer. I determined to steal away from the company, and this was easy for one who had acted a part so little conspicuous. I wished to hasten back to the city, and to return in pursuit of my fortune the following morning to Mr. Jones, and if I could muster up courage enough, to inquire something about the extraordinary gray man. Oh, had I been thus privileged to escape!

I had hastily glided through the rose-grove, descended the hill, and found myself on a wide grassplot, when, alarmed with the apprehension of being discovered wandering from the beaten path, I looked around me with inquiring apprehension. How was I startled when I saw the old man in the gray coat behind, and when the next breathed wish brought from his pocket three riding-horses. I tell you, three great and noble steeds, with saddles and appurtenances! Imagine for a moment, I pray you, three saddled horses from the same pocket which had before produced a pocket-book, a telescope, an ornamented carpet twenty paces long and ten broad, a pleasure-tent of the same size, with bars and iron-work! If I did not solemnly assure you that I had seen

it with my own eyes, you would certainly doubt the narrative.

Though there was so much of embarrassment and humility in the man, and he excited so little attention, yet his appearance to me had in it something so appalling, that I was not able to turn my eyes. Advancing towards me, he immediately took off his hat, and bowed to me more profoundly than any one had ever done before. It was clear he wished to address me, and without extreme rudeness I could not avoid him. I, in my turn, uncovered myself, made my obeisance, and stood still with bare head, in the sunshine, as if rooted there. I shook with terror while I saw him approach; I felt like a bird fascinated by a rattle-snake. He appeared sadly perplexed, kept his eyes on the ground, made several bows, approached nearer, and with a low and trembling voice, as if he were asking alms, thus accosted me:

“Will the gentleman forgive the intrusion of one who has stopped him in this unusual way? I have a request to make, but pray pardon——”

“In the name of heaven, Sir!” I cried out in my anguish, “what can I do for one who——”

We both started back, and methought both blushed deeply. After a momentary silence, he again began:

“During the short time when I enjoyed the happiness of being near you, I observed, Sir — will you allow me to say so — I observed, with unutterable admiration, the beautiful shadow in the sun, which, with a certain noble contempt, and perhaps without being aware of it, you threw off from your feet; forgive me this, I confess too daring intrusion; but should you be inclined to transfer it to me?”

He was silent, and my head turned round like a water-wheel. What could I make of this singular proposal for disposing of my shadow? “He is crazy!” thought I; and with an altered tone, yet more forcible, as contrasted with the humility of his own, I replied:

“How is this, good friend? Is not your own shadow

enough for you? This seems to me a whimsical sort of bargain indeed."

He began again. "I have in my pocket many matters which might be not quite unacceptable to the gentleman; for this invaluable shadow I deem any price too little."

A chill came over me. I remembered what I had seen, and knew not how to address him whom I had just ventured to call my good friend. I spoke again, and assumed an extraordinary courtesy to set matters in order.

"Pardon, Sir, pardon your most humble servant. I do not quite understand your meaning; how can my shadow——"

He interrupted me. "I only beg your permission to be allowed to lift up your noble shadow, and put it in my pocket: how to do it is my own affair. As a proof of my gratitude for the gentleman, I leave him the choice of all the jewels which my pocket affords; the genuine divining-rods, mandrake roots, change-pennies, money-extractors, the napkins of Roland's Squire, and divers other miracle-workers—a choice assortment; but all this is not fit for you—better that you should have Fortunatus's wishing-cap, restored spick-and-span new; and also a fortune-bag which belonged to him."

"Fortunatus's fortune-bag!" I exclaimed; and great as had been my terror, all my senses were now enraptured by the sound. I became dizzy, and nothing but double ducats seemed sparkling before my eyes.

"Condescend, Sir, to inspect and make a trial of this bag." He put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a moderately-sized, firmly-stitched purse of thick cordovan, with two convenient leather cords hanging to it, which he presented to me. I instantly dipped into it, drew from it ten pieces of gold, and ten more, and ten more, and yet ten more;—I stretched out my hand. "Done! the bargain is made; I give you my shadow for your purse."

He grasped my hand, and knelt down behind me, and with wonderful dexterity I perceived him loosening my shadow from the ground from head to foot;—he lifted

it up;—he rolled it together and folded it, and at last put it into his pocket. He then stood erect, bowed to me again, and returned back to the rose-grove. I thought I heard him laughing softly to himself. I held, however, the purse tight by its strings—the earth was sun-bright all around me—and my senses were still wholly confused.

At last I came to myself, and hastened from a place where apparently I had nothing more to do. I first filled my pockets with gold, then firmly secured the strings of the purse round my neck, taking care to conceal the purse itself in my bosom. I left the park unnoticed, reached the high road, and bent my way to the town. I was walking thoughtfully towards the gate when I heard a voice behind me:

“Holla! young Squire! holla! don't you hear?” I looked round—an old woman was calling after me;—“Take care, Sir, take care—you have lost your shadow!” “Thanks, good woman!”—I threw her a piece of gold for her well-meant counsel, and walked away under the trees.

At the gate I was again condemned to hear from the sentinel, “Where has the gentleman left his shadow?” and immediately afterward a couple of women exclaimed, “Good heavens! the poor fellow has no shadow!” I began to be vexed, and carefully avoided walking in the sun. This I could not always do: for instance, in the Broad Street, which I was next compelled to cross; and as ill-luck would have it, at the very moment when the boys were being released from school. A confounded hunch-back vagabond—I see him at this moment—had observed that I wanted a shadow. He instantly began to bawl out to the young tyros of the suburbs, who first criticised me, and then bespattered me with mud: “Respectable people are accustomed to carry their shadows with them when they go into the sun.”

I scattered handfuls of gold among them to divert their attention; and, with the assistance of some compassionate souls, sprang into a hackney-coach. As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling vehicle, I began to weep bit-

terly. My inward emotion suggested to me, that even as in this world gold weighs down both merit and virtue, so a shadow might possibly be more valuable than gold itself; and that as I had sacrificed my riches to my integrity on other occasions, so now I had given up my shadow for mere wealth; and what ought, what could become of me?—*Peter Schlemihl*.

THE LION'S BRIDE.

With the myrtle wreath decked, for the bridal arrayed,
The keeper's young daughter, the rosy-cheeked maid,
Steps into the den of the lion; he flies
To the feet of his mistress, where, fawning, he lies.

The mighty beast, once so intractable, wild
Looks up at his mistress, so sensible, mild,
The lovely young maiden, now melting to tears,
Caresses the faithful one, fondles, and cheers.

“We were in the days that are now passed away,
Like children, fond playfellows, happy and gay,
To each other so dear, to each other so kind,
Far, far are the days of our childhood behind.

“How proudly thou shookest, ere we were aware,
Thy kindly head, midst the gold waves of the hair;
Thou seest me a woman, no more thou wilt find
The child of the past, with its infantile mind.

“O were I the child still, O were I but free,
To stay, my brave, honest, old fellow, with thee!
But I must now follow, at others' commands,
Must follow my husband to far distant lands.

“He saw me; it pleased him to say I was fair,
He wooed me: 'tis done, see the wreath in my hair!
My faithful old fellow, alas! we must part,
With tears in my eyes, and with grief in my heart.

“Dost thou understand me? thou lookest so grim,
I am calm, but thou tremblest in every limb;
I see him advancing whom I must attend,
So now the last kiss will I give thee, my friend!”

As the maiden's lips touched him, to bid him adieu,
She felt the den tremble, it quivered anew;
And when at the grating the youth he espied,
Grim horror seized hold of the trembling bride.

He stands as a guard at the entrance door,
He lashes his tail, loud, loud is his roar;
She threatens, commands, and implores, but in vain,
In anger he bars the gate, shaking his mane.

Loud shrieks of wild terror without there arise,
“Bring weapons! bring weapons! be quick!” the youth
cries,
“My hand will not fail, through his heart will I fire!”
Loud roars the excited one, foaming with ire.

The wretched maid ventures, approaches the door,
Transformed, he his mistress seized wildly and tore;
The beautiful form, now a horrible spoil,
Lies bloody, distorted, and torn on the soil.

And when the dear blood of the maiden was shed,
He gloomily laid himself down by the dead,
Beside her he lay, by his sorrow opprest,
Till the musket ball pierced through the heart in his
breast.

—*Translation of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

LAST SONNETS.

I feel, I feel, each day, the fountain failing;
It is the death that gnaweth at my heart;
I know it well, and vain is every art
To hide the fatal ebb, the secret ailing.
So wearily the spring of life is coiling,

Until the fatal morning sets it free:
 Then sinks the dark, and who inquires for me
 Will find a man at rest from all his toiling.
 That I can speak to thee of death and dying,
 And yet my cheeks the loyal blood maintain,
 Seems bold to thee, and almost over-vain:
 But Death!—no terror in the world is lying;
 And yet the thought I cannot well embrace,
 Nor have I looked the angel in the face.

He visited my dreams, the fearful guest!
 My careless vigor, while I slumbered, stealing;
 And, huge and shadowy above me kneeling,
 Buried his woesome talons in my breast.
 I murmured—"Dost thou herald my hereafter?
 Is it the hour? Art calling me away?
 Lo! I have set myself in meet array."—
 He broke upon my words with mocking laughter.
 I scanned him sharply, and the terror stood
 In chilly dew—my courage had an end.
 His accents through me like a palsy crept.
 "Patience!" he cried: "I only suck thy blood:
 Didst think 'twas Death already? Not so, friend;
 I am Old Age, thy fable; thou hast slept."

They say the year is in its summer glory;
 But thou, O Sun, appearest chill and pale,
 The vigor of thy youth begins to fail—
 Say, art thou, too, becoming old and hoary?
 Old Age, forsooth!—what profits our complaining?
 Although a bitter guest and comfortless,
 One learns to smile beneath its stern caress,
 The fated burden manfully sustaining:
 'Tis only for a span, a summer's day.
 Deep in the fitful twilight have I striven,
 Must now the even-feast of rest be holding:
 One curtain falls—and lo! another play!
 "His will be done whose mercy much has given!"
 I'll pray—my grateful hands to heaven folding.

CHAMPOLLION-FIGEAC, JACQUES JOSEPH, a French linguist and archæologist; born at Figeac, department of Lot, October 5, 1778; died May 9, 1867. For a number of years he was professor of Greek at Grenoble. In 1807 he published *Antiquities of Grenoble. Ancient Egypt*, a very valuable work, was published later, and in 1819 *Chronicles of the Greek Kings of Egypt*. For the latter he received a prize from the Institute of Grenoble. From 1828 to 1848 he was conservator of the manuscripts of the Royal Library in Paris. In 1848 he was appointed librarian to Napoleon III. He published a *Treatise on Archæology* (1843), and after the death of his brother, Jean François, edited a number of his works.

KING AMÉNOPHIS I., A DISTINGUISHED EGYPTIAN RULER.

The reign of King Aménophis I. lasted about thirty years. Numerous contemporary monuments remain to us of this prince, and a still greater number consecrated to his glorious memory by the kings, his successors, who honored him by a worship almost divine.

His name is inscribed in the royal litanies, the text of which is preserved on manuscripts of papyrus; the image of this Pharaoh is also placed on a number of bas-reliefs, in the centre of those of the Egyptian divinities, and associated with such acts of piety as are performed by kings, princes, and persons of different castes.

A deified statue of Aménophis I. in white clay stands in the Museum at Turin. In the Egyptian Museum at Paris, monuments of this same Pharaoh in various shapes and materials are to be seen, either warring against foreigners, the enemies of Egypt, or carried in a palanquin at the side of the goddess Thméi, she of justice and of peace, who covers him with her wings; and, lastly, receiv-

ing at the same time, with the god Osiris offerings of fruit and flowers presented by a family of the country.

The queen, his wife, is habitually associated with the honors paid to the king. Her name is Ahmos-Nofré-Ari, *the conceived of the God Moon, the beneficent Ari*, and from some monumental records we may be authorized to believe that she was an Ethiopian. The sojourn in Upper Egypt of the kings of the seventeenth dynasty and that of Aménophis himself during his youth, would account for this alliance of the son of Ahmôsis with the daughter of some Ethiopian personage of distinction.

Queen Nofré-Ari is also inscribed in the royal litanies; a statue of painted wood in the Museum at Turin represents this queen. The inscription traced on its base gives her the titles of royal spouse of Ammon, the lady of the world, the principal royal spouse, and guardian of the regions of Upper and Lower Egypt.

Her name is also preserved in the acts of adoration addressed to the memory of her husband by the kings and queens who succeeded them on the throne.—*Ancient Egypt; translation of MARY S. LESTER.*

CHAMPOLLION, JEAN FRANÇOIS, a French Egyptologist; born at Figeac, department of Lot, December 23, 1790; died at Paris, March 4, 1832. He was educated by his brother, Champollion-Figeac, who was professor of Greek at Grenoble. He devoted much time to the study of the Oriental languages, especially Coptic. In 1807 he went to Paris to continue these studies. In 1809 he was made assistant professor of History in the Lyceum of Grenoble, and in 1812 was appointed principal professor there. From 1811 to 1814 he had published two volumes of a work entitled *Geographical Description of Egypt*

Under the Pharaohs, in which he reproduced manuscripts from the Coptic, giving the national geography of Egypt. A comparison of these manuscripts with the monuments convinced him that the three systems of Egyptian writing, the hieroglyphic, the hierotic, and the demotic were practically the same. From a study of the famous Rosetta Stone he obtained a key to the hieroglyphic writing, and from this key obtained equivalents of twenty-one letters of the Greek alphabet. This discovery was announced to the Academy of Inscriptions in 1822. Its value was at once appreciated, and pronounced by Niebuhr the greatest discovery of the century. In 1824 he published a *Summary of the Hieroglyphic System of the Ancient Egyptians*. In 1826 he was appointed director of the Royal Egyptian Museum at Paris, and in 1828 he was commissioned to conduct a scientific expedition to Egypt in company with Rosellini, who had received a like commission from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold II. After his return to Paris he was made a member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and in 1831 a chair of Egyptian Antiquities was created especially for him in the College of France. He died while engaged with Rosellini in preparing to publish the results of their researches in Egypt. A number of his works were edited and published after his death by his brother, Champollion-Figeac.

Many interesting stories have been told of his readiness at deciphering hieroglyphics. Landing at Karnak, on his way to Upper Egypt, he spent an hour or two in the vast halls of the ruined temple. A hundred scholars had gazed on a sculptured group which represents a god as offering to Shishak a host of captured cities and countries; but none of them had

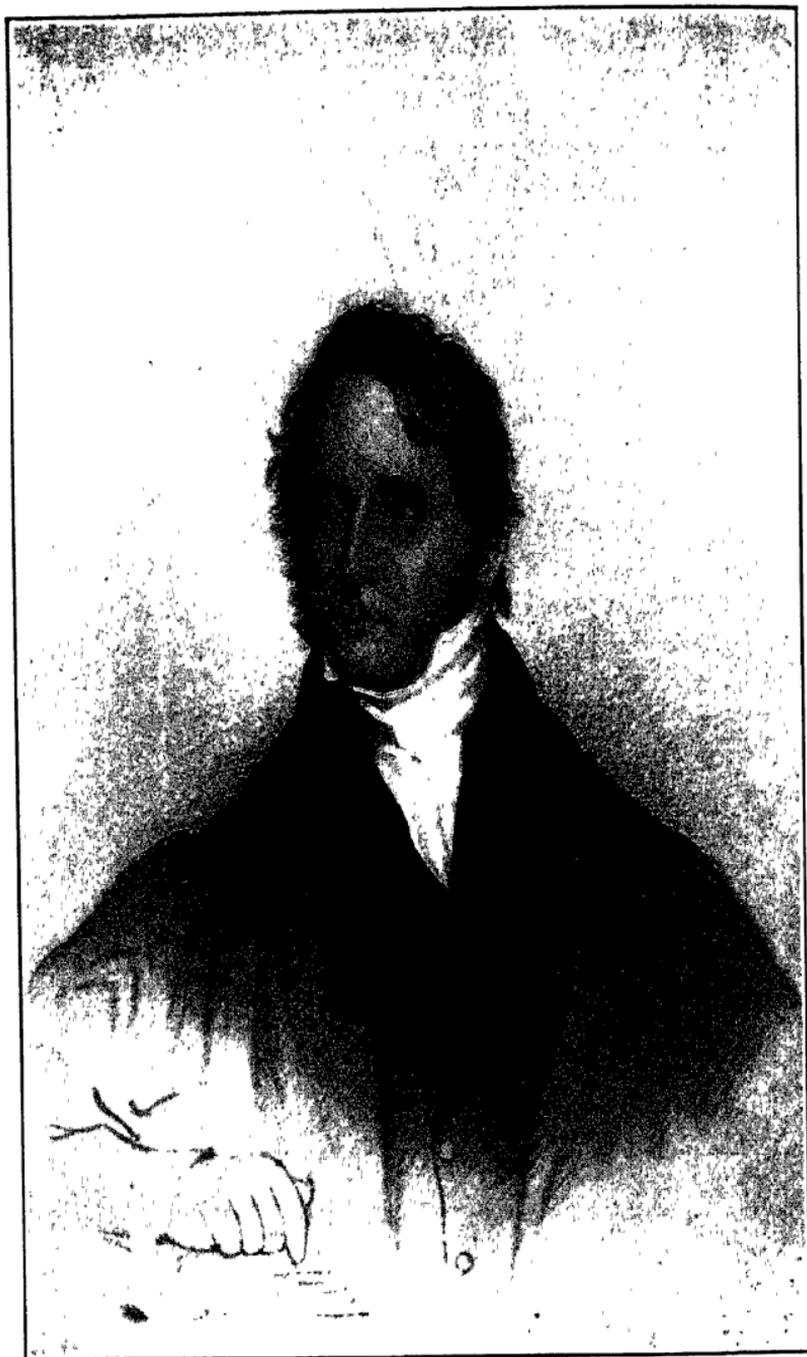
ever read anything to connect all this with the Scripture history. Champollion passed his keen eye along the group silently; then read aloud to his friends: "MELEK AIUDAH!"—King of Judah. "It was like a voice," says the relater, "out of the ancient ages, that sound among the ruins of Karnak, as the great scholar read the story of the son of Solomon on the wall of his conqueror's temple."

The Rosetta Stone—a trilingual tablet discovered in Egypt by the French and turned over to the English by treaty—had long lain silent and mysterious in the British Museum. Scholars had tried to talk with it; and Dr. Young had once seemed in a fair way to cultivate its acquaintance. But to none would it tell its riddle, until Champollion came along; then to him it gave its secret as to a long-awaited friend. Champollion's great service to the cause of literature consisted in his opening to us of these many centuries after Christ the door to the literature of those far-away centuries before Christ. And as the key—a skeleton key, one might say—to this great achievement was his famous decipherment of the Rosetta Stone, perhaps no better opportunity will occur than the present to present a specimen of this celebrated document of antiquity.

DIVINE HONORS TO KING PTOLEMY.

It has pleased the priests of all the temples in the land to decree that all the honors belonging to the King Ptolemy, ever living, the well beloved of Pthah, god Epiphanes, most gracious, as well as those which are due to his father and mother, the gods philopatores, and those which are due to his ancestors, should be considered augmented; that the statue of King Ptolemy, ever living, be erected in each temple, and placed in the most conspicuous spot,

which shall be called the Statue of Ptolemy, avenger of Egypt; near this statue shall be placed the principal god of the temple, who will present him with the arms of victory; and everything shall be disposed in the manner most appropriate. That the priests shall perform, three times a day, religious service to these statutes; that they shall adorn them with sacred ornaments; and that they shall have care to render them, in the great solemnities, all the honors which, according to usage, ought to be paid to the other deities; that there be consecrated to King Ptolemy a statue, and a chapel, gilded, in the most holy of the temples; that this chapel be placed in the sanctuary, with all the others; and that in the great solemnities, wherein it is customary to bring out the chapels from the sanctuaries, there shall be brought out that of the god Epiphanes, most gracious; and that this chapel may be better distinguished from the others, now and in the lapse of time hereafter, there shall be placed above it the ten golden crowns of the king, which shall bear on their anterior part an asp, in imitation of those crowns of aspic form which are in the other chapels; and in the middle of these crowns shall be placed the royal ornament termed PSHENT, that one which the king wore when he entered the Memphis, in the temple, in order to observe the legal ceremonies prescribed for the coronation; that there be attached to the tetragon encircling the ten crowns affixed to the chapel above named, phylacteries of gold with this inscription: "This is the chapel of the King, of that King who has rendered illustrious the upper and the lower region;" that there be celebrated a festival; and a great assembly be held in honor of the ever living, of the well beloved of Pthah, of the King Ptolemy, god Epiphanes most gracious, every year; this festival shall take place in all the provinces, as well in Upper as in Lower Egypt; and shall last for five days, to commence on the first day of the month of Thoth; during which those who make the sacrifices, the libations, and all the other customary ceremonies, shall wear crowns; they shall be called the priests of the god *Epiphanes-Eucharistos*, and they shall add this name to the others that they borrow from the deities to



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

the service of whom they are already consecrated. And in order that it may be known why, in Egypt, he is glorified and honored, as is just, the god Epiphanes, most gracious sovereign, the present decree shall be engraved on a stela of hard stone, in Sacred Characters, in Writing of the Country, and in Greek Letters; and this stela shall be placed in each of the temples of the first, second, and third class existing in all the kingdoms.—*Gliddon's English Wording.*

CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY, an American clergyman and essayist; born at Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating in 1798. In 1803 he was ordained minister of the Federal Street Congregational Church in Boston. In an ordination sermon preached in 1819 he advanced Unitarian views. His tractate on *The Evidences of Christianity* and his *Address on War* led the authorities of Harvard University in 1821 to bestow on him the title of D.D. He has been termed "the apostle of Unitarianism." He says of himself: "I wish to regard myself as belonging not to a sect, but to a community of free minds, of lovers of the truth, and followers of Christ both on earth and in heaven." Coleridge said of him: "He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." The best known of Channing's works are *Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte*; *Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton*; *Essay on the Character and Writings of Fénelon*; *Essay on Self-Culture*; *Essay on the Importance and Means of a*

National Literature; Address on War, and The Evidences of Christianity.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL MIND.

Intellectual culture consists, not chiefly, as many are apt to think, in accumulating information, though this is important, but in building up a force of thought which may be turned at will on any subject on which we are called to pass judgment. This force is manifested in the concentration of the attention, in accurate, penetrating observation, in reducing complex subjects to their elements, in diving beneath the effect to the cause, in detecting the more subtle differences and resemblances of things, in reading the future in the present, and especially in rising from particular facts to general laws or universal truths. This last exertion of the intellect, its rising to broad views and great principles, constitutes what is called the philosophical mind, and is especially worthy of culture. What it means your own observation must have taught you. You must have taken note of two classes of men, the one always employed on details, on particular facts, and the other using these facts as foundations of higher, wider truths. The latter are philosophers. For example, men had for ages seen pieces of wood, stones, metals, falling to the ground. Newton seized on these particular facts, and rose to the idea that all matter tends, or is attracted, towards all matter; and then defined the law according to which this attraction or force acts at different distances, thus giving us a grand principle which, we have reason to think, extends to and controls the whole outward creation. One man reads a history, and can tell you all its events, and there stops. Another combines these events, brings them under one view, and learns the great causes which are at work on this or another nation, and what are its great tendencies, whether to freedom or despotism, to one or another form of civilization. So, one man talks continually about the particular actions of this or another neighbor, whilst another looks beyond the acts to the inward principle from which they spring, and gathers from

them larger views of human nature. In a word, one man sees all things apart and in fragments, whilst another strives to discover the harmony, connection, unity of all.

One of the great evils of society is that men, occupied perpetually with petty details, want general truths, want broad, fixed principles. Hence many, not wicked, are unstable, habitually inconsistent, as if they were overgrown children rather than men. To build up that strength of mind which apprehends and clings to great universal truths is the highest intellectual self-culture; and here I wish you to observe how entirely this culture agrees with that of the moral and religious principles of our nature, of which I have previously spoken. In each of these the improvement of the soul consists in raising it above what is narrow, particular, individual, selfish, to the universal and unconfined. To improve a man is to liberalize, enlarge him in thought, feeling and purpose. Narrowness of intellect and heart, this is the degradation from which all culture aims to rescue the human being.—*Self-Culture.*

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

His intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood by a glance what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of any army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible, to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule, and he discovered the true characteristics of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralyzed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which

the storm of battle burst upon them; and, whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. This power of disheartening the foe and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence and exhilarating courage which made war a pastime, and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through nations, had no small agency in fixing his character and determining for a period the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory, and raised his fiery hopes to empire. The burst of admiration which his early career called forth must, in particular, have had an influence in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterized, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with *astonishing* the world, with producing a sudden and universal sensation, such as modern times had not witnessed. To astonish, as well as to sway by his energies, became the great aim of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object, but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and, by the suddenness of its new creations, awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires. . . . He lived for effect. The world was

his theatre, and he cared little what part he played, if he might walk the sole hero on the stage, and call forth bursts of applause which would silence all other fame. . . .

His history shows a spirit of self-exaggeration unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an Oriental king to whom incense had been burned from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood which is developed in truly great souls, with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves, willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst its wild beatings, never had a throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown. . . .

His original propensities, released from restraint and pampered by indulgence to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. . . . To him all human will, desire, power, were to bend. His superiority none might question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals, nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear, and revenge through Europe;

and when the day of retribution came the old antipathies and mutual jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe.

Such was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte. There are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness or magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe which would serve it from the cause of freedom and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is "ever ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind.

Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a god, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned upon his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interest with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world.

Next to moral, comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to

comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and everlasting, frames to itself from its own fulness lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers and to the master spirit in poetry and the fine arts.

Next comes the greatness of *action*; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack and the deserts of the Arab—a man who has left this record of himself in history has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.—*The Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.*

POETRY.

Poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it respite from de-

pressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops it dims its fires and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good.

Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep, though shuddering, sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind above and beyond the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars—the wisdom of the

senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good and wealth the chief interest of life—we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earthborn prudence. But passing over this topic, we would observe that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry when the letter is falsehood the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being.

The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire:—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be

indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.—*The Character and Writings of Milton.*

THOUGHT.

I have said that the elevation of man is to be sought, or, rather, consists, first, in Force of Thought exerted for the acquisition of truth; and to this I ask your serious attention. Thought, thought, is the fundamental distinction of mind and the great work of life. All that a man does outwardly is but the expression and completion of his inward thought. To work effectually, he must think clearly. To act nobly, he must think nobly. Intellectual force is a principal element of the soul's life, and should be proposed by every man as a principal end of his being.

It is common to distinguish between the intellect and the conscience, between the power of thought and virtue, and to say that virtuous action is worth more than strong thinking. But we mutilate our nature by thus drawing lines between actions or energies of the soul which are intimately, indissolubly, bound together. The head and the heart are not more vitally connected than thought and virtue. Does not conscience include, as a part of itself, the noblest action of the intellect or reason? Do we not degrade it by making it a mere feeling? Is it not something more? Is it not a wise discernment of the right, the holy, the good? Take away thought from virtue, and what remains worthy of a man? Is not high virtue more than blind instinct? Is it not founded on, and does it not include clear, bright perceptions of what is lovely and grand in character and action? Without power of thought, what we call conscientiousness, or a desire to do right, shoots out into illusion, exaggeration, pernicious excess. The most cruel deeds on earth have been perpetrated in the name of conscience. Men have hated and murdered one another from a sense of duty. . . . The worst frauds have taken the name of pious. Thought, intelligence, is the dignity of a man, and no man is rising but in proportion as he is learning to think clearly and forcibly, or directing the energy of his mind to the acquisition of truth. Every man, in whatever condition, is

to be a student. No matter what other vocation he may have, his chief action is to Think.

I say every man is to be a student, a thinker. This does not mean that he is to shut himself within four walls and bend body and mind over books. Men thought before books were written, and some of the greatest thinkers never entered what we call a study. Nature, Scripture, Society, and Life, present perpetual subjects for thought; and the man who collects, concentrates, employs his faculties on any of these subjects, for the purpose of getting the truth, is so far a student, a thinker, a philosopher, and is rising to the dignity of a man. It is time that we should cease to limit to professed scholars the titles of thinkers, philosophers. Whoever seeks truth with an earnest mind, no matter when or how, belongs to the school of intellectual men.

In a loose sense of the word, all men may be said to think; that is, a succession of ideas, notions, passes through their minds from morning to night; but in as far as this succession is passive, undirected, or governed only by accident and outward impulse, it has little more claim to dignity than the experience of the brute, who receives, with like passiveness, sensations from abroad through his waking hours. Such thought—if thought it may be called—having no aim, is as useless as the vision of an eye which rests on nothing, which flies without pause over earth and sky, and of consequence receives no distinct image. Thought, in its true sense, is an energy of the intellect. In thought the mind not only receives impressions of suggestions from without or within, but reacts upon them, collects its attention, concentrates its forces upon them, breaks them up, and analyzes them like a living laboratory, and then combines them anew, traces their connections, and thus impresses itself on all the objects which engage it.—*On the Elevation of the Working Classes.*

CHAPIN, EDWIN HUBBELL, an American clergyman and orator; born at Union Village, N. Y., December 27, 1814; died at New York, December 27, 1880. He was educated at Bennington, Vt., and preached in Richmond, Va., Charlestown, Mass., Boston, and New York, to which city he removed in 1848. He was one of the foremost pulpit orators, and was among the favorite popular lecturers of his day. Among his publications are *Hours of Communion*; *The Crown of Thorns*; *Discourses on the Lord's Prayer*; *Characters in the Gospels*; *Christianity the Perfection of True Manliness*; *Humanity in the City*, and *The Moral Aspects of City Life*. Henry Ward Beecher used to say of Dr. Chapin's oratory: "I have never met or heard a man who in his height and glow of eloquence surpassed or equalled him in many qualities. It was a trance to sit under him in his ripest and most inspired hours; it was a vision of beauty; the world seemed almost dark and cold for an hour afterward." "Dr. Ellis," said the *Boston Literary World*, in its review of Ellis's *Life of Chapin*, "discusses his claim to be called poet. He was a poet in all but the form; and he was too busy and too impatient to grasp that from the great altitudes of art. His life and his speech were poetical, but his verse was hardly poetry. His great work was in the pulpit; the fame of his sermons can hardly die out, nor can he lose his place from among the very foremost of our pulpit orators. His oratory was a flame of fire; he will give out life and heat long after his ashes are cold. His was the passion of a war-king in the service of the Prince of Peace; his best passages were to those

who remember them a storm of soul that gave new verdure and chasteness to the virtue of those who heard."

SOCIAL FORCES.

Truths, opinions, ideas, spoken or written, are not merely facts or entities, they are *forces*; and it is easy to discover their supremacy over all the energies of the material world. Every invention, every utensil or vehicle, like the locomotive or the telegraph, *assists* society—is a means by which it is developed: but the developing power itself is the intelligence which runs to and fro with the rail-car, is the *sentiment* which leaps along the wires. Everything grows from the centre outward; and so humanity grows from moral and intellectual inspirations. The globe on which we live unfolds its successive epochs through flood and fire, and gravitation carries it majestically onward toward the constellation Hercules. But the history of our race—the great drama for which the physical world affords a theatre—is developed by more subtle forces. Whatever touches the nerve of motive, whatever shifts man's moral position, is mightier than steam, or caloric, or lightning. It projects us into another sphere; it throws us upon a higher or lower plane of activity. Thus, a martyr's blood may become not only "the seed of the Church," but of far-reaching revolutions; and the philosopher's abstraction beats down feudal castles, and melts barriers of steel. One great principle will tell more upon the life of a people than all its discoveries and conquests. Its character in history will be decided, not by its geographical conformation, but by its ideas. In the great sum of social destiny, England is not that empire whose right arm encircles the northern lakes, and whose left stretches far down into the Indian Sea; but an *influence* which is vascular with the genius of Bacon and Locke, and Shakespeare and Milton. And our own America, reaching from ocean to ocean, and crowned with its thirty stars, is not a mere territory on the map, a material weight among nations, but a sentiment—we will trust

and believe—a *sentiment* to go abroad to other people, and into other times, caught from apostles of liberty, and kindled by champions of human right.

As we look around, then, upon the great city, which, more than any other place, represents the form and working of the age, let us remember that what is stirring in the world's heart, and changing the face of the times, is not really the influence of invention, or art; is not, primarily, the mighty commerce that clusters about its wharves, or the traffic that rolls through its streets; but that intelligence, that sentiment, those thoughts and opinions, whose written or spoken word is power.—*Moral Aspect of City Life.*

CHAPMAN, GEORGE, an English poet, dramatist, and translator; born at Hitchin Hill, Hertfordshire, in 1559; died at London, May 12, 1634. He was educated at Oxford, and it is supposed that he travelled in Germany. At the age of thirty-five he published a poem, *The Shadow of Night*. At thirty-nine he was known as a writer for the stage. He had also published the first part of his translation of Homer. Among his eighteen plays are *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*; *All Fools*; *Monsieur D'Olive*; *Bussy D'Ambois*; *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron*; *The Widow's Tears*; *Cæsar and Pompey*; *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, and *Revenge for Honor*. His style is sometimes clear, vigorous, and simple, sometimes obscure and pedantic. Solid thought, noble sentiment, and graceful fancy, are intermingled with turgid obscurity, indecency, and bombast. Yet so competent a critic as Charles Lamb regarded Chapman as the greatest after Shakespeare

of the English dramatists. Chapman's best work is his translation of Homer and Hesiod.

THE GRIEF OF ANDROMACHE.

Thus fury like she went,
Two women as she willed at hand; and made her quick
 ascent
Up to the tower and press of men, her spirit in uproar.
 Round
She cast her greedy eye, and saw her Hector slain and
 bound
T' Achilles' chariot, manlessly dragg'd to the Grecian
 fleet.
Black night strook through her, under her trance took
 away her feet,
And back she shrunk with such a sway that off her head-
 tire flew,
Her coronet, caul, ribbands, veil that golden Venus
 threw
On her white shoulders that high day when warlike Hec-
 tor won
Her hand in nuptials in the court of King Eëtion,
And that great dower then given with her. About her,
 on their knees,
Her husband's sisters, brothers' wives, fell round, and
 by degrees
Recovered her. Then when again her respirations found
Free pass (her mind and spirit met) these thoughts her
 words did sound:
"O Hector, O me, cursed dame, both born beneath one
 fate,
Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where Placus doth elate
His shady forehead, in the court where King Eëtion
(Hapless) begot unhappy me; which would he had not
 done,
To live past thee: thou now art dived to Pluto's gloomy
 throne,
Sunk through the coverts of the earth; I in a hell of
 moan,

Left here thy widow; one poor babe born to unhappy
both,
Whom thou leav'st helpless as he thee, he born to all
the wroth
Of woe and labor. Lands left him will others seize upon;
The orphan day of all friends' helps robs every mother's
son.
An orphan all men suffer sad; his eyes stand still with
tears:
Need tries his father's friends, and fails; of all his favor-
ers,
If one the cup gives, 'tis not long, the wine he finds in it
Scarce moist his palate; if he chance to gain the grace
to sit,
Surviving fathers' sons repine; use contumelies, strike,
Bid 'leave us, where's thy father's place?' He weeping
with dislike,
Retires to me, to me, alas, Astyanax is he
Born to these miseries; he that late fed on his father's
knee,
To whom all knees bow'd, daintiest fare apposed him;
and when sleep
Lay on his temples, his cries still'd (his heart even laid
in steep
Of all things precious), a soft bed, a careful nurse's arms
Took him to guardianship. But now as huge a world of
harms
Lies on his sufferance; now thou want'st thy father's
hand to friend,
O my Astyanax; O my Lord, thy hand that did defend
These gates of Ilium, these long walls by thy arm meas-
ured still
Amplify and only. Yet at fleet thy naked corpse must fill
Vile worms, when dogs are satiate; far from thy parents'
care.
Far from those funeral ornaments that thy mind would
prepare
(So sudden being the chance of arms) ever expecting
death.

Which task, though my heart would not serve t' employ
 my hands beneath,
 I made my women yet perform. Many and much in
 price,
 Were those integuments they wrought t' adorn thy ex-
 equies;
 Which, since they fly thy use, thy corse not laid in their
 attire,
 Thy sacrifice they shall be made; these hands in mis-
 chievous fire
 Shall vent their vanities. And yet, being consecrate to
 thee,
 They shall be kept for citizens, and their fair wives, to
 see."
 Thus spake she weeping; all the dames endeavoring to
 cheer
 Her desert state, fearing their own, wept with her tear
 for tear.

—*Translation of the Iliad.*

REUNION OF SOUL AND BODY.

Cato.—As nature works in all things to an end,
 So, in th' appropriate honor of that end,
 All things precedent have their natural frame;
 And therefore is there a proportion
 Betwix the end of these things and their primes;
 For else there could not be in their creation,
 Always, or for the most part, that firm form
 In their still like existence, that we see
 In each full creature. What proportion, then
 Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
 And therefore the mortality to which
 A man is subject rather is a sleep
 Than bestial death; since sleep and death are called
 The twins of nature. For if absolute death
 And bestial seize the body of a man,
 Then is there no proportion in his parts,
 His soul being free from death, which otherwise
 Retains divine proportion. For as sleep

So disproportion holds with human souls,
 But aptly quickens the proportion
 Twix them and bodies, making bodies fitter
 To give up forms to souls, which is their end;
 So death (twin-born of sleep) resolving all
 Man's bodies' heavy parts; in lighter nature
 Makes a reunion with the sprightly soul;
 When in a second life their beings given,
 Holds this proportion firm in highest heaven.

Athenodorus.—Hold you our bodies shall revive, resum-
 ing

Our souls again to heaven?

Cato.— Past doubt, though others
 Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches,
 Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings,
 Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
 Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas;
 And what's that golden chain but our pure souls.
 A golden beam of him, let down by him,
 That, governed with his grace, and drawn by him,
 Can hoist this earthly body up to him,
 The sea, the air, and all the elements
 Comprest in it: not while 'tis thus concrete,
 But fin'd by death, and then given heavenly heat.

—*Cæsar and Pompey.*

A GOOD WIFE.

Let no man value at a little price
 A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit
 Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words,
 And (like her beauty), ravishing and pure,
 The weaker body still the stronger soul.
 When good endeavors do her powers apply,
 Her love draws nearest man's felicity.
 Oh! what a treasure is a virtuous wife,
 Discreet and loving. Not one gift on earth
 Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven;
 She gives him double forces to endure
 And to enjoy; by being one with him,

Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense;
 And, like the twins Hippocrates reports,
 If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short;
 If he lament, she melts herself in tears;
 If he be glad she triumphs; if he stir,
 She moves his way; in all things his sweet ape;
 And is in alterations passing strange,
 Himself divinely varied without change.
 Gold is right precious, but his price infects
 With pride and avarice; Authority lifts
 Hats from men's heads, and bows the strongest knees,
 Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts;
 Music delights but one sense; nor choice meats;
 One quickly fades, the other stirs to sin;
 But a true wife both sense and soul delights,
 And mixeth not her good with any ill,
 Her virtues (ruling hearts) all powers command,
 All store without her leaves a man but poor,
 And with her poverty is exceeding store;
 No time is tedious with her, her true worth
 Makes a true husband think his arms enfold
 (With her alone) a complete world of gold.

—*The Gentleman Usher.*

DEDICATION OF THE ILIAD.

O 'tis wondrous much
 (Though nothing prisde) that the right vertuous touch
 Of a well-written soule to vertue moves.
 Nor have we soules to purpose, if their loves
 Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd;
 How much then were this kingdome's maine soul maim'd,
 To want this great inflamer of all powers
 That move in human soules! All realms but yours
 Are honored with him; and hold best that state
 To have his works to contemplate
 In which humanity to her height is raisde,
 Which all the world (yet none enough) hath praisde.
 Seas, earth, and heaven he did in verse comprize;
 Out-sung the Muses, and did equalise
 Their king Apollo; being so farre from cause

Of princes' light thoughts, that their gravest lawes
 May find stuff to be fashioned by his lines.
 Through all the pomp of kingdomes still he shines,
 And graceth all his graces. Then let lie
 Your lutes and viols, and more loftily
 Make the heroiques of your Homer sung,
 To drums and trumpets set his Angel's tongue:
 And with the princely sports of hawkes you use
 Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse;
 And see, how like the Phoenix, she renues
 Her age and starrie feathers in your sunne —
 Thousands of yeares attending; everie one
 Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
 Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that have bin
 Subverted in them; lawes, religions, all
 Offered to change and greedie funerall;
 Yet still your Homer lasting, living, rainging.



CHAPONE, HESTER MULSO, an English poet and moralist; born at Twywell, Northamptonshire, October 27, 1727; died at Hadley, December 25, 1801. She was a daughter of Thomas Mulso; her mother was a remarkably beautiful woman, daughter of a Colonel Thomas, known as "Handsome Thomas." At nine years of age Hester wrote a romance, *The Loves of Amoret and Melissa*, and exhibited so much promise that her mother, becoming jealous, suppressed the child's literary efforts. When the mother died, Hester took the management of her father's house, using her spare time to study French, Italian, Latin, music, and drawing. In 1750 four billets of hers were published by Johnson in *The Rambler*; and she began to attract notice, to be talked about,

and to become acquainted with the literary celebrities of her time. She called Johnson's *Rasselas* "an ill-contrived, unfinished, unnatural, and uninstrucive tale." Richardson called her "a little spitfire," and delighted in her sprightly conversation. One bluestocking wrote to another: "Pray, who and what is this Miss Mulso? I honor her; I want to know more of her." She took sick, and as soon as she was well she sent an *Ode to Health* to Elizabeth Carter; then another *Ode*, which that learned lady printed with her translation of *Epictetus*. She contributed *The Story of Fidelia* to *The Adventurer*. She met an attorney named Chapone, and fell in love with him; he was averse to the idea of marrying her, but she made him yield, and they were married in 1760. Pending the negotiations, she wrote her *Matrimonial Creed* in seven articles, and addressed it to Richardson, the novelist. Her husband died in less than a year, and she was mistress of a small income, which was increased upon the death of her father, a couple of years later. Her best-known essays, *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, written in 1772 for the benefit of the daughter of her brother, and dedicated to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, brought her innumerable entreaties to undertake the education of daughters of the gentry and nobility. In 1775 her *Miscellanies* appeared and in 1777 her *Letter to a New Married Lady*. The following year she was introduced to the King and Queen, who said they hoped their daughter had profited by her writings. Many deaths of friends and relatives now occurred in rapid succession. She sought rest in retirement, but her health failed rapidly, and she died on Christmas

day, 1801, aged seventy-four. Her works passed through many editions and retained their high repute for a long time.

POLITENESS.

To be perfectly polite, one must have great presence of mind with a delicate and quick sense of propriety; or, in other words, one should be able to form an instantaneous judgment of what is fittest to be said or done on every occasion as it offers. I have known one or two persons who seemed to owe this advantage to nature only, and to have the peculiar happiness of being born, as it were, with another sense, by which they had an immediate preception of what was proper and improper in cases absolutely new to them; but this is the lot of very few. In general, propriety of behavior must be the fruit of instruction, of observation and reasoning; and it is to be cultivated and improved like any other branch of knowledge or virtue. A good temper is a necessary groundwork for it; and if to this be added a good understanding, applied industriously to this purpose, I think it can hardly fail of attaining all that is essential in it. Particular modes and ceremonies of behavior vary in different countries, and even in different parts of the same town. These can only be learned by observation on the manners of those who are best skilled in them, and by keeping what is called good company. But the principles of politeness are the same in all places. Wherever there are human beings it must be impolite to hurt the temper or to shock the passions of those you converse with. It must everywhere be good breeding to set your companions in the most advantageous point of light, by giving each the opportunity of displaying their most agreeable talents, and by carefully avoiding all occasions of exposing their defects;—to exert your own endeavors to please and to amuse, but not to outshine them;—to give each their due share of attention and notice; not engrossing the talk when others are desirous to speak, nor suffering the conversation to flag for want of introducing something to continue or renew a subject;—

not to push your advantages in argument so far that your antagonist cannot retreat with honor.—In short, it is a universal duty in society to consider others more than yourself—“in honor preferring one another.”—*Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.*

CHARLES, ELIZABETH RUNDLE, an English novelist; born January 2, 1828; died at London, March 28, 1896. She was married in 1851 to Andrew Paton Charles, of Hampstead Heath. In early life she wrote *The Draytons and Davenants*; and in 1863 appeared the work by which her reputation as an authoress of religious and reflective fiction was made, *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*. All her writings having appeared without her name she is commonly known as “the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*.” This is a story of the German Reformation, and presents, in the form of a series of letters between a brother at school and a sister at home, a careful picture of citizen life in the time of Luther. This was followed the next year by *The Diary of Kitty Trevelyan*, which enjoyed almost as wide a popularity. It dealt with the times and incidents of the Methodist revival under Wesley. *The Early Dawn*, published in 1865, treated, somewhat similarly, the time of the Reformation in England. Other works by her are *The Cripple of Antioch*; *The Olden Time*; *Martyrs of Spain*; *Liberators of Holland*; *The Two Vocations*; *Wanderings Over Bible Lands and Seas*; *Tales of Christian Life*; *Christian Life in Song*; *The Song*

Without Words; Mary; Winifred Bertram; The Bertram Family; Lapsed but Not Lost, and many others. She has also acquired reputation as a linguist, painter, musician, and poet. Her writings, as will be seen from the titles, are all of a general evangelical tone. "No modern writer for the religious public," says the *Princeton Review*, "has attained a higher position than that which justly belongs to the author of this series of works. Their whole tendency is to promote true Christianity."

PREPARING FOR A JOURNEY.

It was not until the poor lad was dead that they found what he had been so tightly clasping in his hand. It was a fragment of paper containing a few words written by Job Forster, of which Tim had indeed "taken care," as the clasp of the lifeless hand proved too well. The words were—"Rachel, be of good cheer. I am hurt on the shoulder, but not so bad. They are taking me, with Roger, to Oxford goal. His wound is in the side, painful at first, but Dr. Antony got the ball out, and says he will do well. Thee must not fret, nor try to come to us. It would hurt thee and do us no good. The Lord careth."

Rachel read this letter, with every word made emphatic by her certainty that Job would make as light as possible of any trouble, by her knowledge that his pen was not that of a ready writer, and by her sense of what she would have done herself in similar circumstances.

"Rachel!" the word, she knew, had taken him a minute or two to spell out, and it meant a whole volume of esteem and love; and, by the same measure, "hurt" meant "disabled;" and "not so bad" simply not in immediate peril of life; and "thee must not come" to her heart meant "come if thou canst, though I dare not bid thee."

It was not Rachel's way to let trouble make her helpless, or even prevent her being helpful where she was needed. God, she was sure, had not meant it for that. She lived at the door of the House of the Lord, and therefore, at

this sudden alarm, she did not need a long pilgrimage by an untrodden path to reach the sanctuary. A moment to lay down the burden and enter the open door, and lift up the heart there within; and then to the duty in hand. She remained, therefore, with Gammer Grindle until they had laid the poor faithful lad in his shroud; then she gave all the needful orders for the burial, so that it was not till dusk she was seated in her own cottage, with leisure to plan how she should carry out what, from the moment she had first glanced at her husband's letter, she had determined to do. Half an hour sufficed her for thinking, or "taking counsel," as she called it; half an hour for making preparations and coming across to us at Netherby, with her mind made up and all her arrangements settled. Arrived at the Hall, she handed Job's letter to Aunt Dorothy.

"What can be done?" said Aunt Dorothy. "How can it be that we have not heard from my brother or Dr. Antony? The king's forces must be between us and Oxford, and the letters must have been seized. But never fear, Rachel," she added, in a consoling tone. "At first they talked of treating all the Parliament prisoners as traitors; but that will never be. A ransom or an exchange is certain. Stay here to-night; it will be less lonely for you. We can take counsel together; and to-morrow we will think what to do."

"I have been thinking, Mistress Dorothy, and I have taken counsel. I am going at daybreak to-morrow to Oxford; and I came to ask if I could do aught for you, or take any message to Master Roger."

"How?" said Aunt Dorothy. "And who will go with you? Who will venture within the grasp of those plunderers?"

"I have not asked any one, Mistress Dorothy. I am going alone on our own old farm-horse."

"*You* travel scores of miles alone, and into the midst of the king's army, Rachel!" said Aunt Dorothy.

"I have taken counsel, Mistress Dorothy," said Rachel, calmly, and, looking up, Aunt Dorothy met that in Rachel's quiet eyes which she understood, and she made no further

remonstrance. "We will write letters to Roger," she said, after a pause.

In a short time they were ready, with one from me to Lettice Davenant.

Neither my aunts nor I slept much that night. We were resolving various plans for helping Rachel, each unknown to the other. I had thought of a letter to a friend of my father's who lived half-way between us and Oxford; and rising softly in the night, without telling any one, I wrote it. For I had removed to Roger's chamber while he was away; it seemed to bring me nearer to him. Then, before daybreak, feeling sure Rachel would be watching for the first streaks of light, I crept out of our house to hers. She was dressed, and was quietly packing up the great Bible, which lay always on the table, and laying it in the cupboard.

"Happy Rachel!" I said, kissing her, "to be old enough to dare to go."

"There is always some work, sweetheart," said she, "for every season, not to be done before or after. That is why we need never be afraid of growing old."—*The Draytons and the Davenants*.

CHASLES, VICTOR EUPHÉMION PHILARÉTE, a French critic and novelist; born near Charters, October 8, 1798; died at Venice, Italy, July 18, 1873. For many years he was the editor of the *Journal des Débats* and a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In 1841 he was appointed Professor of Foreign Languages and Literature in the College of France. He showed himself an able critic of English literature, and reproduced for the *Revue Britannique* many articles from English reviews. His works have been collected under the

title *Studies in Comparative Literature*, eleven volumes. Among these are *Studies in Spain*; *Studies in America* *Notabilities in France and England*; *Studies on Shakespeare*; *Marie Stuart*, and *F. Aretin*; *Galiléo*, *Sa Vie*, *Son Proces*, et *Ses Contemporains*.

FRENCH CHARACTERISTICS.

France, from the first germ of being, was not endowed with the calculating spirit—the *talent for affairs*, I name it. Her genius was for glory. The Celts of the ancient world were famed as brilliant adventurers. The sword, wielded by them, glittered throughout the East and West, and they were known as the most valiant of warriors. Such is the Gallic character. The Gallo-Roman, scarcely modified by twenty centuries' affiliation, under Bonaparte, pointed her sabre at the base of the pyramids. This son of the army of Brennus shook the capital, but it trembled only for a moment. In spite of affiliation of diverse Gauls from the North and South, who are grouped by conquest around the central country, does not France remain the same?—pre-eminently social, living with others and for others, more alive to honor than fortune, to vanity than power. These are their ineffaceable elements. We became Romans as the Russians became French. What we borrowed, above all, from our masters, was not their discipline, but their elegance, their obedience, their oratory, and their poetry. Christianity afterward diffused among us her sweet charities; the charm of social life was augmented. In fine, the German irruption inspired France with a taste for military prowess; but still she had a warlike garrulity, if I may so style it, easy and gay, which was evinced by the narrations of our first chroniclers and fablers. In the meantime, there was no place for the *spirit of affairs*.

Chivalry, elsewhere serious, was with us a charming and delightful parade. At the epoch of the Crusades our seigneurs put their châteaux in pledge, and joined in the Holy Wars. In the sixteenth century Francis I., who spent all in beautiful costumes, had not money to pay his

ransom. Under Henry IV. the counts sold their property, and *wore their estates upon their shoulders*; as said Fœneeste. Under Louis XIII. was borrowed the grave courtesy of the Spaniard, his gallantry, his romantic dramas and dramatic romances. The same passion, augmented, in the reign of Louis XIV., a remarkable epoch in France. Then all the ancient elements of the French character shone with intense lustre. Sociability became general, talent was honored, the clergy civilized the people, and obtained for recompense that pontificate of which Bossuet was first crowned. The fine arts satisfied the national vanity, and even our defects appeared a generous efflorescence, which consoled a people easy to console.

As to good financial administration, the progress of industry, the development of the business talent in France, I sought it in vain in her history. Some partial efforts and heroic starts, little supported, seemed to betray that our nation had no aptitude for modest endeavor and contentment with moderate success. The financial history of France is composed of a series of mad speculations. In vain Colbert and Louis XIV. pretended to foster industry. France, in servitude, possessed not the first condition. Industry, daughter of independence, was doomed to attempt her achievements in trammels. Colbert put commerce under regulations and protecting stratagems, when the invasion of France and political events extinguished her manufactures in their cradle. During the regency, many futile attempts were made to create industry. Societies were formed; galleons were expedited to the Indies. Government was the godfather and victim to the jugglery which duped itself in duping others.

During all this time England, her credit established, founded free corporations, under the enlightened reign of William the Third. Later, in France, the combination of riches and labor could do nothing. Voltaire, Diderot, and all the learned men, thought only of destroying the *rotten social organization*. From 1789 to 1793 their previsions were justified, and their efforts responded to. Soon followed the fourteen years of the republic—the *maximum* and the *guillotine*. Nothing of all this could create a



CHATEAUBRIAND.

healthy industry, but the spoliations turned to the profit of energetic men. Napoleon reigned, and he thought to sustain industry by the war which destroyed it. In depriving France of exterior resources, she was forced to resort to artificial means to supply her needs. But England, in her struggle, maintained her resources. . . . It is impossible not to recognize that the antecedents of France are opposed to the development of this new social phasis, called the industrial. Industry cannot result in riches of an individual or a people, excepting under certain moral conditions. Is France possessed of them?

She possesses exactly the contrary elements. France was in a chaotic state—a fusion of all ranks—no social basis, no principle, no convictions, but a morbid state of exhaustion and weariness. There was no centre in society, no point to lean upon. Each man was his own centre, as he might and could be. Scarcely had one obtained an individuality, by riches, by credit, or fame, to be able to form a group of individualities impregnated with his principles, than, the apprenticeship served, these satellites would teach themselves, and form centres in their turn. They called that independence, but it was dissolution. There is such liberty when the elements of the body are scattered in the tomb. From 1825 to 1840, there were everywhere little centres, without force, sufficient attraction, or radiation. There had not been, since Napoleon, one centre, political, intellectual, moral, which had the least solidity—a theory that was complete, a light which was not vacillating.—*Notabilities in France and England.*

CHATEAUBRIAND, FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE, VISCOMTE DE, a French statesman; born at St. Malo, September 14, 1768; died at Paris, July 4, 1848. After quitting the College of Rennes he went to America; but on hearing of the arrest of

Louis XVI. returned to France and joined the army. He was compelled to flee to England, where he remained for several years. In 1801, soon after his return to France, he published *Atala*, a prose epic intended to delineate Indian life and love in America. This work brought its author immediate fame, which was heightened by the appearance, in 1802, of his *Genius of Christianity*. Napoleon appointed him Secretary of the Embassy at Rome, and afterward Ambassador to the Republic of Valais, a post which Chateaubriand resigned on the murder of Duc d'Enghien. He then travelled to the Holy Land, and on his return, in 1807, published *René*, another episode of *The Natchez*. *The Last of the Abencerage* appeared in 1809, *The Martyrs* and *The Pilgrimage from Paris to Jerusalem* in 1811. His timely pamphlet, *Bonaparte and the Bourbons*, procured him a peerage, and made him a Minister of State. He was successively ambassador to Great Britain, to Verona, and to Rome. *The Natchez*, the remainder of his prose epic, was published in 1826. The last years of his life were employed in completing his *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, published after his death.

THE WANDERINGS OF CHACTAS AND ATALA.

Night darkened on the skies, the songs and dances ended, the half-consumed piles threw but a glimmering light, which reflected the shadows of a few wandering savages. At last all was asleep, and, as the busy hum of men decreased, the roaring of the storm augmented, and succeeded to the confused din of voices.

I felt, in spite of myself, that momentary sleep which suspends for a time the sufferings of the wretched. I dreamt that a generous hand tore away my bonds, and I experienced that sweet sensation so delicious to the

freed prisoner, whose limbs were bruised by galling fetters. The sensation became so powerful that I opened my eyes. By the light of the moon, whose propitious rays darted through the fleecy clouds, I perceived a tall figure dressed in white, and silently occupied in untying my chains. I was going to call aloud, when a well-known hand stopped my mouth. One single cord remained, which it seemed impossible to break without waking the guard that lay stretched upon it. Atala pulled it; the warrior, half-awake, started; Atala stood motionless; he stared, took her for the genius of the ruins, and fell aghast on the ground, shutting his eyes, and invoking his manitou.

The cord is broken. I rise and follow my deliverer. But how many perils surround us! now we are ready to stumble against some savage sleeping in the shade; sometimes called by a guard! Atala answers, altering her voice; children shriek, dogs bark; we have scarcely passed the fatal enclosure, when the most terrific yells resound through the forest, the whole camp awakes, the savages light their torches to pursue us, and we hasten our steps. When the first dawn of morn appeared, we were already far in the desert. Great Spirit! thou knowest how great was my felicity when I found myself once more in the wilderness with Atala, with my deliverer, my beloved Atala. . . .

Intoxication, which amongst savages lasts long, and is a kind of malady, prevented our enemies, no doubt, from pursuing us for the first day. If they sought for us afterward, they probably went toward the western side, thinking we were gone down the Meschacébé. But we had bent our course toward the fixed star, guiding our steps by the moss on the oaks.

We soon perceived how little we had gained by my deliverance. The desert now displayed its boundless solitudes before us; inexperienced in a lonely life, in the midst of forests, wandering from the right path, we strayed, helpless and forlorn. While I gazed on Atala, I often thought of the history of Hagar in the desert of Beersheba, which Lopez had made me read, and which

happened in those remote times when men lived three ages of oaks. Atala worked me a cloak with the second bark of the ash, for I was almost naked; with porcupine's hair she embroidered moccasins made of the skins of musk-rats. I in my turn, took care of her attire; for her I wove in wreaths those purple mallows we found on the desolated graves of Indians; or I adorned her snowy bosom with the red grains of azalea, and then smiled, contemplating her heavenly beauty. If we came to a river, we passed it on rafts, or swam across, Atala leaning her hand on my shoulder; we seemed two loving swans riding over the lakes.

Almost all the trees in the Floridas, especially the cedars and holm-oaks, are covered with a white moss, which from the uppermost branches reaches down to the ground. If by moonlight you discover on the barren savanna a lonely oak, enrobed with that white drapery, you would fancy a spectre enveloped in his shroud. The scenery is still more picturesque by day; when crowds of flies, shining insects, and of colibries, green parrots, and azure jays, hovering about these woolly mosses, give them the appearance of rich embroideries, wrought with the most brilliant colors on a snowy ground, by the skilful hand of Europeans. It was under those shady bowers, prepared in the wilderness by the Great Spirit, that we refreshed our weary limbs at noon. Never did the seven wonders of the ancient world equal those lofty cedars, and waved by the breeze they rock to sleep the feathered inhabitants in their airy abodes, and from their foliage issue melancholy sounds.

At night we lit a great fire, and with the bark of palm-trees, tied to four stakes, we constructed the travelling hut. If I shot a wild turkey, a ring-dove, or a speckled pheasant, suspended by a twig before the flaming oak, the hunter's prey was turned by the gale. We ate those mosses called rock-tripes, the sweet bark of birch, and the heads of maize which tastes like peaches and raspberries; black walnut trees, sumach, and maples supplied us with wine. Sometimes I plucked among the reeds one of those plants, whose flower, shaped like a

horn, contained a draught of the purest dew; and we thanked Providence for having, on a tender stock, placed a flower containing such a limpid drink, amid putrid marshes, as he has placed hope in a heart wrung with sorrow, and as he makes virtue flow from the miseries of life.— *Atala*.

JEUNE FILLE ET JEUNE FLEUR.

The bier descends, the spotless roses too,
The father's tribute in his saddest hour
O Earth! that bore them both, thou hast thy due —
The fair young girl and flower.

Give them not back unto a world again,
Where mourning, grief and agony have power,
Where winds destroy, and suns malignant reign —
That fair young girl and flower.

Lightly thou sleepest, young Elisa, now,
Nor fear'st the burning heat, nor chilling shower;
They both have perished in their morning glow —
The fair young girl and flower.

But he, thy sire, whose furrowed brow is pale,
Bends, lost in sorrow, o'er thy funeral bower;
And Time the old oak's roots doth now assail.
O fair young girl and flower!

CHATFIELD - TAYLOR, HOBART CHATFIELD,
an American novelist; born at Chicago, Ill.,
March 24, 1865. He is a Chatfield by his
mother, Adelaide, granddaughter of Captain Chatfield
of the New York militia of 1812, and direct
descendant of Oliver Chatfield of the Morgan rifle-

men of revolutionary fame. From his father, Henry Hobart Taylor, and from his mother's brother, W. B. Chatfield, he inherited the double fortune of the families which are commemorated in the compound name Chatfield-Taylor. He was educated at Cornell, and upon his graduation, in 1886, adopted the profession of letters. In 1890 he married Rose, daughter of ex-Senator Farwell. For a time he owned and edited the Chicago weekly review *America*, which he disposed of in 1891. During the same year he wrote a series of letters from Europe to the *Morning News* of Chicago, and another series of letters from Europe to the *Record* of that city. His articles on Spain and on the discovery of America, published in the *Cosmopolitan*, and his translation, at the request of Paul Bourget, of an article on the World's Fair for the same magazine, were well received. During the Columbus Centennial year he was appointed consul in Chicago by the Spanish government; which also gave him the decoration of "Isabella the Catholic." His novel *With Edged Tools*, was published in 1891. *An American Peeress*, which appeared in 1893, was published serially in the *New York Herald* and soon went through two editions in book form in America, besides being republished in England and translated into Hungarian. The appearance, in 1895, of *Two Women and a Fool*, brought upon the author much censure, as dealing with the unspeakable; or, as some put it, "the intensely modern." In the first of these three stories an unworthy hero is allowed to drift along, without emotion or tragedy, to the bad; in the second, the strong, simple love of a sweet nature outlives everything; in the third, "the fool" is in love with two women.

WARRINGTON COURT.

Winding through the quiet village of Warrington, the highway from Petworth to Guildford skirts along the walls of the park; and, dividing, within sight of the gray pinnacles of Warrington Court, threads its way in two directions, the one through Chichester to Portsmouth, the other on to sleepy, wave-washed Bognor. Leaving the highway at the lodge gate, the road winds through the park for a full mile and a half, passing forest glades and rolling meadows of grass, green as only English turf can be; now shaded by the spreading branches of gnarled oaks, or giant yew-trees, now affording an unobstructed view of swelling, wavelike downs, rich with browsing flocks of famous Southdown sheep, and all the while it is gently rising until the dull gray stones of Warrington Court peep through the trees.

After traversing this last bit of forest, the road leads on past the surrounding belt of lawn and flower-beds, terraces and hedgerows, to the great iron gateway; then, crossing the moat and passing underneath the arched doorway to the stones of the courtyard, it ends before the entrance of the grand hall.

Warrington Court, with its rambling suites of rooms, stretched out through countless wings and maze-like corridors, through which one's steps resound in hollow echoes from the vaulted roofs, is a house where days of wandering and searching might not teach one his way about; and as for acquaintance with all the mysterious recesses which the house contains, probably no resident, unless it be the housekeeper, has ever penetrated them all.

There is the great oak-vaulted hall with its pillared chimney-piece and ponderous hearthstone, where the log burns at Yule-tide, and the fire-light plays upon the polished steel of ancestral armor, standing silent and ghost-like in the distance, and there is the smaller hall, adjoining — with its grand stairway — jealously guarded by dragon-headed newels leading upward past the dimmed portraits of wigged and powdered Vincents, to the land-

ing of the floor above, where antlers and boars' heads, hanging from the sombre walls, testify to the prowess of family Nimrods in years gone by.

This is Warrington Court, the home of the Vincents, and the seat of eleven generations of Earls of Warrington.—*An American Peeress.*

CHATTERTON, THOMAS, an English poet; born at Bristol, November 20, 1752; died at London, August 25, 1770. He was the posthumous son of a chanter in the Bristol Cathedral, and was educated at a charity school in that city. In 1767 he was apprenticed to an attorney. At the opening of a new bridge over the Avon, in 1768, Chatterton sent to the editor of a Bristol newspaper an account of "the mayor's first passing over the old bridge," in the reign of Henry II., professedly copied from an ancient manuscript. This was followed by numerous letters and fragments of ancient history, and by many poems purporting to be by an ancient monk, Thomas Rowley, which Chatterton professed to have copied from papers found in an old chest. He then sent to Horace Walpole a specimen of the *Poems of Thomas Rowley*. In the spring of 1770 Chatterton went to London, and engaged in literary work, writing political letters, satires, and poems, which showed great versatility; but his contributions were unpaid for, and starvation stared him in the face. Too proud to acknowledge his bitter poverty, he shut himself in his attic room, destroyed his manuscripts and committed suicide by poison.

The poems of Chatterton, written under the name of "Rowley," comprise the tragedy of *Ælla*; *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin*; *The Battle of Hastings*; *The Tournament*, and *Canynges Feast*. He also left a fragment of a dramatic poem, *Goddwyn*. There is throughout an attempt to give an air of antiquity to these verses by an affectation of archaic spelling. This has been retained in the extracts here given from the poems of "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul who perished in his pride:"

MINSTRELLES SONGE.

Oh! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie tear wythe mee,
 Daunce na moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode as the summer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave below;
 Mie love ys dedde, etc.

Swote histynge as the throstles note,
 Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
 Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
 O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;
 Mie love ys dedde, etc.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
 In the briered dells belowe;
 Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
 Mie love ys dedde, etc.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde, etc.

Heere, uponne mie true love's grave,
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
 Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
 Al the celness of a mayde,
Mie love ys dedde, etc.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde, etc.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne.
 Drayne mie hartys bloode awaie;
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nite, or feaste bie daie.
Mie love ys dedde, etc.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,
 Bere mee to yer leathelle tyde.
 I die! I comme! mie true love waytes.
 Those the damselle spake and dyed.

—Ælla.

AN EXCELENT BALADE OF CHARITIE.

In Virgyne the sweltre sun gan sheene,
 And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie:
 The apple rodded from its palie greene,
 And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;
 The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie;
 'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
 And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumere.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
 Deade still the aire, and eke the welken blue
 When from the sea arist in drear arraie
 A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
 Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
 Which dyde unto Seyncte Godwine's covent lede,
 A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide,
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
 Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer fie?
 He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his gloomed face, his sprighte there scanne;
 How woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!
 Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!
 Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bede.
 Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thi hedde,
 Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
 Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storm is rype; the bigge drops falle;
 The forswat meadowes smethe and drenche the raine;
 The comyng ghastrness do the cattle pall,
 And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe,
 The wel'kin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
 And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling chymmynge sound
 Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
 Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
 Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges;
 The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwyne's convente came;
 His Chapournette was drented with the reine,
 And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;
 He aynewards tolde his bederoll at the same;
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
 With the mist almes-crauer neere to the holme to bide.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne,
 His antremete was edged with golden twynne.
 And his shoone pyks a loverds mighte have binne;
 Full well it shewne he thoughten coste no sinne:
 The trammels of the palfrye pleased his sighte,
 For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppyng pilgrim saide,
 O! let me waite within your covente dore,
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is o'er;
 Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor:
 Ne house, ne friend, ne monnaie in my pouche;
 All yatte I calle my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
 This is no season almes and prayers to give;
 Mie porter never lets a faitour in;
 None touch mie rynge who not in honor live.
 And now the sonne with the blacke clouds did stryve,
 And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoons roadde
 awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
 Faste reyneynge o'er the plaine a prieste was seen;
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde:
 His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;
 A Limitoure he was of order seene;
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie beneath the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threde,
 And did thereoute a groate of sylver take:
 The mister pilgrim did for halline shake.
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde,
 Here take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;
 'Tis thine; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
 He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
 Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
 Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power!

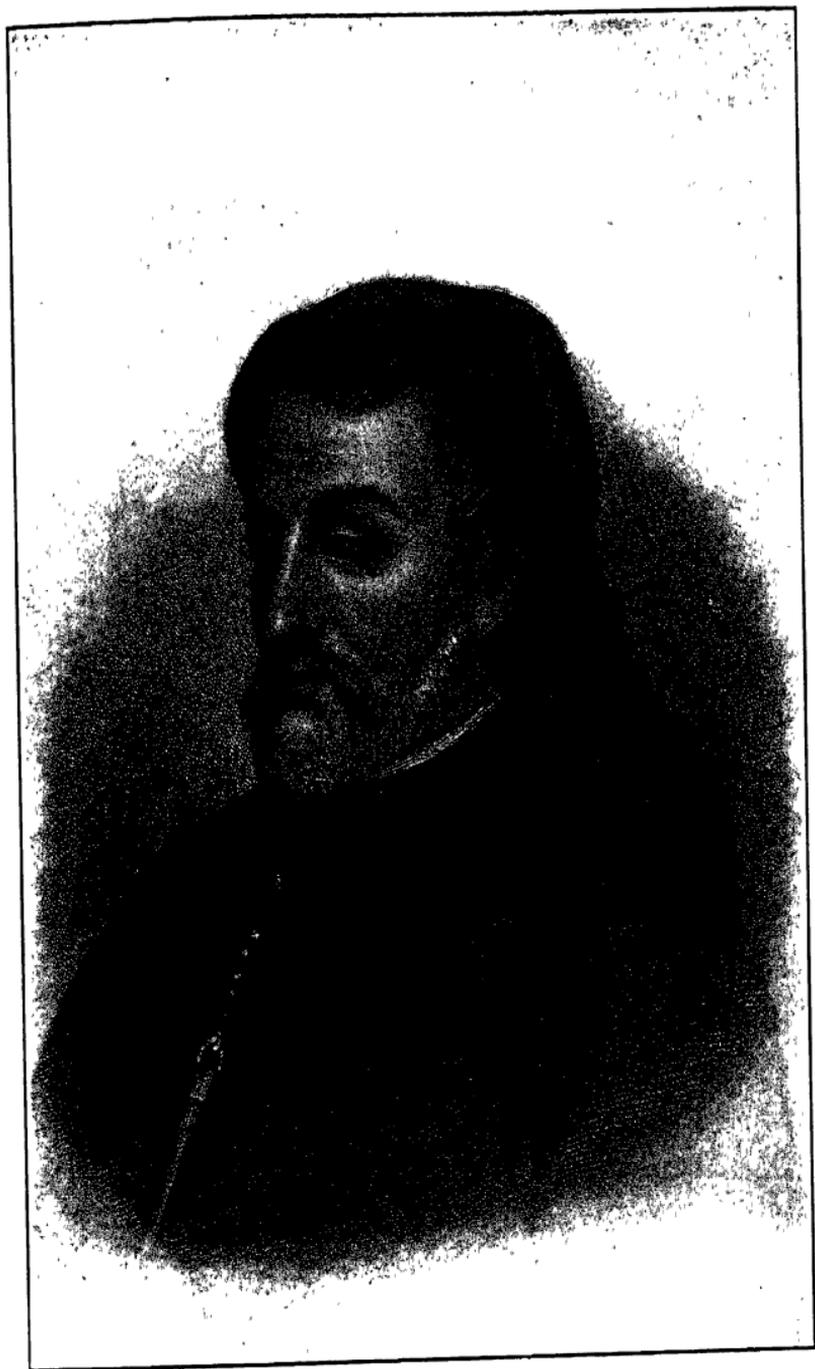
FREEDOM.—A CHORUS.

Whanne Freedom dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes ryere spredde;
 A gorie aulace bye her honge,
 She daunced onne the heathe:
 She hearde the voice of deathe;
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
 In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;
 She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
 She shook the burlled speere,
 On hie she jeste her sheelde,
 Her foemen all appere,
 And flizze alonge the feelde.
 Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,
 Heys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,
 Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,
 Chaftes with his gronne feete and soundes to war.
 She syttes upon a rocke,
 She bendes before hys speere,
 She ryses from the shocke,
 Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.

Hard as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
 Wytte scillye wympled gies ytte to hys crowne,
 Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys gon,
 He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes downe.
 War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld, arist,
 Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
 Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynyng fyste.

— *Goddwyn — a Fragment.*

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, an English poet; born at London, about 1340; died there, October 25, 1400. Of his childhood nothing is certainly known except that he was the son of a vintner. His name appears in 1357 in the household-book of the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, son of King Edward III., from which it has been inferred that Chaucer was a page in the royal family. In 1359 he was made prisoner in the war with France, and was ransomed by the English King. The next positive mention of him occurs in 1366, when he was one of the squires of the King, and was already married to a sister of Katharine Swynford, the mistress and subsequently the wife of the King's son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. We find Chaucer subsequently engaged somewhat prominently in public affairs. In 1372 he was one of the envoys sent to Genoa to arrange a commercial treaty with that republic. By this time he had certainly gained repute as a poet, for he received a grant of a pitcher of wine a day — equivalent to what afterward became the laureateship; the Duke of Lancaster also bestowed upon him a pension



GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

of £10 (equivalent to something like \$500 at the present day). Under the powerful protection of John of Gaunt the fortunes of Chaucer flourished for several years; he held lucrative posts in what we should now style the customs, and in 1386 was returned to Parliament for the shire of Kent. At the close of this year, John of Gaunt being employed on the Continent, Chaucer was removed from his post in the customs, and appears to have fallen into pecuniary straits. He is supposed to have written *The Canterbury Tales* at this period. John of Gaunt, returning to England, took up the cause of Chaucer, procured for him the appointment of Clerk of the King's Works, and furnished him an annuity of £20. Still later, and toward the end of his life, Chaucer received from the King a grant of a tun of wine a year, and a pension of 40 marks—about £27. Chaucer was buried in Westminster Abbey, being the first of the long line of poets to whom that honor has been awarded.

Chaucer wrote several unimportant prose works, among which is a translation of Boethius's *Consolation of Philosophy*. His principal poems are *The Court of Love* and *The Flower and The Leaf*, the genuineness of which has been called in question by recent critics; *The Romaunt of the Rose*; *Troilus and Creseide*; *The Assembly of Foules*; *The Booke of the Dutchesse*; *The House of Fame*; *Chaucer's Dream*; *The Legend of Good Women*; *The Complaint of Mars and Venice*; *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, and *The Canterbury Tales*, upon which his fame mainly rests. The plot of *The Canterbury Tales* is quite simple: A company of nine-and-twenty pilgrims bound for the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, in Canterbury, find themselves at the Tabard Inn in

Southwark, and to pass the time of their journey, agree each to relate a story, the landlord promising that the one who tells the best one shall upon their return have his supper free of cost. The *Tales* were first printed about seventy-five years after the death of Chaucer, and frequently since. They have been modernized by several poets of repute, sometimes to such an extent as to be hardly recognizable. The extracts which here follow are reproduced precisely as they appear in old manuscripts :

PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Whan that Aprille with hise schoures soote
 The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
 And bathed euery veyne in swich licour,
 Of which vertu engendred is the flour;—
 Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete breath
 Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
 The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
 Hath in the Ram his half (e) cours yronne,
 And smale foweles maken melodye,
 That slepen all the nyght with open eye,
 So priketh hem nature in hir corages:—
 Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
 And Palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,
 To fern halwes kowthe in sondry londes;
 And specially, from euery shires ende
 Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
 The hooly blisful martir for to seke
 That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.
 Bifil that in that seson, on a day
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage
 To Caunterbury with ful deuout corage,
 At nyght were come in to that hostelrye,
 Wel nyne and twenty in the compaignye,
 Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
 In felawshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle,

That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
 And wel we weren esed atte beste.
 And shortly whan the sonne was to reste,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
 That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
 And made forward erly for to ryse,
 To take our wey ther as I you deuyse.
 But nathelees, whil I have tyme and space,
 Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
 My thynketh it accordaunt to reson
 To telle yow all the condicion
 Of ech of hem, so as it seemed me,
 And which they were and of what degree;
 And eek in what array that they were inne;
 And at a knyght than wol I first bigynne.

THE KNIGHT.

A knyght ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That fro the tyme that he first bigan
 To riden out, he loued chivalrie,
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.
 Fful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
 And thereto hadde he riden, no man ferre,
 As wel in cristendom as in Hethenesse,
 And euere honoured for his worthynesse.
 At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne.
 Fful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
 Abouen alle nacions in Pruce.
 In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
 No cristen man so oft of his degree.
 In Gernade at the seege eek hadde he be
 Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.
 At Lyeys was he and at Satalye
 Whan they were wonne; and in the grete See
 At many a noble Armee hadde he be.
 At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
 And foughten for oure feith at Tramysse
 In lystis thries, and ay slayn his foo.
 This ilke worthy knyght hadde been also

Somtyme with the lord of Palatye
 Agayn another hethen in Turkye
 And eueremoore he hadde a souereyn prys.
 And though that he were worthy he was wyse,
 And of his port as meeke as is a mayde.
 He neuere yet no vileynye ne sayde
 In al his lfyē, vn to no maner wight.
 He was a verray parfit gentil knyght.

But for to tellen yow of his array,
 His horse weren goode, but he was nat gay.
 Of ffustian he wered a gypon
 Al bismotered with his habergeon,
 Ffor he was late ycome from his viage,
 And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.

THE SQUIRE.

With him there was his sone a yong Squier,
 A louyere, and a lusty Bachelor,
 With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse
 Of twenty yeer of Age he was I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of euene lengthe,
 And wonderly delyuere, and of greet strengthe —
 And he hadde been somtyme in chyuachie
 In Fflaundres, in Artoys, and Pycardie,
 And born him weel as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
 Embroudered was he, as it were a meede,
 Al ful of ffresshe floures whyte and reede.
 Syngyenge he was, or floytynge al the day;
 He was as ffressh as is the Monthe of May.
 Short was his gowne, with sleues longe and wyde.
 Wel koude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
 He koude songes make and wel endite,
 Juste and eek daunce, and weel purtreye and write.
 So hote he louede, that by nyghtertale.
 He slepte namoore than dooth a nyghtyngale.
 Curteis he was, lowly, and seruysable,
 And carf biforn his fader at the table. . . .

THE PRIORESS.

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioress,
That of her smylyng was ful symple and coy;
Hire gretteste ooth was but by seint Loy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Fful weel she soong the seruice dyuayne,
Entuned in her nose ful semeely;
And ffrenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Powe,
Ffor ffrensh of Parys was to hire unknowe
At mete wel ytaught was she with alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fynGRES in hir sauce depe.
Wel koude she carie a morsel and wel kepe
That no drope ne fille vp on hire brist.
In curteisie was set ful muchel hir list
Hire oure lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe ther was no ferthyng sene
Of grece whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Fful semeely after hir mete she raughte.
And sikerly she was of greet desport;
And ful pleasaunt, and amyable of port—
And peyned hire to countrefete cheere
Of Courte and to been estatlich of manere
And to been holden digne of reuerence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saugh a Mous
Kaught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flessch or Milk and wastel breed.
But soore wepte she if any of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte,
And al was conscience and tender herte.
Fful semyly hir wympul pynched was;
Hire nose tretys, hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal and ther to softe and reed;
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spanne brood I trowe;

Ffor hardily she was not vndergrowe.
 Fful fetys was hir cloke as I was war.
 Of smal coral aboute hir Arm she bar
 A peire of bedes gauded al with grene,
 And ther on heng a brooch of gold ful shene,
 On which ther was first write a crowned A,
 And after Amor vincit omnia.

THE OXFORD CLERK.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
 That vn to logyk hadde longe ygo,
 And leene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake;
 But looked holwe and ther to sobrely.
 Fful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
 Ffor he hadde geten hym yet no benefice,
 Ne was so worldly for to haue office.
 Ffor hym was leuere haue at his beddes heed
 Twenty bookes clad in blak and reed,
 Of Aristotle and his Philosophie,
 Than robes riche or fithle or gay sautrie.
 But al be that he was a Philosiphre,
 Yet hadde he but litle gold in cofre;
 But al that he myghte of his freendes hente
 On bookes and his lernynge he it spente.
 And bisily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that yaf hym wher with to scoleye.
 Of studie took he moost cure and moost heede.
 Noght o word spak he moore than was neede;
 And that was seyde in forme and reuerence
 And short and quyk and full of hy sentence.
 Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

THE SERGEANT OF LAW.

A Sergeant of the Lawe, war and wys,
 That often hadde been at the Parvys
 Ther was also, full riche of excellence,
 Discreet he was and great reuerence:

He seemed swich hise wordes weren so wise
 Justice he was ful often in Assise,
 By patente and by pleyn commissioun;
 Ffor his science and for his heigh renoun,
 Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
 So greet a purchasour was nowher noon.
 All was fee symple to hym in effect,
 His purchasyng myghte nat been infect.
 Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
 And yet he semed bisier than he was.
 In termes hadde he caas and doomes alle,
 That from the tyme of Kyng William were yfalle.
 Ther-to he koude endite and make a thyng
 Ther koude no wight pynchen at his writyng.
 And every statut koude he pleyn by rote
 He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote
 Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale,
 Of his array telle I no lenger tale.

THE FRANKLIN.

A Frankeleyn was in his compaignye;
 Whit was his heed as is a dayesye.
 Of his complexion he was sangwyn,
 Well loued he by the morwe a sope in wyn.
 To lyven in delit was euere his wone,
 For he was Epicurus owene sone,
 That heeld opinion that pleyn delit
 Was verray felicitee parfit.
 An householdere, and that a greet, was he;
 Seint Julian was he in his contree.
 His breed, his Ale, was always after oon;
 A better envyned man was neuere noon.
 With oute bake mete was neuere his hous,
 Of fissh and flessh, and that so plenteous,
 It snewed in his hous of mete and drynke,
 Of alle deyntees that men koude thynke.
 After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
 So chaunged he his mete and his soper,
 Fful many a fat partrich hadde he in Mewe,
 And many a Breem and many a luce in Stewe.

Wo was his Cook but if his sauce were
 Poynaunt and sharpe, and redy al his geere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longe day.
 At sessions ther was the lord and sire;
 Fful ofte tyme he was knyghte of the shire;
 An Anlaas and a gipser al of silk
 Heeng at his girdel white as morne Milk.
 A shirreue hadde he been, and Countour;
 Was nowher such a worthy Vauasour. . . .

THE MEDICINER.

With vs ther was a Doctour of Phisik,
 In al this world ne was ther noon hym lik
 To speke of phisik and Surgerye;
 Ffor he was grounded in Astronomye.
 He kept his pacient a ful greet deel
 In houres by his magyk natureel.
 Wel koude he fortunen the Ascendent
 Of hise ymages for his pacient.
 He knew the cause of euerich maladye
 Were it of hoot or cold or moyste or drye,
 And where they engendred, and of what humour;
 He was a verray parfit praktisonr.
 The cause yknowe, and of his harm the roote,
 Anon he yaf the sike man his boote.
 Fful redy hadde he his Apothecaries
 To sende him drogges and his letuaries;
 Ffor ech of hem made oother for to wynne,
 Hir frendshipe was nat newe to bigynne.
 Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
 And Deyscorides and eek Risus;
 Olde ypocras, Haly and Galyen
 Serapion, Razis, and Auycen
 Auerrois, Damascien, and Constantyn,
 Bernard and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.
 Of his diete mesurable was he,
 Ffor it was of no superfluitee,
 But of greet norissyng, and digestible.
 His studie was but litel on the Bible.

In sangwyn and in pers he clad was al
 Lyned with Taffeta and with Sendal.
 And yet he was but esy of dispence;
 He kepte that he wan in pestilence;
 Ffor gold in Phisik is a cordial,
 Therefore he loued gold in special.

THE PARSON.

A good man was ther of Religioun,
 And was a poure Person of a toun;
 But riche he was of hooly thought and werk,
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk
 That cristes gospel trewely wolde preche,
 Hise parisspens deuoutly wolde he teche.
 Benygne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in Aduersitee ful pacient;
 And swich he was y-preud ofte sithes.
 Fful looth were hym to cursen for his tithes;
 But rather wolde he yeuen out of doute
 Vn to his poure parisspens aboute.
 Of his offryng and eek of his substaunce
 He koude in litel thyng haue suffisaunce.
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a sonder.
 But he ne lafte nat for reyn ne thonder,
 In sickness or in meschief to visite
 The ferrest in his parisshe, muche and lite
 Vp on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his sheepe he yaf,
 That firste he wroughte and afterward that he taughte,
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte,
 And this figure he added eek ther to,
 That if gold ruste what shall Iren doo.
 For if a preeste be foul on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste. . . .
 He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
 And leet his sheepe encombred in the Myre,
 And ran to London vn to seint Paules,
 To seken hym a chauntrie for souies,
 Or with a brotherhed to been withholde;
 But dwelleth at hoom, and kepeth wel his folde,

So that the wolf ne made it nat myscarie.
 He was a shepherde and noght a Murcenarie;
 And though he hooly were and vertuous,
 He was nat to synful man despitous,
 Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
 But in his techyng discret and benygne.
 To drawen folk to heuene by fairnesse,
 By good ensample, this was his bisynesse;
 But it were any person obstinat,
 What so he were of heigh or lough estat,
 Hym wolde he snybben sharply for the nonys.
 A better preest I trowe that nowher noon ys.
 He waiteth after no pompe and reverence,
 Ne maketh him a spiced conscience,
 But cristes loore, and his Apostles twelue
 He taughte, but first he folwed it him selue. . . .

THE HOST OF THE TABARD.

Greet chiere made oure hoost us euirichon,
 And to the soper sette he us anon
 And serued us with vitaille at the beste:
 Strong was the wyn and wel to drynke vs leste.
 A semely man oure hoost was with alle
 Ffor to been a Marchal in an halle;
 A large man he was, with eyen stepe;
 A fairer Burgeys was ther noon in Chepe,
 Boold of his speche and wys and wel ytaught,
 And of manhod hym lakked right naught.
 Eek therto he was right a myrie man
 And after soper pleyen he bigan
 And spak of myrthe, amonges othere thyngs
 Whan that we hadde maad our rekenynges,
 And seyde thus: "Now lordynges trewely
 Ye been to right welcome hertely,
 Ffor by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
 I saugh nat this yier so myrie a compaignye
 At ones in this herberwe as is now;
 Ffayn wolde I doon yow myrthe, wiste I how.
 And of a myrthe, I am right now bythoght,
 To doon you ese, and it shal coste you noght.

"Ye goon to Caunterbury: God yow spede
 The blisful martir quite yow youre neede
 And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
 Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;
 Ffor trewely confort ne myrthe is noon
 To ride by the weye doumb as the stoon.
 And therefore wol I maken yow disport
 As I seyde erst and doon yow som confort.
 And if yow liketh alle by oon assent
 Ffor to stonden at my Juggement,
 And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
 To morwe, whan ye riden by the weye,
 Now, by my fader soule that is deed,
 But if ye be myrie, I wal yeue yow myn heed. . . .
 Lordynges," quod he, "Now herkeneth for the beste
 But taak it nought I prey yow in desdeyn;
 This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
 That ech of yow, to shorte with oure weye
 In this viage, shal telle tales tweye
 To Caunterburyward, (I mene it so,
 And homward) he shal tellen othere two
 Of auentures that whilom han bifalle.
 And which of yow that bereth hym best of alle,
 That is to seyn, that telleth in this caas
 Tales of best sentence and moost solaas,
 Shal haue a soper at oure aller cost,
 Heere in this place, sittynge by this post,
 Whan that we come again fro Caunterbury;
 And, for to make yow the moore merry,
 I wol my self goodly with yow ryde
 Right at myn owene cost, and be youre gyde;
 And who so wole my juggement withseye,
 Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye;
 And if ye vouche sauf that it be so,
 Tel me anon with outen wordes mo,
 And I wol erly shape me therefore."

This thyng was graunted and oure othes swore
 With ful glad herte, and preyden hym also
 That he would vouche sauf for to do so,
 And that he wolde been our gouernour,

And of our tales Juge and Reportour,
 And sette a soper at a certeyn pris,
 And we wol reuled been at his deuyis.

We give portions of these *Canterbury Tales* as told
 by some of the characters above introduced:

EMYLYE IN THE GARDEN.

It fil ones in a morwe of May,
 That Emylye, that fairer was to sene
 Than is the lylie upon his stalke grene,
 And fressher than the May with floures newe —
 Ffor with the Rose colour stroof hire hewe,
 I noot which was the finer of hem two —
 Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,
 She was arisen and al redy dight,
 Ffor May wole haue no slogardrie a nyght;
 The seson priketh euery gentil herte,
 And maketh hym out of his slepe to sterte,
 And seith, "Arys and do thyn obseruance."
 This maked Emylye have remembraunce
 To doon honour to May, and for to ryse.
 Yclothed was she fressh for to deuyse.
 Hir yelow heer was broyded in a tresse,
 Bihynde his bak a yerde long, I gesse,
 And in the gardyn at the sonne up riste,
 She walketh vp and down and as hire liste,
 She gadereth floures party white and rede,
 To make a subtil gerland for hire hede,
 And as an Aungel heuenysshly she soong.

— *The Knight's Tale.*

ON POVERTY.

O hateful harm, condicioun of poverte,
 With thurst, with coold, with hunger so confounded,
 To asken help thee shameth in thyn herte,
 If thou noon aske so soore artow ywoundid.
 That veray nede vnwrappeth al thy wounde hid

Maugree thyn heed thou most for Indigence
 Or steele or begge or borwe thy dispence. . . .
 Herke! what is the sentence of the wise,
 Bet is to dyen than have Indigence;
 Thy selue neighebor wol thee despise,
 If thou be poure, farwel thy reuerence.
 Yet of the wise man take this sentence,
 Alle dayes of poure men been wikke;
 Be war therefore er thou come to that prikke.
 If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,
 And alle thy freendes fleen from thee, allas!
 O riche merchauntz, ful of wele been yee,
 O noble o prudent folk as in this cas.
 Youre bagges been nat fild with ambes as,
 But with sys cynk that renneth for youre chaunce,
 At Christemasse myrie may ye daunce.
 Ye seken lond and see for yowre wynnings,
 As wise folk ye knoweth all the staat
 Of regnes, ye been fadres of tidynges
 And tales bothe of pees and of debaat
 I were right now of tales desolaat,
 Nere that a marchant goon, is many a yeere,
 Me taught a tale which that ye shal heere.

—*Prologue to the Man of Law's Tale.*

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

And whan this worthi Knight Virgineus,
 Thoruhe thassent of the Juge Apius,
 Most be force his dere douhter yeuen
 Vn-to the Juge, in lichere to leuen,
 He gothe him home, and sett him in his hall,
 And lete anone his dere douhter call;
 And with a face dede as asshen colde,
 Vpon hire hum[ble] face he gan beholde,
 With faders pite stickinge thoruhe his hert,
 Al wolde be nouht from his purpos conuert.
 "Douhter," quod he, "Virginea be thi name,
 There bien two ways, eyther other schame,
 That thou most soffer, alas that I was bore!

Nor neuer thou deseruest where fore
 To deyen with a swerde or with a knyf.
 O dere douhter, ender of my lif,
 Whiche I have fostred vp with suche plesance,
 That thou ne weer oute my remembrance;
 O douhter whiche that ert, my last woo,
 And in lif my last joy also,
 O gemme of chastite in pacience,
 Take thou thi deth, for this is my sentence;
 For loue and nouht for hate thou must be dede,
 My pitous honde most smyte of thin hede.
 Alas that ever Apius the seyhe!
 Thus hathe he falsy Jugged the to-day."
 And tolde hire al the cas, as ye be-fore
 Have herd, it nedeth nouht to tel it no more.
 "Merce, dere fadere," quod this maide.
 And withe that worde sche bothe hire armes leide
 Aboute his nekke, as sche was wont to do,
 The teres barsten oute of hire yen two,
 And seide: "Goode fader, schal I deye?
 Is there no grace? is there no remedie?"
 "No, certes, dere douhter myne," quod he.
 "Than yeue me leue fader myn," quod sche
 "My deth to compleyne a litel space;
 For parte Jeffa yaue his douhter grace
 For to compleine, ar he hir slowhe, alas!
 And God it wote, no thinge was hire trespas,
 Bot that sche rann hir fader first to see,
 To welcom him with grete solempnite."
 And with that worde sche fel in swoune anone,
 And after, whan hir swounynge was agone
 Sche riseth upe, and to hire fader seide,
 "Blessid be God, that I schal deye a meide.
 Yif me my dethe, ar that I have a schame.
 Dothe with youre Childe youre will, a Goddes name!
 And with that word sche praith ful oft,
 That with his swerde he scholde smite hir soft;
 And with that word in swoune doune sche felle
 Hir fader with ful sorweful hert and felle,
 Hire heued of smote, and be toppe it hent,

And to the Juge he yane it to present,
 As he sat in his dome in consistorie.
 Whan the Juge it sauhe, as seithe the storie,
 He badde take him and houge him also fast;
 Bot riht anone al the peple in thrastr
 To saue the knyht for reuthe and for pyte,
 Ffor knowen was the foles iniquite.
 The peple anone hadd susspecte in this thinge,
 Be maner of this clerkes chalangeinge.

— *The Mediciner's Tale.*

GRISILDA RESTORED TO HER CHILDREN.

“Grisilde,” quod he, as it were in his play,
 “How liketh the my wijf and her beaute?”
 “Right wel,” quod sche, “my lord, for in good fey
 A fairer sawe I never now than sche.
 I pray to God yif you prosperite;
 And so hope I that he will to you sende
 Plesaunce ynow unto your lyues ende. . .

O thing beseke I you and warne also,
 That ye prike with no tormentynge
 This tendre mayden, as ye han do mo;
 Ffor sche is fostred in hire norischinge
 More tenderly, and to my supposynge
 Sche coude nought adversite endure,
 As coude a pore fostred creature.”
 And whan this Walter saugh hir pacience,
 Hire glad cher, and no malice at al,
 And he so often hadde don hire offence
 And sche ay sadde and constan as awal,
 Continuyng evere hire Innocence overal,
 This sturdy marquys gan hire herte dresse
 To rewen on hire wyfly stedfastnesse.

“This is ynough, Grisilde myn,” quod he.
 “Be now no more agast, ne yeul apayed.
 I haue thy feith and thi benignite,
 As wel as ever womman was assayed
 In gret astate, and pouereliche arrayed;
 Now knowe I, deere wyf, thy stedfastnesse;”
 An hire in armes toke, and gan hire kesse

And sche for wonder took of hit no keepe;
 Sche thouyte nat what thing he to hir sayde.
 Sche ferde as sche hadde stirte out of hir slepe,
 Til sche out of hir masednesse abrayde.
 "Grisilde," quod he, "God that fer vs deyed,
 Thou art my wyf, ne non other I haue,
 Ne neuer hadde, so God my soul saue.

"This is thy doughter, which thou hast supposed
 To be my wyf; that other feithfully
 Sceal be myn [heir], as I have ay purposed;
 Thou bare him in thi body trewely.
 At Bolygne have I kept hem pryuyly;
 Tak hem ayein for now mayst thou not seye,
 That thou hast lorn none of thy children tweye.

And folk that otherwise han sayd of me,
 I warne hem wel that I have don this dede
 Ffor no malice, ne for no cruelte,
 But for tassaye in the thy wommanhede;
 Ane nat to slee my children, God forbede!
 But for to kepe hem pryuyly and stille,
 Til I thi purpos knewe and al thy wille."

Whan this herde, a swowne doun sche fall
 Ffor pytous ioye, and after hir swownynge
 Sche bothe hire yonge children to hire calleth,
 And in his armes pitously wepynge
 Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissinge,
 Fful like a moder with hire salte teeres
 Sche batheth bothe hire visage and hire heres.

O which a pytous sight it was to see
 Hir swownyng, and her humble voys to heere!
 "Graunt mercy, lord, God I thanke it you," quod she,
 "That ye han saued me my children deere.
 Now rekke I neuer to be ded right heere,
 Sith I stoude in your love and in your grace,
 No fors of deth, ne whan my spirit pace.
 O tendre, o dere, o yonge children myne,
 Your woful moder wende stedfastly,
 That cruel houndes or som foul vermyne
 Hadde eten you; but God of his mercy,
 And youre benigne fader tenderly

Hath don you kepte." And in the same stounde
Al sodeinly sche swapte a doun to grounde.

And in hire swowne so sadly holdeth sche
Hire children two, whan she gan hem embrace,
That with gret sleight and with gret difficultie
The children from hire arm thei gon arace.
O! many a teer on many a pitous face
Doun ran of hem that stoden hire besyde,
Vannethe aboute hire mighten they abyde.

Walter hir gladeth, and hir sorwe slaketh,
Sche ryseth up abayssed from hire traunce,
And euery wight hire ioye and feste maketh,
Til sche hath caught ayein her contenance.
Walter hire doth feithfully plesaunce,
That it is deynte for to se the cheere
Betwixe hem two, now they ben mett in feere.
This laydes, whan that they here tyme saye,
Han taken hire, and in to chambre goon,
And strepen hire out of hire ruyde array,
And in a cloth of gold that brighte schoon,
With a couroune of many a riche stoon
Upon hire heed, they in to halle hir broughte;
And then sche was honoured as sche oughte.

—*The Clerk's Tale.*

CHEEVER, GEORGE BARRELL, an American clergyman; born at Hallowell, Me., April 17, 1807; died at Englewood, N. J., October 1, 1890. He was educated at Bowdoin College and Andover Theological Seminary, and in 1832 took charge of a Congregational church at Salem, Mass. He was afterward pastor of Presbyterian churches in New York and a contributor to religious newspapers. In 1835 he was convicted of libel and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for *Deacon Giles's Distillery*,

a satirical allegory which he wrote and which was published in a Salem newspaper. It was on account of this difficulty, also, that he resigned his Salem pastorate. His principal works are *The Commonplace Books of Prose and Poetry* (1828-29); *Studies in Poetry* (1830); *Select Works of Archbishop Leighton* (1832); *Capital Punishment* (1843); *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress* (1844); *Wanderings of a Pilgrim* (1845-46); *The Hill Difficulty* (1847); *Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620* (1848); *Windings of the River of Life* (1849); *Voices of Nature* (1852); *Powers of the world to Come* (1853); *Lectures on Cowper* (1856); *God Against Slavery* (1857); *A Voyage to the Celestial Country* (1860); *Guilt of Slavery* (1860); *Voices of Nature with Her Foster-Child, the Soul of Man* (1863); *Faith, Doubt, and Evidence* (1881); *God's Timepiece for Man's Eternity* (1883).

THE MER DE GLACE.

At Montanvert you find yourself on the extremity of a plateau, so situated that on one side you may look down into the dread frozen sea, and on the other by a few steps, into the lovely green vale of Chamouny. What astonishing variety and contrast in the spectacle! Far beneath, a smiling and verdant valley, watered by the Arve, with hamlets, fields and gardens, the abode of life, sweet children, and flowers;—far above, savage and inaccessible craigs of ice and granite, and a cataract of stiffened billows, stretching away beyond sight—the throne of Death and Winter.

From the bosom of the tumbling sea of ice, enormous granite needles shoot into the sky, objects of singular sublimity, one of them rising to the great height of 13,000 feet—seven thousand above the point where you are standing. This is more than double the height of Mount Washington in our country, and this amazing pinnacle of rocks looks like the spire of an interminable

colossal cathedral, with other pinnacles around it. No snow can cling to the summits of these jagged spires; the lightning does not splinter them; the tempests rave round them; and at their base those eternal, drifting ranges of snow are formed, that sweep down into the frozen sea, and feed the perpetual, immeasurable masses of the glacier. Meanwhile, the laughing verdure sprinkled with flowers, plays upon edges of the enormous masses of ice — so near, that you may almost touch the ice with one hand and with the other pluck the violet. . . .

The impetuous arrested cataract seems as if it were ploughing the rocky gorge with its turbulent surges. Indeed the ridges of rocky fragments along the edges of the glacier, called *moraines*, do look precisely as if a colossal iron plough had torn them from the mountain, and laid them along in one continuous furrow on the frozen verge. It is a scene of stupendous sublimity. These mighty granite peaks, hewn and pinnaced into Gothic towers, and these ragged mountain walls and buttresses — what a cathedral! — with this cloudless sky, by starlight, for its fretted roof, the chanting wail of the tempest and the rushing of the avalanche for its organ. How grand the thundering sound of the vast masses of ice tumbling from the roof of the Arve cavern at the foot of the glacier! Does it not seem, as it sullenly and heavily echoes, and rolls up from so immense a distance below, even more sublime than the thunder of the avalanche above us? — *Wanderings of a Pilgrim*.

A VIEW OF MONT BLANC.

Such an instantaneous and extraordinary revelation of splendor we never dreamed of. The clouds had vanished, we could not tell where, and the whole illimitable vast of glory in this, the heart of Switzerland's Alpine grandeurs, was disclosed; the snowy Monarch of Mountains, the huge glaciers, the jagged granite peaks, needles and rough, enormous crags and ridges congregated and shooting up in every direction, with the long,

beautiful vale of Chamouny visible from end to end, far beneath, as still and shining as a picture! Just over the longitudinal ridge of mountains on one side was the moon, in an infinite depth of ether; it seemed as if we could touch it; and on the other the sun was exulting, as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. The clouds still sweeping past us, now concealing, now partially veiling, and now revealing the view, added to its power by such sudden alternations.

Far down the vale floated in mid air beneath us a few fleeces of cloud, below and beyond which lay the valley, with its villages, meadows, and winding paths, and the river running through it like a silver thread. Shortly the mists congregated away beyond this scene, rolling masses upon masses, penetrated and turned into fleecy silver by the sunlight, the body of them gradually retreating over the southwestern end and barrier of the valley. In our position we now saw the different gorges in the chain of Mont Blanc lengthwise, Charmontière, Du Bois, and the Glacier du Bosson protruding its whole *enorme* from the valley. The grand Mulet, with the vast snow-depths and *crevasses* of Mont Blanc, were revealed to us. That sublime summit was now for the first time seen in its solitary superiority, at first appearing round and smooth, white and glittering with perpetual snow; but as the sun in his higher path cast shadows from summit to summit, and revealed ledges and chasms, we could see the smoothness broken. Mont Blanc is on the right of the valley, looking up from the Col de Balme; the left range being much lower, though the summit of the Buet is near ten thousand feet in height. Now on the Col de Balme we are midway in these sublime views, on an elevation of seven thousand feet, without an intervening barrier of any kind to interrupt our sight. On the Col itself we are between two loftier heights, both of which I ascended, one of them being a ridge so sharp and steep that, though I got up without much danger, yet on turning to look about me and come down, it was absolutely frightful. A step either side would have sent me sheer down a thousand feet; and the crags by which I had

mounted appeared so loosely perched, that I could shake and tumble them from their places by my hand. The view in every direction seemed infinitely extended, chain behind chain, ridge after ridge, in almost endless succession.

But the hour of the most intense splendor in this day of glory was the rising of the clouds in Chamouny, as we could discern them like stripes of amber floating in an azure sea. They rested upon and floated over the successive glacier gorges of the mountain range on either hand, like so many islands of the blest, anchored in mid-heaven below us; or like so many radiant files of the white-robed, heavenly host floating transversely across the valley. This extended through its whole length, and it was a most singular phenomenon; for through these ridges of cloud we could look, as through a telescope, down into the vale and along its farther end; but the intensity of the light flashing from the snows of the mountains and reflected in these fleecy radiances, was well-nigh blinding.—*Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*

CHEEVER, HENRY THEODORE, an American clergyman; born at Hallowell, Me., February 6, 1814; died at Worcester, Mass., February 13, 1897. He was a brother of George B. Cheever. He was the author of the following works: *The Whale and His Captors; Life in the Sandwich Islands; The Island World of the Pacific; Autobiography of Capt. Obadiah Coryat; Biography of Nathaniel Cheever, and of the Rev. Walter Colton; The Pulpit and the Pew.*

THE CALDRON OF KILAUEA.

When we had got to the leeward of the caldron, we found large quantities of the finest threads of metallic

vitrified lava, like the spears and filaments of sealing-wax, called "Pele's hair." The wind has caught them from the jets and bubbling springs of gory lava, and carried them away on its wings till they have lodged in nests and crevices, where they may be collected like shed wool about the time of sheep-shearing. Sometimes this is found twenty miles to the leeward of the volcano. The heat and sulphur gas, irritating the throat and lungs, are so great on that side we had to sheer away off from the brim of the caldron, and could not observe close at hand the part where there was the most gushing and bubbling of the ignifluous mineral fluid. But we passed round to the windward, and were thus enabled to get up to the brim, so as to look over for a minute into the molten lake, burning incessantly with brimstone and fire —

"A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide."

But the lava which forms your precarious foothold melted, perhaps, a hundred times, cannot be handled or trusted, and the heat even there is so great as to burn the skin of one's face; although the heated air, as it rises, is instantly swept off to the leeward by the wind, it is always hazardous, not to say foolhardy, to stand there for a moment, lest your uncertain foothold, crumbling and crispy by the action of fire, shall suddenly give way, and throw you instantly into the fiery embrace of death.

At times, too the caldron is so furiously boiling, and splashing, and spitting its fires, and casting up its salient, angry jets of melted lava and spume, that all approach to it is forbidden. We slumped several times near it, as a man will in the spring who is walking over a river of which the ice is beginning to thaw, and the upper stratum, made of frozen snow, is dissolved and rotten. A wary native who accompanied us wondered at our daring, and would not be kept once from pulling me back, as, with the eager and bold curiosity of a discoverer, all absorbed in the view of such exciting wonders, I was getting too near.

At the time we viewed it, the brim all around was covered with splashes and spray to the width of ten or twelve feet. The surface of the lake was about a mile in its longest diameter, at a depth of thirty or forty feet from its brim, and agitated more or less all over, in some places throwing up great jets and spouts of fiery red lava, in other places spitting it out like steam from an escape-pipe when the valves are half lifted, and again squirting the molten rock as from a popgun. The surface was like a river or lake when the ice is going out and broken up into cakes, over which you will sometimes see the water running, and sometimes it will be quite hidden. In the same manner in this lake of fire, while its surface was generally covered with a crust of half-congealed, dusky lava, and raised into elevations or sunk into depressions, you would now and then see the live-coal red stream running along. Two cakes of lava, also, would meet like cakes of ice, and, their edges crushing, would pile up and fall over precisely like the phenomena of moving fields of ice; there was, too, the same rustling, grinding noise. Sometimes, I am told, the roar of the fiery surges is like the heavy beating of surf. Once, when Mr. Coan visited it, this caldron was heaped up in the middle, higher above its rim than his head, so that he ran up and thrust in a pyrometer, while streams were running off on different sides. At another time when he saw it, it had sunk four or five hundred feet below its brim, and he had to look down a dreadful gulf to see its fires.—*The Island World of the Pacific.*

CHENEY, JOHN VANCE, an American poet, essayist and librarian; born at Groveland, N. Y., December 29, 1848. He was educated at Temple Hill Academy, Geneseo, N. Y., and at Burr and Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vt. He then studied law, and was admitted to the Massachusetts

bar. He began practice in New York city, but ill-health compelled him to remove to California in 1880. In 1887 he was appointed librarian of the San Francisco Public Library, where he served for eight years. In 1894 he was called to Chicago, to fill the place made vacant by the death of Dr. William F. Poole, as chief librarian of the Newberry Library. He is well known as one of the minor American poets, and has also written numerous literary essays. In prose he has published *The Golden Guess* (1892); and *That Dome in Air* (1895). His published verse includes *The Old Doctor* (1885); *Thistledrift* (1887); *Woodblooms* (1888); *Queen Helen* (1895); and *Out of the Silence* (1897). He edited *Wood Notes Wild* (1892), a series of unique papers on bird music, written by his father, Simeon Pease Cheney. Among the more prominent of Mr. Cheney's poems is one called *The Confession*.

THE CONFESSION.

Father, thy face were not more pale
 Did all thy flock together cry
 Their sin. Is it so hard a tale?
 God's servant, what if, when I die,
 I should behold Hell's red mouth foam
 With flutter of white souls thou hast chanted
 home?

Hear me. The path in anguish trod,
 That night, I once had loved it so!
 Now, every root and stone and sod,
 How it did sting me! To and fro
 The wild trees gestured — Arno's name
 The heavy-treading thunder crashed,
 I heard! It came, and instantly a flame,

Knife-bright, at one thrust halved the dark,
 Rushed up; my very blood stopt; stark
 I stood there, rooted. Loud and fast
 The thunder strode, while my crazed brain

Made the thick drops my tears dashed back again.
 How long it was I know not; all
 I saw, heard all, — her pleading low,
 His tender answers. White and small,
 She hung there. 'Twas her clinging so
 That set me on. Oh, her breath blew
 Against me louder than the blast! I drew —

Hark, hark! Teach him to say amen.
 How long must he the moaning make?
 Between the thunders — again — again —
 Nay, my good hand you will not shake,
 You had not got one little speck
 But for the pale thing clinging round his neck.—

But I have told it, holding well
 To truth; love, father, does not lie.
 Useful, perhaps, the tale to tell
 The goodly people, by and by:
 Tell them I kneeled not, nor did bow
 My head, nor on my lips take any vow.

Nay, let us have a brave farewell,
 And so forget the olden wrong.
 Tell them my story, father, tell
 How, glist'ning still, still bright and strong,
 Thou saw'st the good blade do it. Ay,
 'T is to the hilt — so — so. Father, I die.

SWALLOW AND FAIRY.

All the summer will a swallow
 Flit yon eave-nest out and in;
 Day and day together,
 Twitt'ring in the sunny weather,

Flits she out and in:
 But when the air gets sharp and thin,
 And her ways the snowflakes follow,
 Where's the swallow — where's the swallow?

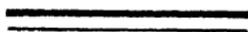
So Love's castle has a fairy,
 Tripping, tripping, out and in;
 Day and day together,
 Singing in the sunny weather,
 Trips she out and in:
 But when the sober days begin,
 Wolf to fight, and care to carry,
 Where's the fairy — where's the fairy?
 — *Woodblooms.*

BLEEDING HEART AND BROKEN WINGS

A bard, unheard, sang sweetest lay.
 (Our life — it is a little day;)
 The death-glaze made his bright eye dim,
 When all the world called after him.

A maiden gave her heart away,
 (Our life — it is a bitter day,)
 And there was scandal thro' the town;
 Only the bell-toll hushed it down.

The maiden loves, the poet sings,
 (Dear bleeding heart, poor broken wings!) —
 Oh, that th' indifferent grave could hear.
 The living turn the heedless ear!
 — *Out of the Silence.*



CHÉNIER, ANDRÉ MARIE DE, a French poet; born at Constantinople, October 30, 1762; died at Paris, July 25, 1794. He was the third son of Louis Chénier, the French Consul-general to Constantinople. His mother was a Greek woman of great beauty and accomplishments. He was sent at a very early age to France, and lived with a sister of his father at Carcassonne until his ninth year. After his father's return, and when he was twelve years of age, he was placed in the College de Navarre, Paris. Partly owing to his natural love for it, and in part due to his mother's influence, he became a fine classical scholar, especially in Greek literature. At twenty he entered the army, and for a time served as a sub-lieutenant at Strasburg, but military life had no attractions for him, and in a few months he threw up his commission and returned to Paris, and again devoted himself to study. During this period he wrote the idyls *Le Mendiant*; *L'Aveugle*, and *Le Jeune Malade*, and planned others. His close application affected his health, and he was compelled to seek change and rest, and toward the close of the year 1784 he set out with some friends on a tour through Switzerland, Italy, and the Archipelago. On his return, in 1786, he again wrote and made plans and sketches for great poems. Among these are *Suzanne*; *L'Invention*, and *Hermes*. The first and last of these were left in a fragmentary condition. In 1787, against his own inclinations, but to please his family, he accepted the secretaryship of the French Legation at London. His poem of *La Liberté*, written at this time, shows that it was with great reluctance that he went to Lon-

don. Three years later he resigned and returned to Paris in the first whirl of the Revolution, 1790. His intense love of liberty induced him to give it his earnest support, though from the first he identified himself with the moderate or conservative party. When Louis XVI. was brought to trial he assisted in the preparation of his defence, and offered to share with Malesherbes the responsibility of it. He had always opposed the atrocities of the Jacobins, and he published a number of pamphlets containing severe strictures against them and the leaders of the Revolution. These angered Robespierre, and he was arrested January 6, 1794, though the immediate cause was the arrest of Madame de Pastoret, in whose house he was staying at Passy. He was imprisoned in Saint Lazare. Here he met Mademoiselle de Coigny, Duchesse of Fleury, and for her he wrote the elegy, of which Lamartine says, "It is the most melodious sigh that ever issued from the crevices of a dungeon." After an incarceration of six months, on July 24th he was brought, with others, before the tribunal and condemned, and on the following day, July 25, 1794, with Roucher, the poet, was executed, three days before the close of the Reign of Terror. One account given of him as he was being borne to execution in the same cart with Roucher is that they repeated to each other the first scene of the *Andromaque*, another that he was silent and thoughtful. But two of his poems were published during his life, the others not for many years after his death. In 1819 Henri de Latouche edited selections from his manuscripts, and in 1883 Joubert brought out an edition of his poems.

"The biography of André Chénier," says an able and appreciative writer in the *Westminster Review*,

“contains the parallel stories of the two distinct and strangely dissimilar lives of a poet and of a political martyr—the two never to be confounded or confused, yet, when by death they were finally merged into one completed history, each seeming the fitting complement to the other. As a poet he lived in a cherished retirement with his friends, his books, his love-longings, and his unuttered hopes, consecrating the days and nights to his writings, and to an intense study which should fit him to be worthy of his art; yet so adverse was he to the petty jealousies and contests of a literary career, so far removed from the promptings of vanity, so utterly careless of contemporary applause, that he chose to leave his poems unpublished and, save to a few dear friends, unknown. When, however, the first signals of the great Revolution quickened the pulse and fired the blood of all who were eagerest, most generous, most hopeful, most impassioned in France, André Chénier, leaving the solitude which had to him become a second nature, threw himself into the vortex of political life with a reckless daring that almost savored of temerity. In the great world-drama which commenced in 1789, the part played by him was probably the purest, the noblest, the most unselfish of any; for not only was he among the foremost to lead the people onward to rescue all that was dear to them as men and women from the clutch of a terribly oppressive authority, but when, as an almost inevitable reaction, the people themselves, with their mob-laws, their Age of Reason, their thirst for vengeance and blood, inaugurated the most appalling tyranny that the world has ever witnessed, he again dared, this time almost alone, to take the side of the weakest, to battle for a liberty that should be

governed by law, for a justice that should be tempered by toleration. Nearly single-handed, he tried to stem the rushing floods of massacres and mad-nesses and miseries; he attacked openly — almost wantonly — men whose scowling hatred foreboded death; and when at last he found that all his struggles were ineffectual, he cried that it were better to deserve the guillotine than to enjoy life in times like these. And in his death-hour, turning, as if for consolation, again to poetry, he found his loveliest inspiration at the very foot of the scaffold.”

HIS LAST POEM.

A fragment; interrupted by the advent of the death-guard.

As the sun's last flashing ray,
 As the last cool breeze from the shore,
 Cheer the close of a dying day,
 Thus I strike my lyre once more.
 As now by the scaffold I wait,
 Each moment of time seems the last;
 For the clock, like a finger of fate,
 Points onward and onward fast.
 Perchance ere the hand goes round,
 Perchance ere I hear the beat
 Of the measured and vigilant sound
 Of its sixty sonorous feet,
 The sleep of the tomb will close
 On my wearied lids and eyes —
 Ere each thronging thought that glows
 Can have taken its own fitting guise;
 And One, bearing death in his hand,
 Like a grim recruiter of shades,
 Will come with his murderous band,

And, amid the clanging of blades,
 Fill all these gloomy corridors
 With resoundings of my name.

. . . .

BUGLE BLASTS.

It is above all when the sacrifices that must be made to truth, to liberty, to fatherland are dangerous and difficult that they are also accompanied with ineffable delights. It is in the midst of accusations, of outrages, of proscriptions, it is in the dungeon and on the scaffold that virtue, probity, and constancy taste the full joy of a conscience lofty and pure.

I take some joy in deserving the esteem of men of worth, in thus offering myself to the hatred and the vengeance of these villains sprung from the gutter; these corrupt professors of disturbance whom I have unmasked. I have thought to serve liberty in rescuing it from their praises. If, as I still hope, they will succumb to the weight of reason, it will be honorable to have contributed ever so little to their downfall. If they triumph, these are the men by whose hand it were better to be hanged than clasped as friends and comrades.

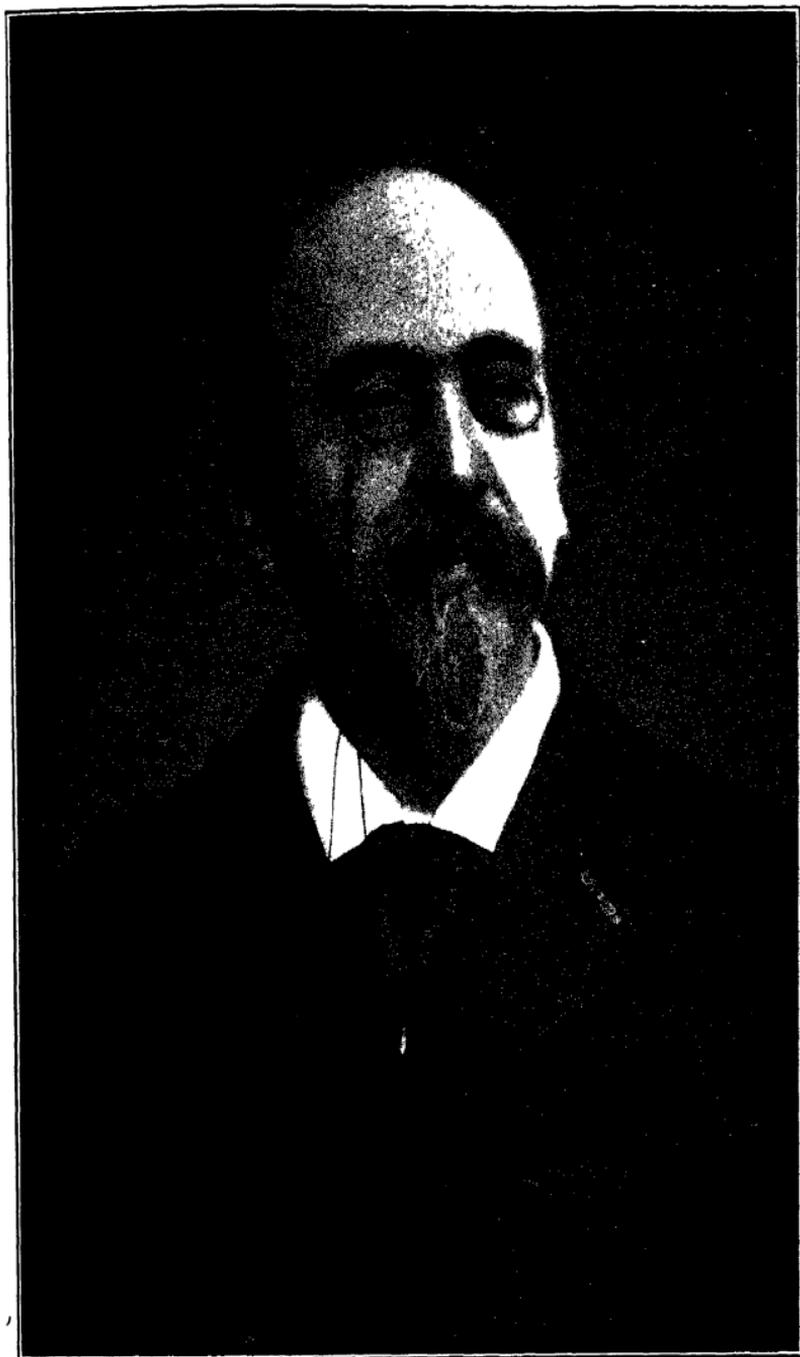
FIRST LOVE.

I was but a feeble infant, she a stately maid and tall,
 Yet with many a smiling promise, many a soft and winsome call,
 She would snatch me to her bosom, cradle me and rock me there,
 Let my childish fingers trifle with the glories of her hair;
 Smother me with fond caresses— for a moment's space again,
 As if shocked with my o'erboldness, feign to chide, but only feign.
 Then, when all her lovers thronged her— wandering and bashful host—

Then the proud, disdainful beauty kissed and fondled
 me the most.
 Often, often—(oh, how foolish childhood's innocent
 alarms!)
 Has she covered me with kisses as I struggled in her
 arms:
 While the shepherds murmur'd round us, as triumphantly
 I smiled,
 "Oh, what thrilling joys are wasted! Oh, too happy,
 happy child!"

CHERBULIEZ, CHARLES VICTOR, a French novelist and critic; born at Geneva, Switzerland, July 19, 1829; died at Melun, July 1, 1899. He began life as a teacher, but resigned his professorship and travelled extensively in the East. On his return he published in the form of a novel the result of his studies in archæology. The first edition was called *À Propos d'un Chevel*, and the second *Un Cheval de Phidias*. Two other works of a similar character embody his views on the origin, transformation, and destiny of the globe. Both over his own name and under the *nom de plume* of G. Valbert, Cherbuliez also contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* several papers on foreign politics and historical literature. Two novels of Cherbuliez have been dramatized, *Samuel Brohl* and *L'Aventure de Ladislas Bolski*, but neither has scored as a play the success attained in the original form. Cherbuliez was a distant relative of J. J. Rousseau.

When about thirty years of age he established himself in Paris, became a French citizen, and was ad-



VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

mitted to the French Academy in 1882. Among his novels are *Count Kostia* (1863); *Prince Vitale* (1864); *Le Grand Œuvre* (1867); *Prosper Randoce* (1868); *L'Aventure de Ladislas Bolski* (1869); *Le Financé de Mademoiselle St. Maur* (1876); *Samuel Brohl et Cie* (1877); *L'Idée de Jean Téterol* (1878); *Meta Holdenis*; *Olivier Maugant*; *Miss Rovel*, and *Le Revanche de Joseph Noirel*. He is also the author of *L'Espagne Politique*; *Études de Littérature et d'Art*; and *L'Allemagne Politique*.

A SIMPLE HOUSEHOLD.

One day we took a long horseback-ride. I was riding a chestnut full of pluck and fire; and Harris, who was an adept in horsemanship, and rather chary of his compliments, having deigned to praise my talents in that direction, I flattered myself that I was cutting something of a figure in the world. In the evening we stopped at a country inn for refreshments. At the extremity of the arbor, where we had taken our seats, sat a family, just finishing a rural meal. A young girl of about eighteen, apparently the oldest of the children, stood facing me at the table, evidently fulfilling the duties of majordomo, for she was carving a fowl. To protect herself against the sun that here and there slid through the foliage she had put a *fichu* on her head. It was this which first attracted my attention, but the face underneath it interested me far more. Harris asked me jestingly what I could find to admire in so ugly a creature; but I gave him to understand that he was no judge in the matter. This ugly creature, as he called her, was a brunette; rather short than tall, with chestnut hair, eyes of the clearest and sweetest blue — indeed, two veritable turquoises — and a beauty-mole on the left cheek. She was neither handsome nor pretty; her nose was too heavy, her chin too square, her mouth too large, her lips too thick; but she had, on the other hand, that peculiar charm of I don't know what which bewitches:

a nectarine complexion; cheeks like those fruits one longs to bite into; a face that resembles no other face; an ingenuous air, a caressing look, an angelic smile, and a singing voice. Her way of carving fowls was indeed adorable! Her four younger sisters and two little brothers were holding up their plates to her, opening their beaks like so many little chickens waiting for their food. She helped them all to their satisfaction. Her father, who had his back to me, called to her in a honey-eyed voice and German accent, which sounded strangely familiar to me, "Meta, you keep nothing to yourself, my dear!" She replied in German, and she must have said something charming, for he cried, "*Allerliebste!*" an exclamation I had no need of going to Dresden to understand. At the same time he turned toward me and I recognized the venerable face of my travelling companion.

M. Holdenis, who was to live henceforth in my memory as the father of the most charming ugly creature I had ever met, remembered me at once, and, as I advanced toward him, received me with open arms. He asked permission to introduce me to Madame Holdenis, a large, stout woman, round as a ball, rosy ugly, and not the least charming. I excused myself for not having called on him before, and did not leave until I had obtained an invitation to dinner for the next day. . . .

M. Holdenis lived in a comfortable country-house, five minutes' walk from the town. The place was called Florissant, and the house Mon-Nid; you will see by-and-by that I have had good reasons for remembering these names. I was punctual at the rendezvous, despite Harris, who had sworn to make me miss it. M. Holdenis welcomed me with the most amiable cordiality. He collected immediately his seven children, placed them, like organ pipes, all in a row, according to age and size, and gave me their names. I had to listen to the story of their precocious exploits, their winning ways, their natural wit. I expressed my delight and put Madame Holdenis into ecstasy. "They are the very children of their

mother!" said the husband—and, looking lovingly at her, he kissed chivalrously both her very red hands.

During this time the busy Meta came and went, lighting the lamps, making bouquets to stand on the mantel-piece, sliding into the dining-room to help the servant in setting the table, and from there darting into the kitchen to give an eye to the roast. Her father told me that they called her in the house "Little Mouse," *das Mäuschen*, because she moved about so noiselessly: she had the secret of being everywhere at once. The meal seemed to me delicious—for had she not had a hand in it? But what appeared still more admirable was the appetite of my host; I was, indeed, afraid he would hurt himself: all went off well, however; we took our coffee on the veranda in the star-light—the honeysuckle and jasmines intoxicating us with their perfumes. "What matters it whether one lives in a palace or in a hut?" remarked M. Holdenis to me, "provided one keeps a window open to a bit of blue sky?"

Having called back his progeny, he arranged them in a circle, and made them sing psalms. Meta beat the time for the young concert-singers, and at times gave them the key-note; she had a nightingale-voice, pure as crystal. We returned into the parlor. Games followed the psalms, until, the clock having struck ten, the worthy pastor of the flock made a sign, well understood by all, which stopped all merriment and introduced family worship.

He then opened an enormous folio Bible, over which, bending his patriarchal head, he remained a few moments silent, as if to collect his thoughts, and then began to improvise a homily upon the text of the Apocalypse: "These are the two olive-trees, and the two candlesticks, standing before the God of the earth." I thought I understood him to mean that the two candlesticks represented Monsieur and Madame Holdenis; the little Holdenises were as yet only bits of candles, but with proper efforts were expected to grow into wax-tapers.

As soon as he had closed his big Bible, I rose to take my leave. He grasped both my hands and, looking at

me tenderly, with tears in his eyes, said: "Behold our every-day life. You have found Germany even in this foreign country. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but Germany is the only place in the world that knows what real family life means — that perfect union of souls, that poetic and ideal sentiment of things. And," added he, with an amiable smile, "I do not think I am mistaken when I say that you seem to me worthy in every way to become a German."

I assured him, looking sideways at Meta, that he was not mistaken; that I felt within me something that looked very much like a touch of divine grace.

Half an hour later I repeated the same to Harris, who was waiting for me, furiously impatient, before two bottles of rum and a pack of cards. "Out of what holy water font do you come?" cried he, when he saw me; "you smell of virtue half a mile off." And, taking a brush, he dusted me from head to foot. He further tried to make me promise that I would not return to Florissant; but in vain. To punish me, he attempted to make me drunk, but when one thinks of Meta one does not get intoxicated on mere rum.

If Mon-Nid proved to my taste, my dear madame, the compliment was reciprocated, for Mon-Nid was also well pleased with me. I felt a welcome guest there; was made a great deal of; was liked, in short. When I submitted my project to learn German to M. Holdenis, he offered, with a rare kindness, to give me every day a lesson; and, as on the same occasion I expressed to him a great desire to paint his daughter's portrait, he granted me the request without very much ado. The consequence was that the nephew of my uncle Gedeon spent every day several hours in the sanctuary of virtue; the time given to Ollendorf's Grammar, however, was by no means the most agreeable; not that M. Holdenis was a bad teacher, but his disquisitions seemed to me rather long-winded. He repeated too often that the French were a giddy people, that their poets and artists were devoid of ideality, that Corneille and Racine were cold rhetoricians, that La Fontaine was wanting in grace

and Molière in mirth. He demonstrated also, at too great a length, that the German was the only language that could express the depths of the soul and the infinitude of sentiment.

On the other hand, I always found Meta's sittings too short. The portrait I had undertaken was to me the most attractive I had ever attempted, but also the most laborious of tasks. I often despaired of going creditably through with it, so hard was it for me to express what I saw and felt. Is there anything more difficult than to reproduce with the brush the charm that is not beautiful? to fix on the canvas a face without decided lineaments and features, whose whole worth rests on ingenuousness of expression, on blushing candor, on the caresses of the eye, and the luminous grace of the smile? Nor was that all; there lurked in that angelic face something else, which I strove in vain to render. . . . She seemed always very willing to sit for me, and appeared to like my company. She was, by turns, serious and playful. When serious, she would question me about the Louvre or the history of painting. When inclined to merriment, she amused herself talking German to me, and made me repeat ten times the same word after her. I generally answered as well as I could, making use of all I knew. My cock-and-bull stories made her sometimes laugh until the tears came. I gained by it the right to call her by her pet name, Mäuschen, which I managed to bring in in all I had to say; and as the word was hard to pronounce, it proved the most useful of exercises to me. At the end of every sitting, and to pay me for my trouble, she would recite to me *The King of Thule*. She recited with exquisite taste, and whenever she came to the last lines—

“*Die Augen thaten ihm sinken,
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr,*”

her eyes filled with tears, and her voice became so faint and trembling that it seemed to die away. She sang that beautiful song so often to me that I soon knew it by heart, and indeed know it yet.—*Meta Holdenis*.

META AS GOVERNESS.

While I was all admiration, and wandered through the fields, Meta Holdenis was quietly making the conquest of every inhabitant of Les Charmilles. A few days sufficed her to subdue the ungovernable Lulu. She had requested that nobody should come between her and the child; that no one should interfere with the rules she had laid down, or the punishments she would judge proper to inflict. It was a hard point to gain with Madame de Mauserre; she yielded, however, to the representations of her husband. At the first great misbehavior Lulu became guilty of, her governess shut herself up with her in a large room where there was nothing to break; then taking a seat, with her work, by the window, she began to sew, letting Lulu storm as much as she pleased. Lulu did her best; she stamped with her feet, threw the chairs about, howled. For three consecutive hours there was such a noise that God's thunder would scarcely have been heard. Her governess kept on sewing, without appearing to be either moved or irritated by this fearful hubbub, until, completely exhausted in strength and lungs, Lulu fell asleep on the floor. After two or three experiences of this kind, she discovered that she had found a master; and as, after all, this master seemed to love her, and asked of her nothing but what was reasonable, she concluded that it was best to submit.

Children are so constituted that they esteem what resists them; and a calm reason, that acts instead of reasoning, works upon them like a charm. Lulu, who, despite her mettle, was a good child, became gradually attached to her governess to such a degree that she would not leave her any more, and often preferred her lessons to playing. . . . I do not know where Meta found the time to do all she did without appearing the least over-busy. Lulu's education was not a sinecure; and yet she undertook, along with it, the housekeeping. Madame de Mauserre had too good a heart to govern a house properly. Her only ambition was to see happy

faces around her. I remember, one day, when the rain had driven us for refuge into a wretched inn in the suburbs of Rome, she ate up, to the last morsel, a detestable omelet, merely that the feelings of the innkeeper might not be wounded. She confessed to this weakness herself. "When I have scolded my maid, and she looks cross," she said, "I hasten to make amends, *e m' avoivisco.*"

Her servants, whom she spoiled, took advantage of it. Meta was not long in discovering that certain portions of the house-service were neglected, and that there was waste. On her remarks upon the subject, M. de Mau-serre, who was not close with his money, but who loved order in everything, begged his wife to let Meta assist her in the government of the house, which, in a short time, was reformed, like Lulu. She had an eye on everything, in the laundry as well as in the pantry. Her mouse-like tread was constantly heard on the stairs, and the trail of her gray dress, which, without being new, was always so fresh and clean that it seemed just come from the hands of the mantua-maker, was sweeping noiselessly along the passages. The subalterns were not very willing, at first, to recognize her authority, and there was a good deal of ill-feeling and rude behavior toward her; but Meta's patience here again triumphed, and she succeeded in disarming them by opposing to their somewhat wanton familiarity or bluntness an unalterable politeness. She possessed the tact to tame all sorts of animals; the very dogs of the château had presented their duties to her on the first day of her arrival. To rule was truly her vocation.

At six o'clock the Mouse took off her gray vestments and put on a black silk dress, which she relieved with a crimson bow; an ornament of similar color was put in her hair, and this formed her dinner toilet. She spoke very little during meals; her attention was chiefly directed upon her pupil, whose exuberance of spirits required close watching. Between eight and nine o'clock she put Lulu to bed, and returned immediately to the drawing-room, where she was always impatiently ex-

pected. Everybody at Les Charmilles — M. de Mauserre especially — was passionately fond of music, and there was no other performer except Madame d'Arci, whose voice, though timid, was correct and agreeable. I cannot recollect a single instance of musical memory to be compared with Meta's; her head was a complete repertory of operas, oratorios, and sonatas. She played or sang all the airs she was asked, supplying as well as she could what escaped her; after which, to please herself, she would conclude her concert with a piece from Mozart. Then her face would light up and her eyes sparkle; and it was then that, according to M. de Mauserre's expression, her ugliness became luminous. He had at last conceded to me that, no doubt, Velasquez and Rembrandt would have preferred this ugliness to beauty.

Three weeks after her arrival at Les Charmilles, Meta Holdenis had so well defined her place there that it seemed as if she had always belonged to the household, and that it would have been impossible to get along without her. If, at the house, when we used to meet in the drawing-room, she was detained in her room, every one would say, coming in, "Is Mademoiselle Holdenis here? Where is Mademoiselle Holdenis?" M. d'Arci himself, in his better hours, would confess that he began to be reconciled with the ideal. Madame de Mauserre was never tired of chanting the praises of this pearl of governesses; she called her an angel, and could not bless enough the American Harris for having sent her that good, that amiable girl, that innocent heart, pure as a sky in springtime. It was thus she gave vent to her enthusiasm. Of course, I was the last person to contradict her.—*Meta Holdenis.*

CHESTERFIELD, PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF, an English statesman and orator; born at London, September 22, 1694; died March 24, 1773. He was educated at Cambridge, and, after making the tour of Europe, was appointed a gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales. In 1727 he was made a privy councillor, and in 1728 was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Holland. He was afterward Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State. He was distinguished by his brilliant wit, polished manners, and elegance of conversation. Deafness forced him to retire from public life in 1762. His literary reputation rests upon a series of *Letters* addressed to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, not intended for publication, but designed "to give the advice and knowledge requisite to form the man ambitious to shine as an accomplished courtier, an orator in the senate, or a minister at foreign courts." These letters, though elegant in style, and full of good advice in regard to the outward conduct of life, too often reflect the low moral tone of the age in which they were written.

ON SELF-CONTROL.

I recommended to you, in my last, an innocent piece of art; that of flattering people behind their backs, in presence of those, who, to make their own court, much more than for your sake, will not fail to repeat, and even amplify the praise to the party concerned. This is of all flattery the most pleasing, and consequently the most effectual. There are other, and many other inoffensive arts of this kind, which are necessary in the course of the world, and by which he who practises the

earliest will please the most and rise the soonest. The spirits and vivacity of youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome. But subsequent knowledge and experience of the world reminds us of their importance, commonly when it is too late.

The principal of these things is the mastery of one's temper, and that coolness of mind and serenity of countenance which hinders us from discovering by words, actions, or even looks, those passions or sentiments by which we are inwardly moved or agitated; and the discovery of which gives cooler and abler people such infinite advantages over us, not only in great business, but in all the most common occurrences of life. A man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable things without visible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones without sudden bursts of joy and expansion of countenance, is at the mercy of every artful knave or pert coxcomb; the former will provoke or please you by design, to catch unguarded words or looks; by which he will easily decipher the secrets of your heart, of which you should keep the key yourself, and trust it with no man living. The latter will, by his absurdity, and without intending it, produce the same discoveries, of which other people will avail themselves.

You will say, possibly, that this coolness must be constitutional, and consequently does not depend upon the will: and I will allow that constitution has some power over us; but I will maintain, too, that people very often, to excuse themselves, very unjustly accuse their constitutions. Care and reflection, if properly used, will get the better: and a man may as surely get a habit of letting his reason prevail over his constitution, as of letting, as most people do, the latter prevail over the former. If you find yourself subject to sudden starts of passion or madness (for I see no difference between them but in their duration), resolve within yourself, at least, never to speak one word while you feel that emotion within you. Determine, too, to keep your countenance as unmoved and unembarrassed as possible; which

steadiness you may get a habit of by constant attention. I should desire nothing better, in any negotiation, than to have to do with one of those men of warm, quick passions; which I would take care to set in motion. By artful provocations I would extort rash, unguarded expressions; and by hinting at all the several things that I could suspect infallibly discover the true one, by the alteration it occasioned in the countenance of the person. . . . Make yourself absolute master, therefore, of your temper and your countenance, so far, at least, that no visible change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly. This may be difficult, but it is by no means impossible.

ON GOOD BREEDING.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them. Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody who has good sense and good nature (and I believe you have both), can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons and places and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general — their cement and their security. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and between the punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man who invades another man's property is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life is, by common consent, as justly banished from society. Mutual com-

plaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural as an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case violates that compact justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred. . . .

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and consequently, as there is no principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behavior, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you and talks to you ever so dully and frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. . . .

There is a sort of good breeding in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds too, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by

being carried to licentiousness. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. . . .

The deepest learning, without good breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry, and of use nowhere but in a man's own closet; and consequently of little or no use at all. A man who is not perfectly well bred is unfit for good company, and unwelcome in it; will consequently dislike it soon, afterward renounce it; and be reduced to solitude, or, what is worse, low and bad company. . . . A man who is not well bred is full as unfit for business as for company. Make them, my dear child, I conjure you, good breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions, at least half the day, and be convinced that good breeding is, to all worldly qualifications, what charity is to all Christian virtues. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it. May you wear it to adorn, and not to cover you.

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KNOWLES, an English poet, essayist and critic; born at London, in 1861. His works include *Wild Knight and Other Poems* (1885); *The Defendant* (1889); *Carlyle* (1903); *Browning* (1903); and *The Club of Queer Trades* (1905). The latter work is an essay in satiric fiction, and is constructed upon the plan of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*. The club of Queer Trades limits its membership strictly to persons who have invented new occupations, which occupations must afford the practitioner an actual living. The founder of the club (whose own idea obviously must be made to pay also) undertakes to spy out eligibles and in that pursuit wins adventures. Among the new businesses is one which undertakes to fit every-

body (however prosaic) with a suitable romance. One member of great genius has a scheme to organize repartee, and syndicates table talk and drawing room conversation.

THE WIT OF WOMAN.

Women are the inheritors of the oldest, most universal human wisdom. They have more sense than men, for the simple reason that a man has to be a specialist, and a specialist has to be a fanatic. The normal man all over the world is a hunter, or a fisher, or a banker, or a man of letters, or some silly thing. If so, he has to be a wise hunter, or a wise banker. But nobody with the smallest knowledge of professional life would ever expect him to be a wise man. But his wife has to be a wise woman. She has to have an eye on everything, an eye on the things that fanatical bankers forget. If the banker is melancholy, she must teach him ordinary cheerfulness. If the banker is too convivial, she must teach him ordinary caution. If she had four husbands (like Chaucer's Wife of Bath), she would be an optimist to the pessimist, a pessimist to the optimist, a Pagan to the Puritan, a Puritan to the Pagan. For she is the secret health of the world.

Surely, then, it is absurd to test the "brain-power" of women by asking how high they figure in examinations or trades; that is to say, how dextrously and powerfully they work as sweeps, or parsons, or journalists, or emperors, or innkeepers, or what not.

For the very great "brain-power" of women in the world is largely poured out in an attempt to modify the excessive sweepiness of sweeps, the undue parsony of parsons, the journalistic feverishness of journalists, the Imperial vulgarity of emperors, and the moral difficulties that arise from the keeping of an inn. Our sanity is built up out of their agonies. Our stillness is made out of their straining. We have not much to pay them back with for thus upholding from the beginning the utterly unattainable ideal of common sense. We have made one attempt to do it: we have called Nature "she."

CHIABRERA, GABRIELLO, an Italian lyric poet; born at Savona, June 8, 1552; died there, October 14, 1637. He was sent at the age of nine years to Rome, where he was educated at the Jesuits' College. He afterward entered the service of Cardinal Cornero-Camerlingo. A duel, in which he slew his adversary, forced him to flee to Savona, where he devoted himself to literature. Another broil, resulting in his antagonist's death, exposed him to prosecution and the loss of his property by confiscation. Rescued by the efforts of Cardinal Aldobrandini, Chiabrera passed the remainder of his life in quiet. His early poems were imitations of Anacreon, Simonides, and Sappho, but he soon began to form a style of his own. He is said to have declared that the poets of Italy were too timid in art, and that, like Columbus, he would discover a new world, or drown. An admiration of Pindar made him an unconscious imitator of the Greek pattern, after which he formed a style of his own, which distinguishes him from other Italian lyric poets. After he became famous as an author he resided mostly in Florence and Genoa. His sublime odes and canzoni soon won him national fame, and he received many honors at the hands of several Italian rulers. He wrote much and in many varieties of verse. He composed five epics: *Italia Liberata*; the *Gotiade*; the *Ruggiero*; the *Firenze*; and the *Amadei*. His reputation, however, rests upon his lyric poems, in which he surpassed all his Italian predecessors.

TO HIS MISTRESS'S LIPS.

Sweet thornless rose,
 Surpassing those
 With leaves at morning's beam dividing!
 By Love's command,
 Thy leaves expand
 To show the treasure they were hiding.

O, tell me, flower,
 When hour by hour
 I doting gaze upon thy beauty
 Why thou the while
 Dost only smile
 On one whose purest love is duty!

Does pity give,
 That I may live,
 That smile, to show my anguish over?
 Or, cruel coy,
 Is it but joy
 To see thy poor expiring lover?

Whate'er it be,
 Or cruelty,
 Or pity to the humblest, vilest;
 Yet can I well
 Thy praises tell,
 If while I sing them thou but smilest.

When waters pass
 Through springing grass,
 With murmuring song their way beguiling:
 And flowerets rear
 Their blossoms near—
 Then do we say that Earth is smiling

When in the wave
 The Zephyrs lave
 Their dancing feet with ceaseless motion,

And sands are gay
 With glittering spray —
 Then do we talk of smiling Ocean.

When we behold
 A vein of gold
 O'erspread the sky at morn and even
 And Phœbus' light
 Is broad and bright —
 Then do we say 'tis smiling Heaven.

Though Sea and Earth
 May smile in mirth,
 And joyous Heaven may return it;
 Yet Earth and Sea
 Smile not like thee,
 And Heaven itself has yet to learn it.

AN EPITAPH.

There never breathed a man, who, when his life
 Was closing, might not of that life relate
 Toils long and hard. The warrior will report
 Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,
 And blasts of trumpets. He who hath been doomed
 To bow his forehead in the courts of kings
 Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
 Envy and heart-inquietude, derived
 From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.
 I, who on shipboard lived from earliest youth,
 Could represent the countenance horrible
 Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage
 Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years
 Over the well-steered galleys did I rule.
 From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic Pillars,
 Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
 And the broad gulfs I traversed oft — and — oft.
 Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir
 I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride
 Availed not to my vessel's overthrow.

What noble pomp, and frequent, have not I
 On regal decks beheld! yet in the end
 I learned that one poor moment can suffice
 To equalize the lofty and the low.
 We sail the sea of life—a calm one finds,
 And one a tempest—and the voyage o'er,
 Death is the quiet haven of us all.
 If more of my condition ye would know,
 Savona was my birthplace, and I sprang
 Of noble parents: seventy years and three
 Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.
 —*Translation of WORDSWORTH.*

CHILD, LYDIA MARIA FRANCIS, an American novelist and philanthropist; born at Medford, Mass., February 11, 1802; died at Wayland, Mass., October 20, 1880. Her first novel, *Hobomok*, was published in 1824. For several years she was editor of the *Juvenile Miscellany*. In 1841, in association with her husband, David Lee Child, she became editor of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*.

The following story is told of the beginning of her authorship: Having been for several years removed from all literary associations, she one Sunday, while on a visit to her brother, a clergyman of Watertown, happened to read, in the *North American Review*, Dr. Palfrey's article on *Yamoyden*, in which the adaptation of New England history to the purposes of fiction was eloquently set forth. She had never written a word for the press, never dreamed of turning author; but the spell was upon her, and seizing a pen, within two or three hours she had composed the first

chapter of *Hobomok* just as it is printed. She showed it to her brother, and her young ambition was flattered by his exclamation: "But, Maria, did you *really* write this? Do you mean to say that it is *entirely* your own?" "The excellent Doctor," says Dr. Griswold, in relating this incident, "little knew the effect of his words; her fate was fixed, and in six weeks *Hobomok* was finished."

Speaking of the influences which contributed to making Mrs. Child a literary woman, the *Atlantic Monthly*, in its review of her *Letters*, said: "Her formative period was that curious and interesting one when there was a serene and not self-conscious provincialism in New England; when foreign and ancient literature and life were quietly measured by standards kept in the neighborhood of Boston Common; when there was a flower of culture which was entirely of native growth and production; when New York was a remote and interesting region to be reported upon by travellers; and when all questions of philosophy and religion were to be determined with a calm disregard of the rest of the world, for the use of the descendants of the Puritans and Pilgrims. This prevalent tone of intellectual and moral life was apparent in Mrs. Child to the end of her days. It gave her an innocent audacity in handling themes which required larger equipment than she could bring into service, and made her, even when professing an inquiry into history, and a large human experience, to be curiously oblivious of great historic movements. All this was common enough in New England of her early days, but the book which she prepared just before her death, *Aspirations of the World*, was just as provincial as if it had been written

forty years before, when New England had its own exclusive prophets and philosophers."

Among her numerous writings are *The Rebels: A Tale of the Revolution* (1828); *Philothea* (1829); *The Mother's Book* (1833); *The Girl's Book* (1836); *The American Frugal Housewife* (1838); *A History of the Condition of Women of All Ages and Nations* (1839); *Biographies of Good Wives* (1841); *The Family Nurse* (1843); *The Coronal: Pieces in Prose and Verse* (1844); *Flowers for Children* (1845); *Fact and Fiction* (1846); *Memories of Madame de Staël and Madame Roland* (1852); *Life of Isaac T. Hopper* (1853); *Letters From New York* (1854); *Progress of Religious Ideas through the Ages* (1855); *Autumnal Leaves, Looking Toward Sunset* (1864); *The Freedman's Book* (1866); and *Mirra: A Romance of the Republic* (1867); and *Aspirations of the World* (1878).

HUMBLE GRAVES.

Following the railroad, which lay far beneath our feet, as we wound our way over the hills, we came to the burying-ground of the poor. Weeds and brambles grew along the sides, and the stubble of last year's grass waved over it, like dreary memories of the past; but the sun smiled on it, like God's love on the desolate soul. It was inexpressibly touching to see the frail memorials of affection, placed there by hearts crushed under the weight of poverty. In one place was a small rude cross of wood, with the initials J. S. cut with a penknife, and apparently filled in with ink. In another a small hoop had been bent into the form of a heart, painted green, and nailed on a stick at the head of the grave. On one upright shingle was painted only "MUTTER;" the German word for "Mother." On another was scrawled, as if with charcoal, "*So ruhe wohl*

du unser liebes Kind." (Rest well, our beloved child.) One recorded life's brief history thus: "H. G., born in Bavaria; died in New York." Another short epitaph in French told that the speaker came from the banks of the Seine.

The predominance of foreign epitaphs affected me deeply. Who could now tell with what high hopes those departed ones had left the heart homes of Germany, the sunny hills of Spain, the laughing skies of Italy, or the wild beauty of Switzerland? Would not the friends they had left in their childhood's home weep scalding tears to find them in a pauper's grave, with their initials rudely carved on a fragile shingle. Some had not even these frail memorials. It seemed there was none to care whether they lived or died. . . . Returning homeward, we passed a Catholic burying-ground. It belonged to the upper classes, and was filled with marble monuments, covered with long inscriptions. But none of them touched my heart like that rude shingle, with the simple word "MUTTER" inscribed thereon.—*Letters from New York.*

A LITTLE WAIF.

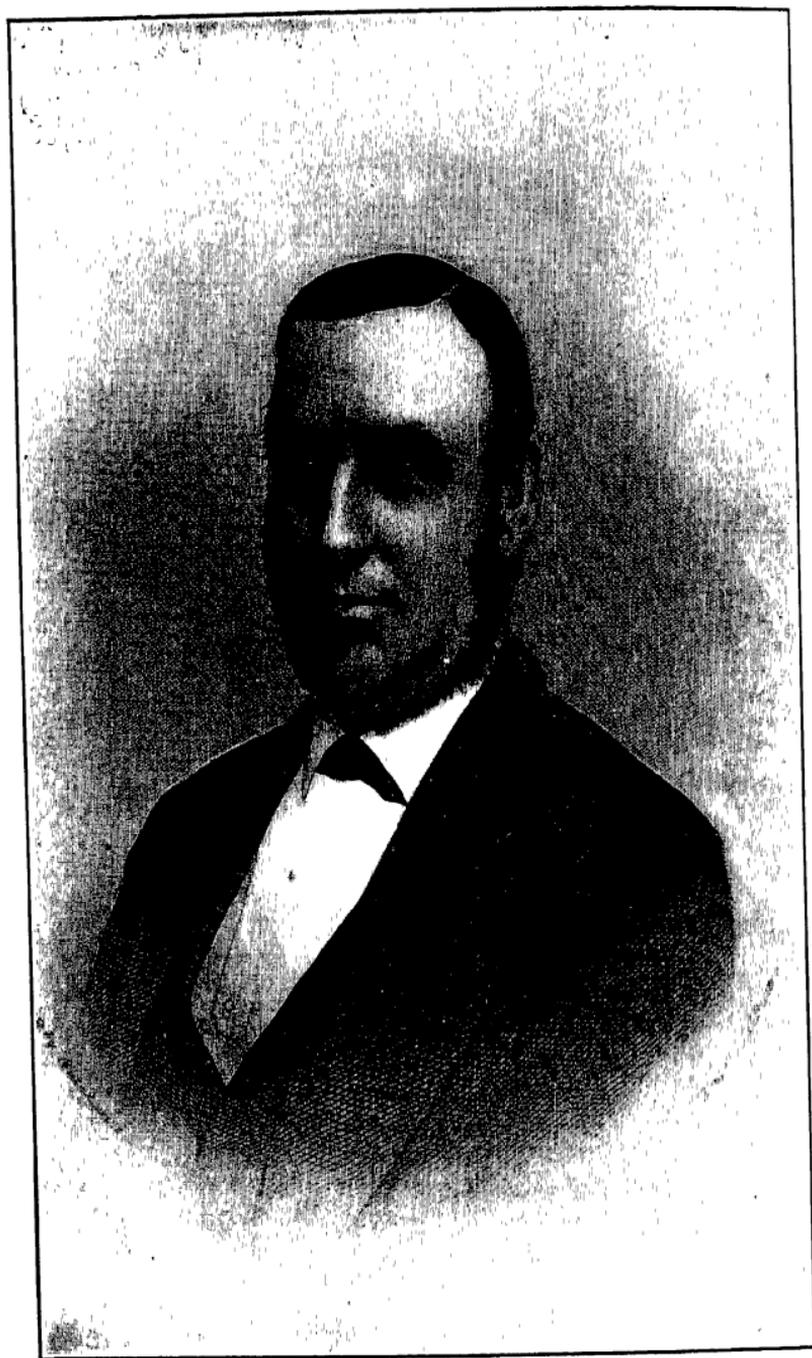
The other day I went forth for exercise merely, without other hope of enjoyment than a farewell to the setting sun, on the now deserted Battery, and a fresh kiss from the breezes of the sea, ere they passed through the polluted city, bearing healing on their wings. I had not gone far, when I met a little ragged urchin, about four years old, with a heap of newspapers, "more big than he could carry," under his little arm, and another clenched in his small red fist. The sweet voice of childhood was prematurely cracked into shrillness by screaming street cries, at the top of his lungs, and he looked blue, cold, and disconsolate. May the angels guard him! How I wanted to warm him in my heart.

I stood looking after him as he went shivering along. Imagination followed him to the miserable cellar where he probably slept on dirty straw. I saw him flogged after his day of cheerless toil, because he had failed to bring

home pence enough for his parents' grog; I saw wicked ones come muttering, and beckoning between his young soul and heaven; they tempted him to steal to avoid the dreaded beating. I saw him years after, bewildered and frightened, in the police-office surrounded by hard faces. Their law-jargon conveyed no meaning to his ear, awakened no slumbering moral sense, taught him no clear distinction between right and wrong; but from their cold, harsh tones, and heartless merriment, he drew the inference that they were enemies; and as such he hated them. At that moment, one tone like a mother's voice might have wholly changed his earthly destiny; one kind word of friendly counsel might have saved him—as if an angel standing in the genial sunlight, had thrown to him one end of a garland, and gently diminishing the distance between them, had drawn him safely out of the deep and tangled labyrinth, where false echoes and winding paths conspired to make him lose his way. But watchman and constables were around him, and they have small fellowship with angels. The strong impulses that might have become overwhelming love for his race, are perverted to the bitterest hatred. He tries the universal resort of weakness against force; if they are too strong for *him*, he will be too cunning for *them*. *Their* cunning is roused to detect *his* coming; and thus the gallows-game is played, with interludes of damnable merriment from police reports, whereat the heedless multitude laugh; while angels weep over the slow murder of a human soul. God grant that little shivering carrier-boy a brighter destiny than I have foreseen for him.—*Letters from New York.*

TO WHITTIER ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

I thank thee, friend, for words of cheer,
That made the path of duty clear,
When thou and I were young and strong
To wrestle with a mighty wrong,
And now, when lengthening shadows come,
And this world's work is nearly done,
I thank thee for thy genial ray



GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.

That prophesies a brighter day
When we can work, with strength renewed,
In clearer light, for surer good.
- God bless thee, friend, and give thee peace,
Till thy fervent spirit finds release;
And may we meet, in worlds afar,
My Morning and my Evening Star!

CHILDS, GEORGE WILLIAM, an American journalist and philanthropist; born at Baltimore, Md., May 22, 1829; died at Philadelphia, Pa., February 3, 1894. He was educated in a private school, and entered the United States Navy at thirteen years of age, but remained less than two years. He then engaged as a clerk in a bookstore in Philadelphia, and in 1847 became a partner in a publishing house in that city. A few years after he was made a member of the publishing firm of R. E. Peterson & Co., and the firm name was changed to Childs & Peterson. In 1863 he sold his interest in this firm, and in 1864 purchased the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which under his management became one of the most prosperous daily newspapers in the United States. He was distinguished as a philanthropist, every worthy enterprise of public charity receiving always his heartiest support. He gave a Shakespeare memorial fountain to Stratford-on-Avon, and founded a home for printers at Colorado Springs. He published *Recollections of General Grant* (1885); and *Personal Recollections* (1889). He received the degree of LL.D. from Grant Memorial University, Tennessee, in 1887.

Upon the appearance of his *Recollections*, he received from Oliver Wendell Holmes the following tribute of friendship and appreciation: "It is a work which must be eagerly read in all parts of the country. Your own career is typical, and holds an example and promise to your fellow-countrymen. It shows them what intelligence, honesty, perseverance, generous aims, and the personal qualities which make friends can do for a young man who has his own way to make and means to make it. I do not think any one can grudge you the success you have won. It must be a great delight to look back on a career marked by such triumphs, with the feeling that you have added so much to the happiness of your fellow-countrymen and to the credit of your country. It is a record of deeds by which you will long be remembered; and what can be more gratifying than to feel that your name will always be associated with the fairest products of art and the most precious memories of the great singers who have lent a glory to the language we inherit? I cannot forget your many acts of courtesy to myself; and I return my thanks to you for all the tokens of friendly regard with which you have honored me."

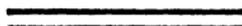
RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT.

In his life three qualities were conspicuously revealed — justice, kindness, and firmness. Seeing General Grant frequently for more than twenty years, I had abundant opportunity to notice these qualities.

A great many people had an idea that General Grant was very much set in his opinions; but, while he had decided opinions, at the same time he was always open to conviction. Very often in talking with him he would make no observation, and when one had got through, it would be difficult to tell exactly whether he had grasped

the subject or not, but in a very short time, if the matter was alluded to again, it would be found that he had comprehended it thoroughly. His power of observation and mental assimilation was remarkable.

Another marked trait of his character was his purity in every way. I never heard him express an impure thought or make an indelicate allusion. There was nothing I ever heard him say that could not be repeated in the presence of women. He never used profane language. He was very temperate in eating and drinking. In his own family, unless guests were present, he seldom drank wine. If, while he was President, a man were urged for an appointment, and it was shown that he was an immoral man, he would not appoint him, no matter how great the pressure brought to bear by his friends.



CHILLINGWORTH, WILLIAM, an English divine and controversialist; born at Oxford, in October, 1602; died at Chichester, January 30, 1644. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was made Master of Arts in 1623, and Fellow in 1628. The controversy between the Anglican and the Roman communions was then at its height. Chillingworth fell under the influence of Fisher, a learned and able Jesuit, by whom he was so far brought over to Romanism as to enter the Catholic Seminary at Douay, in France, where he, however, remained only a short time; for Laud, his godfather, who was at that time Bishop of London, pressed upon him arguments against the dogmas and practice of the Church of Rome. Chillingworth left Douay in 1631, returned to Oxford, and set himself seriously at work to examine the respective claims of the two Churches.

The result was that "on grounds of Scripture and reason," he declared for Protestantism; and in 1634 wrote, but did not publish, a paper containing a "confutation of the motives which had led him over to Rome."—He was soon after busied upon his great work, *The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation*, which was issued in 1637, with the formal approbation of the Anglican ecclesiastical authorities. His theory of the Christian Community is thus summed up by himself:

CHILLINGWORTH'S CREED.

I am fully assured that God does not, and therefore that man ought not, to require any more of any man than this:—To believe the Scripture to be God's word, to endeavor to find the true sense of it and to live according to it.

Directly after the publication of *The Religion of Protestants*, Chillingworth received several valuable ecclesiastical preferments. In the quarrel which arose between King Charles I. and the Parliament he took the extreme royalist side. He held that "even the unjust and tyrannous violence of princes may not be resisted, although it may be avoided in the terms of our Saviour's direction, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee into another.'" Chillingworth died when the civil war had just fairly begun. His last days were spent in a heated controversy with a redoubtable preacher, Francis Cheynell, concerning the dispute between the King and the Parliament. An edition of Chillingworth's works was printed at Oxford in 1838, in three octavo volumes; one volume of which is taken up mainly by a series of sermons preached on various

occasions. In respect to his double change of faith, he thus writes :

CHILLINGWORTH ON HIS CHANGES IN FAITH.

I know a man, that of a moderate Protestant, turned a Papist; and the day that he did so was convicted in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man afterward upon better consideration became a doubting Papist and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes than a traveller who using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it. Nay, he stands upon his justification so far as to maintain that his alterations not only *to* you, but also *from* you, by God's mercy, were the most satisfactory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victories that ever he obtained over himself and his affections in those things which in this world are most precious.—*Letter to a Catholic Friend.*

THE USE OF FORCE IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

I have learned from the ancient Fathers of the Church that nothing is more against religion than to force religion; and of Saint Paul that the weapons of the Christian warfare are not carnal. And great reason; for human violence may make men counterfeit, but cannot make them believe; and is therefore fit for nothing but to breed form without and atheism within. Besides, if this means of bringing men to embrace any religion were generally used—as, if it may be justly used in any place by those that have power and think they have truth, certainly they cannot with reason deny but that it may be used in every place by those that have power as well as they, and think they have truth as well as they—what could follow but the maintenance, perhaps, of truth, but perhaps only the profession of it in one place and the oppression of it in a hundred? What will follow from it but the preservation, peradventure,

of unity, but, peradventure only of uniformity, in particular States and Churches; but the immortalizing of the greater and more lamentable divisions of Christendom and the world? And therefore what can follow from it but, perhaps, in the judgment of carnal policy, the temporal benefit and tranquillity of temporal states and kingdoms, but the infinite prejudice, if not the desolation, of the Kingdom of Christ? . . .

But they that know there is a King of kings and Lord of lords, by whose will and pleasure kings and kingdoms stand and fall, they know that to no King or State anything can be profitable which is unjust; and that nothing can be more evidently unjust than to force weak men, by the profession of a religion which they believe not, to lose their own eternal happiness out of a vain and needless fear lest they may possibly disturb their temporal quietness. There is no danger to any State from any man's opinion, unless it be such an opinion by which disobedience to authority, or impiety, is taught or licensed — which sort, I confess, may be justly punished, as well as other faults; or unless this sanguinary doctrine be joined with it, that it is lawful for him by human violence to enforce others to it. Therefore, if Protestants did offer violence to other men's consciences, and compel them to embrace their Reformation, I excuse them not. — *The Religion of the Protestants.*

UPON DUELLING.

But how is this doctrine [of the forgiveness of injuries] received in the world? what counsel would men — and those none of the worst sort — give thee in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee? — Why, thus: “If thy brother or thy neighbor have offered thee an injury or an affront, forgive him!” By no means. “Thou art utterly undone and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest; let all other business and employment be laid aside till thou hast his blood.” How! A man's blood for an injurious, passionate speech — for

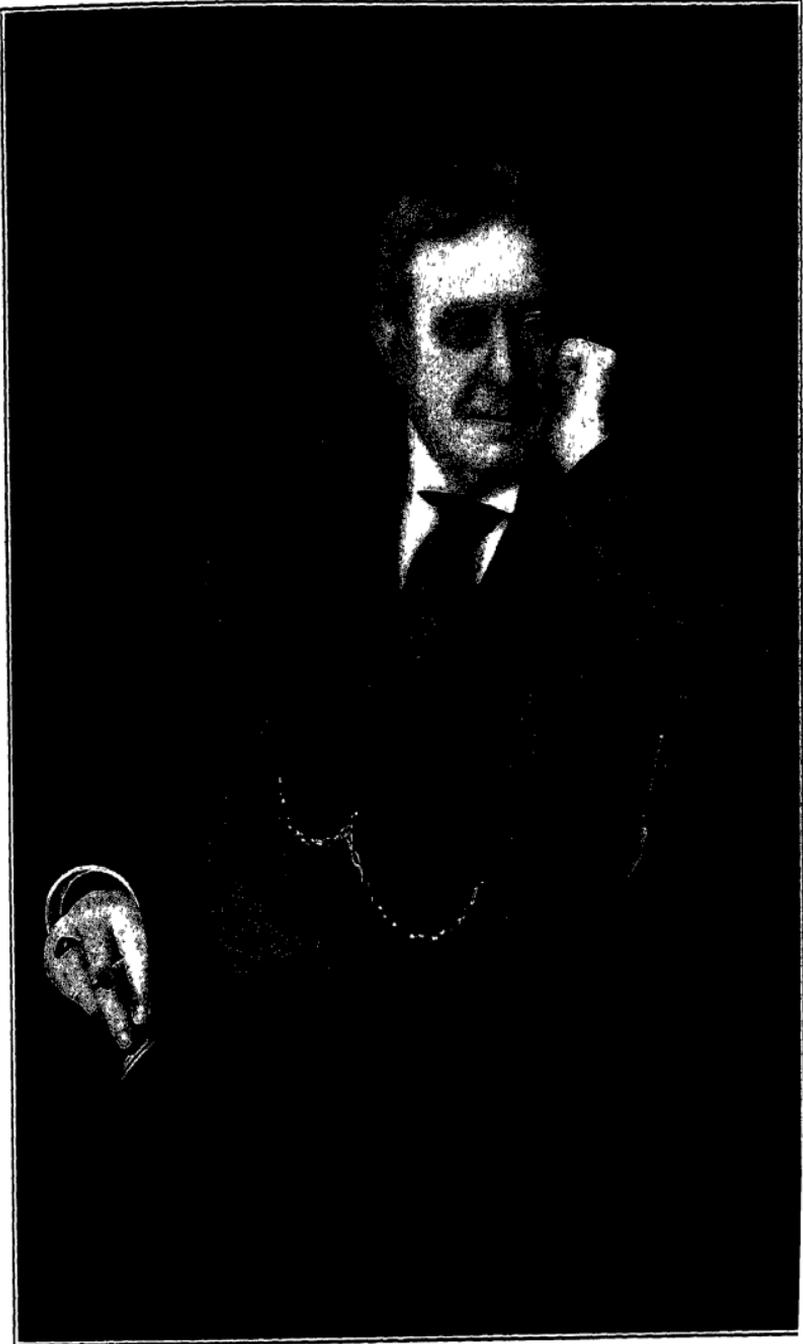
a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all: that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness as thou wouldst to the Communion; after several days' respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

O thou holy Christian religion! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman poisonous blood, these raging fiery spirits? . . . Blessed God! that it should become a most sure and settled course for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, which it is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life! That it should ever enter into Christian hearts to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God. . . . Thou, for a distempered, passionate speech, or less, would take upon thee to send thy neighbor's soul, or thine own—or likely both—clogged and oppressed with all your sins unrepented of (for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution?) before the tribunal seat of God to expect your final sentence; utterly depriving yourself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate that it shall not be in God's power almost to do thee any good.

Pardon, I beseech you, my earnestness, almost intemperateness, seeing that it has proceeded from so just, so warrantable a ground. And since it is in your power to give rules of honor and reputation to the whole kingdom, do not you teach others to be ashamed of this inseparable badge of your religion—charity and forgiving of offences. Give men leave to be Christians, without danger or dishonor; or, if religion will not work with you, yet let the laws of that State wherein you live,

the earnest desires and care of your righteous Prince, prevail with you.—*Sermon, preached before Charles I. and the Court.*

CHOATE, JOSEPH HODGES, an American lawyer, diplomat and orator; born at Salem, Mass., January 24, 1832. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1852, and from the Harvard Law School in 1854. He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and after practicing for a year in Boston, he removed to New York city. In 1884 he became a member of the firm of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, achieving remarkable success as a lawyer. He won especial distinction as a trial lawyer, conducting many celebrated cases in both the State and Federal courts and also in international tribunals. He prosecuted several members of the notorious "Tweed" ring of corrupt politicians, and appeared in the Tilden will contest. He successfully defended General Fitz John Porter, and represented the government in the Chinese exclusion cases, the income tax cases of 1894, and the Bering sea dispute. As long ago as 1856 he became active as a Republican and stood high in the councils of the party. In 1894 he was president of the New York State Constitutional Convention. In 1896 he was a prominent candidate for a seat in the United States senate, but was defeated by Thomas C. Platt. In 1899 President McKinley appointed Mr. Choate to succeed John Hay as ambassador to the Court of St. James, where he remained until June, 1905. He is a famous orator and after-dinner speaker, sharing with



JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

Chauncey M. Depew, a well-earned fame as wit and humorist.

Mr. Choate was president of the New England Society from 1867 to 1871, president of the Harvard Club from 1874 to 1878, and president of the Union League Club from 1873 to 1877. His addresses before these various bodies are regarded as uniformly brilliant efforts and models of eloquence. Mr. Depew has said of him. "He is one of the few lawyers who has demonstrated his ability to speak with equal eloquence from the platform and in the forum. He has a dignified, gracious and commanding presence, added to superior ability, great acquirements and oratorical power."

Mr. Choate's ideal of "success," as drawn forth in an interview, is the attainment of a large capacity for work — for accomplishment. Wealth, leisure, sumptuous surroundings, "the contest of idleness, knowing that enough has been done"—these, to common minds the markings of success, have for him no such significance. There are nobler things to be sought. The others are but "trappings, which neither add to nor detract from character." He has always been an eloquent advocate of social, charitable and educational movements. His executive abilities are conceded to be great. His power of sustained and systematic labor is unusual. His cultivation of mind and urbanity of spirit, his geniality and his gift of repartee, have given him remarkable popularity.

ON THE PILGRIMS.

Here is one of Mr. Choate's glowing periods, the peroration of a New England Society dinner speech:

“When that little company of Nonconformists at Scrooby, with Elder William Brewster at their head, having lost all but conscience and honor, took their lives in their hands and fled to Protestant Holland, seeking nothing but freedom to worship God in their own way, and to earn their scanty bread by the sweat of their brows; when they toiled and worshiped there at Leyden for twelve long suffering years; when at last, longing for a larger liberty, they crossed the raging Atlantic in that crazy little bark that bore at the peak the Cross of St. George, the sole emblem of their country and their hopes; when they landed in the dead of winter on a stern and rockbound coast; when they saw, before the spring came round, half of the number of their dear comrades perish of cold and want; when they knew not where to lay their heads—

They little thought how clear a light
With years should gather round this day,
How love should keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

“How the day and the place should be honored as the source from which true liberty derived its birth, and how at last a nation of fifty millions of freemen should bend in homage over their shrine. We honor them for their dauntless courage, for their sublime virtue, for their self-denial, for their hard work, for their common sense, for their ever-living sense of duty, for their fear of God that cast out all other fears, and for their raging thirst for liberty. In common with all those generations through which we trace our proud lineage to their hardy stock, we owe a great share of all that we have achieved, and all that we enjoy of strength, of freedom, of prosperity, to their matchless virtue and their grand example. So long as America continues to love truth and duty, so long as she cherishes liberty and justice, she will never tire of hearing the praises of the Pilgrims, or of heaping fresh incense upon their altar.”

At the dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in the evening of March 17, 1893, Mr. Choate said:

OLD IRELAND.

“But, gentlemen, now that you have done so much for America—now that you have made it all your own—what do you propose to do for Ireland? How long do you propose to let her be the political football of England? Poor, downtrodden, oppressed Ireland! ‘Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not, who would be free themselves must strike the blow?’

“You have learned how to govern by making all the soil of other countries your own. Have you not learned how to govern at home; how to make Ireland a land of home rule?

“There’s a cure for Ireland’s woes and feebleness to-day. It is a strong measure that I advocate. I propose that you shall all, with your wives and your children and your children’s children, with the spoils that you have taken from America in your hands, set your faces homeward, land there, and strike the blow!

“Think what it would mean for both countries if all the Irishmen of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, should shoulder their muskets and march to the relief of their native land!

“Then, indeed, would Ireland be for Irishmen and America for Americans!

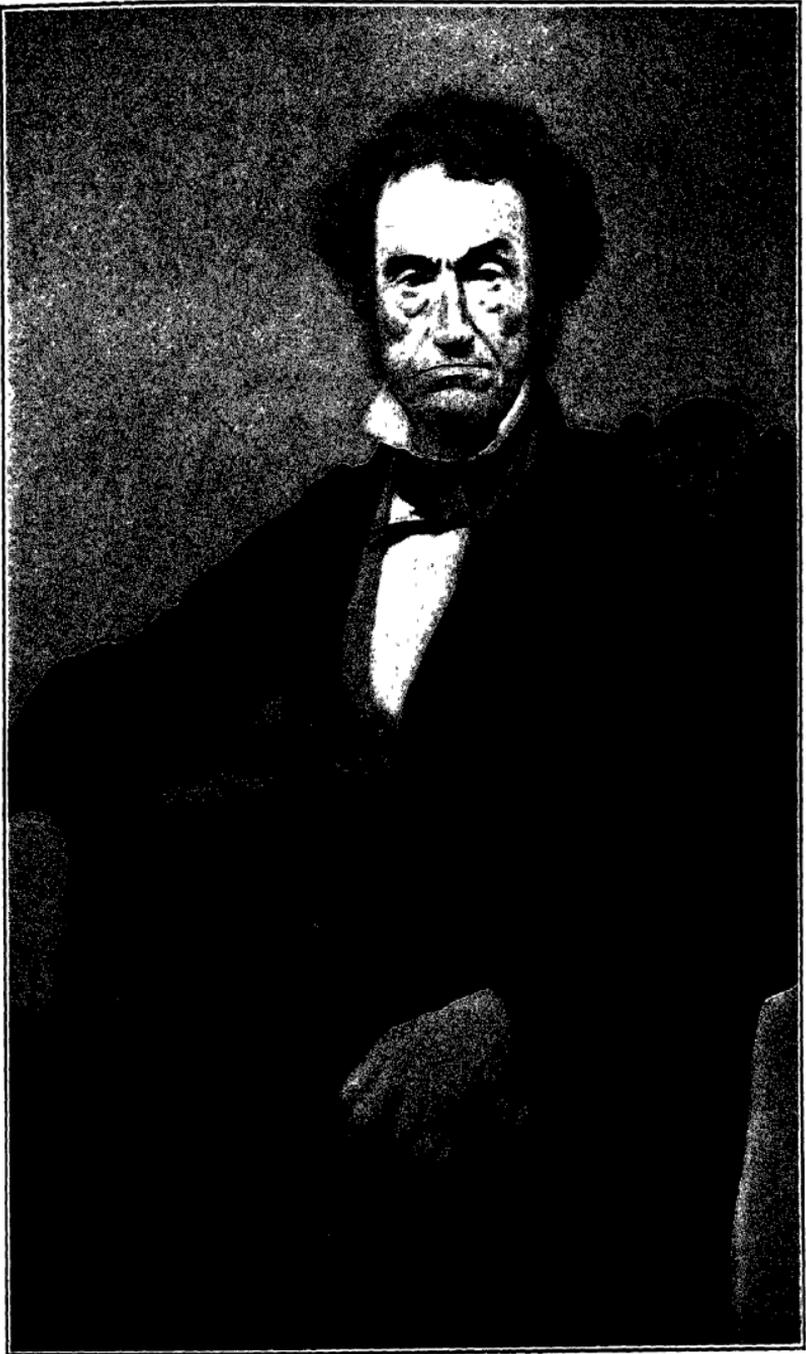
“As you landed, the Grand Old Man would come down to receive you with pæans of assured victory. As you departed, the Republicans would go down to see you off and to bid you a joyful farewell. Think of the song you could raise: ‘We are coming, Father Gladstone, 15,000,000 strong!’

“How the British lion would hide his diminished head! For such an array would not only rule Ireland, but all other sections of the British Empire. What could stand before you?

“It would be a terrible blow to us. It would take us a great while to recover. Feebly, imperfectly, we should

look about us and learn for the first time in seventy-five years how to govern New York without you. But there would be a bond of brotherhood between the two nations. Up from the whole soil of Ireland, up from the whole soil of America would rise one pæan — Erin go bragh.”

CHOATE, RUFUS, an American lawyer and orator; born at Ipswich, Mass., October 1, 1799; died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 13, 1859. At fifteen he entered Dartmouth College, and from the first took place at the head of his class. After graduating he studied at the Law School in Cambridge, and afterward entered the office of William Wirt, then United States Attorney-General, in Washington. He began the practice of his profession at Danvers, Mass., but soon removed to Salem, and subsequently to Boston. While a resident at Salem he was elected to Congress. In 1841 he was appointed United States Senator, taking the place of Daniel Webster, who had accepted the position of Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Harrison. In the Senate he made several important speeches upon the leading questions of the day. On leaving the Senate, in 1845, he returned to Boston, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession, declining all invitations to accept official positions, though he took a deep interest in public affairs, and delivered many addresses before literary societies. His health began to fail in 1858, and he was compelled to withdraw from active life. In the summer of 1859 he set out upon a voyage to Europe, but upon reaching Halifax,



RUFUS CHOATE.

Nova Scotia, he found that he could proceed no further. He took lodgings there, hoping to gain sufficient strength to enable him to return to Boston; but a sudden relapse took place, and he died at Halifax. A sketch of his life appeared in *The Golden Age of American Oratory*, by E. G. Parker (1857). *The Works of Rufus Choate*, with a Memoir of his Life, by Samuel Gilman Brown, was published in 1862. A sixth edition appeared in 1891.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

To form and uphold a State, it is not enough that our judgments believe it to be useful; the better part of our affections must feel it to be lovely. It is not enough that our arithmetic can compute its value, and find it high; our hearts must hold it priceless, above all things rich or rare, dearer than health or beauty, brighter than all the order of the stars. It does not suffice that its inhabitants should seem to be men good enough to trade with, altogether even as the rest of mankind; ties of brotherhood, memories of a common ancestry, common traditions of fame and justice, a common and undivided inheritance of rights, liberties, and renown—these things must knit you to them with a distinctive and domestic attraction. It is not enough that a man thinks he can be an unexceptionable citizen, in the main, unless a very unsatisfactory law passes. He must admit into his bosom the specific and mighty emotion of patriotism. He must love his country, his whole country, as the place of his birth or adoption, and the sphere of his largest duties; as the playground of his childhood, the land where his fathers sleep, the sepulchre of the valient and wise, of his own blood and race departed; he must love it for the long labors that reclaimed and adorned its natural and its moral scenery; for the great traits and virtues of which it has been the theatre; for the institution and amelioration and progress that enrich it; for the part it has played for the succor of the nations.

A sympathy indestructible must draw him to it. It must be a power to touch his imagination. All the passions which inspire and animate in the hour of conflict must wake at her awful voice.—*Address on Washington.*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Little indeed anywhere can be added now to that wealth of eulogy that has been heaped upon his tomb. Before he died, even, renowned in two hemispheres, in ours he seemed to be known with a universal nearness of knowledge. He walked so long and so conspicuously before the general eye; his actions, his opinions, on all things which had been large enough to agitate the public mind for the last thirty years and more, had had an importance and consequences so remarkable — anxiously waited for, passionately canvassed, not adopted always into the particular measure, or deciding the particular vote of government or the country, yet sinking deep into the reason of the people — a stream of influence whose fruits it is yet too soon for political philosophy to appreciate completely.

An impression of his extraordinary intellectual endowments, and of their peculiar superiority in that most imposing and intelligible of all forms of manifestation — the moving of others' minds by speech — had grown so universal and fixed, and it had kindled curiosity to hear him and read him so wide and so largely indulged; his individuality altogether was so absolute and pronounced; the force of will no less than the power of genius; the exact type and fashion of his mind, not less than its general magnitude were so distinctly shown through his musical and transparent style; the exterior of the man — the grand mystery of brow and eye, the deep tones, the solemnity, the sovereignty, as of those who would build States, where every power and every grace did seem to set its seal — had been made by personal observation, by description, by the exaggeration, even of those who had felt the spell, by Art — the daguerreotype and picture and statue, so familiar to the American eye, graven on the memory like the Washington of Stuart;

the narrative of the mere incidents of his life had been so often told — by some so authentically and with such skill — and had been so literally committed to heart, that when he died there seemed to be little left but to say when and how his change came; with what dignity, with what possession of himself, with what loving thought for others, with what gratitude to God, uttered with unfaltering voice, that it was appointed him there to die: — to say how thus, leaning on the rod and staff of the promise, he took his way into the great darkness undismayed, till death should be swallowed up of life; and then to relate how they laid him in that simple grave, and turning and pausing, and joining their voices to the voices of the sea, bade him hail and farewell.

And yet, I hardly know what there is in public biography, what there is in literature, to be compared, in its kind, with the variety and beauty and adequacy of the series of discourses through which the love and grief, the deliberate and reasoning admiration of America for this great man have been uttered. Little, indeed, there would be for me to say, if I were capable of the light ambition of proposing to omit all which others have said on this theme before; little to add, if I sought to say anything wholly new.— *Eulogy at Dartmouth College.*

THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

It would be interesting to pause for a moment and survey the old English Puritan character, of which the Pilgrims were a variety. Turn to the class of which they were part, and consider it well for a minute in all its aspects. I see in it an extraordinary mental and moral phenomenon. Many more graceful and more winning forms of human nature there have been, and are, and shall be. Many men, many races there are, have been, and shall be, of more genial dispositions, more tasteful accomplishments; a quicker eye for the beautiful of art and nature; less disagreeably absorbed, less gloomily careful and troubled about the interests of the spiritual being or of the commonwealth; wearing a more deco-

rated armor in battle; contributing more wit, more song, and heartier potations to the garland feast of life. But where, in the long series of ages that furnish the matter of histories, was there ever one—where *one*—better fitted by the possession of the highest traits of man to do the noblest work of man? better fitted to consummate and establish the Reformation, save the English Constitution, at its last gasp, from the fate of all other European Constitutions, and prepare on the granite and iced mountain-summits of the New World a still safer rest for a still better liberty? . . .

The planting of a colony in a new world, which may grow—and which does grow—to a great nation, where there was none before, is intrinsically, and in the judgment of the world, of the largest order of human achievement. Of the chief of men are *the conditores imperiorum*. To found a State upon a waste earth, wherein great numbers of human beings may live together, and in successive generations, socially and in peace, knit to one another by the innumerable ties, light as air, and stronger than links of iron, which compose the national existence; wherein they may help each other, and be helped in bearing the various lot of life; wherein they may enjoy and improve, and impart and heighten enjoyment and improvement; and wherein they may together perform the great social labors; may reclaim and decorate the earth, may disinter the treasures that grow beneath its surface, may invent the arts of usefulness and beauty; may perfect the loftier arts of virtue and empire, open the richer mines of the universal youthful heart and intellect, and spread out a dwelling for the Muse on the glittering summits of Freedom:—to found such a State is first of heroic labors and heroic glories. To build a pyramid or a harbor, to write an epic poem, to construct a System of the Universe, to take a city, are great—or may be—but far less than this. He, then, who sets a colony on foot, designs a great work. He designs all the good, and all the glory; of which in the series of ages it may be the means; and he shall be judged more by the lofty ulti-

mate aim and result, than by the actual instant motive. . . .

I have said that I deemed it a great thing for a nation, in all periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders, and a principle of institution, in which it might seem to see the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help is ours. Our Past—both its great eras, that of Settlement and that of Independence—should announce, should compel, should spontaneously evolve as from a germ, a wise, moral and glorious future. These heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindled posterity. It should seem to be almost of course—too easy to be glorious—that they who keep the graves, bear the names, and boast the blood, of men in whom the loftiest sense of duty blended itself with the fiercest spirit of Liberty, should add to their freedom Justice:—justice to all men, to all nations; Justice, that venerable virtue, without which Freedom, Valor, and Power are but vulgar things.

And yet is the Past nothing—even our Past—but as you, quickened by its examples, instructed by its experience, warned by its voices, assisted by its accumulated instrumentality, shall reproduce it in the life of to-day. Its once busy existence, various sensations, fiery trials, dear-bought triumphs; its dynasty of heroes, all its pulses of joy and anguish, and hope and fear, and love and praise, are with the years beyond the flood. “The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures.” Yet, gazing on these, long and intently and often, we may pass into the likeness of the departed; may emulate their labors, and partake of their immortality.—*Address before New England Association, 1843.*

CHORLEY, HENRY FOTHERGILL, an English critic; born at Blackley Hurst, December 15, 1808; died at London, February 15, 1872. He came of an old Lancashire family impoverished by their devotion to the Stuarts. Chorley wished to devote himself to music, but was placed in a commercial house in Liverpool, a situation so irksome to him, that he resolved to release himself from it. In 1834, without resources except his knowledge of music, he went to London, where, he became connected with the *Athenæum*, in the department of musical criticism. His principal works are *Conti the Discarded, and other Tales; Sketches of a Seaport Town; Memorials of Mrs. Hemans; Lion, a Tale of the Coteries; Music and Manners in France and Germany; Pomfret; Authors of England and Thirty Years' Musical Recollections*. He also wrote the librettos of several musical plays, among them *St. Cecilia; Old Love and New Fortune; and Faust*.

It is well remarked by Dr. Garnet that Chorley's leading position as a critic necessarily gained him warm friendships and bitter enmities. "The latter need not be recorded; the former constitute a list of which any man might be proud. It is a high testimony to his worth that they include not merely followers of literature and art, whom he might have placed under obligation, such as Dickens, Miss Mitford, Lady Blessington, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Mendelssohn, and Moscheles, but men so far aloof from ordinary literary coteries as Grote and Sir William Molesworth. His tenderest attachments seem to have been those he entertained for Mendelssohn and

the son of his benefactor, Benson Rathbone; his greatest intimacy that with Dickens, who, if he had not displeased him, would have inherited a ring 'in memory of one greatly helped.' Help was indeed needed to soothe Chorley's declining years — the deceptions and irritations incident to a sensitive nature grievously misunderstood, the failure to form any true intimate tie, the consequent sensation of loneliness, the frequent painful estrangements due to the irritability thus engendered, the wearing sense of the hopeless malady of his sister and the shock of his brother's death, combined to render his latter years querulous and disconsolate and to foster habits of self-indulgence detrimental to his happiness and self-respect as far as they proceeded — though they did not proceed far." "His musical ear and memory," writes Julian Marshall, "were remarkable, and his acquaintance with musical works was very extensive. He spared no pains to make up for the deficiency of his early training, and from first to last was conspicuous for honesty and integrity. Full of strong prejudices, yet with the highest sense of honor, he frequently criticised those whom he esteemed more severely than those whom he disliked. The natural bias of his mind was undoubtedly toward conversatism in art, but he was often ready to acknowledge dawning or unrecognized genius, whose claims he would with unwearied pertinacity urge upon the public."

IN NUREMBERG.

Betimes the next morning I was on my way to St. Sebald's church, to assist in the celebration of the anniversary of the Reformation. For this I could have imagined a more fitting *locale* than was made up by the

presence of all those saints and angels and Coronations of the Virgin, and those candles and crucifixes, and that ever-burning Tucher light, and those escutcheoned monuments. The psalms for the day were advertised at the church doors, where also a kind of voluntary contribution was going on, every one quietly putting in his poor's penny as he passed the corner where stood the dried-up holy-water vase. The building was filling rapidly with a congregation thoroughly piebald in appearance. Old women were there in stiff buckram bonnets, which might pass for the head-gear of the Sisters of Charity; burghers in every pattern of mütze and upper benjamin: with abundance of peasant men and women, the latter putting all modern fashionists to shame by the grace of their traditional head-dress—a composition of black ribbon with pendent loops behind, a caul of silver filigree, and sometimes a forehead-band of gay red or blue. There was as much walking about among the men as can be seen in any Catholic church—(I caught a glimpse of the Schnellpost Hylas wandering about);—I cannot add as much of that abstracted and silent devotion among the women, which is so remarkable and worthy an object of imitation in the behavior of those attending what some have been pleased to call “the idolatrous sacrifice of the Mass.”

Short time I had to look round me and note as little as this; for, while I was considering the remarkable mixture of creeds past and present which the scene presented, the organ burst out, and with it a thousand voices, into a grand Lutheran choral, which I had in vain sought for in Herr Schneider's choir-book. It will be best known to the reader as the tune tortured to stage uses by Meyerbeer in *Les Huguenots*. But what were all Meyerbeer's effects, produced by “rhying and twirling” that noble old psalm, compared with the grandeur of this? I have never been more strongly moved by music. As verse after verse of the grand tune rolled through the dim vaults of the church with a mighty triumph, it appeared to my fancy as if the effigies and pictures on the walls began to shake and trem-

ble and fade; the Saints to droop their heads dejectedly; and the votive light, from which, somehow or other, I never strayed far when in the church of St. Sebald, to flicker as if it were about to expire.

The aspect of the congregation, too, seemed to undergo a metamorphosis, as if a sternness and defiance came up into the eyes and lips of the people while they joined loudly and heartily in the plain but lofty song of trust and thanksgiving. I see before me now one stout old man, who was sitting by himself, psalter in hand, with a Geneva cap on his head—a study for a Balfour of Burley—singing at the very top of his Lutheran lungs, at the very feet of *such* a sweet, angelic, palm-bearing saint, who drooped from her niche above him! And as I looked and listened, strange was the conflict between the homage due to those ancient and bold thinkers who broke for the world the cerements in which Mind was becoming decrepit, and between a natural yearning after that still elder faith which was addressing the heart through the eye with a power not to be withstood, even at the moment that the ear was ringing with the triumph of its exultation.—*Music and Manners in France and Germany.*

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak,
 Who hath ruled the greenwood long;
 Here's health and renown to his brave green crown
 And his fifty arms so strong.
 There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,
 And the fire in the west fades out,
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
 When the storms through his branches shout.—

*Then here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak
 Who standeth in his pride alone,
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone!*

In the days of old, when the Spring with gold
 Has freighted the branches gray,
 Through the grass at his feet crept the maidens sweet,
 To gather the dew of May.
 And on that day, to the rebec gay,
 They frolicked with lovesome swains.
 They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid;
 But the tree, it still remains.—
Then here's to the Oak, etc.

He saw rare times when the Christmas chimes
 Were a merry sound to hear,
 When the Squire's wide hall and the cottage small
 Were filled with good English cheer.
 Now gold hath the sway that we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he;
 But he ne'er shall send our ancient friend
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Then here's to the Oak, etc.

CHRYSOSTOM, JOHN, SAINT, a Father of the Greek Church and Archbishop of Constantinople; born at Antioch, Syria, about 347; died at Comana, Cappadocia, September 4, 407. The last of the great Christian sophists who came from the schools of heathen rhetoric, he was the son of Secundas, Commander of the Imperial Army in Syria. His original name was merely John; that of Chrysostom, "Goldenmouth," having been given to him on account of his eloquence. He was of a noble Greek family which emigrated to Antioch from Byzantium. He early distinguished himself in the rhetorical school of Libanius; but on becoming an ardent Christian, he

retired to the desert, where he spent six years in an ascetic and studious life. It is said that he spent two years alone in a damp, unwholesome cavern in committing the Bible to memory. His health failing, he returned to Antioch, where he was induced to enter into the active service of the Church, being ordained deacon in 381, presbyter in 386, and was soon recognized as the foremost pulpit orator of the day. A series of *Homilies on "The Statues,"* delivered at Antioch, are among his extant writings. They were occasioned by the prospect of severe measures threatened by the Emperor Theodosius, whose statues had been destroyed by the people of Antioch. An extract from the first of these Homilies will show the practical character of Chrysostom's preaching in the early part of his career :

PAUL AND TIMOTHY.

Permit me to say something of the virtue of Timothy, and the solicitude of Paul. For what was ever more tender-hearted than this man, who being so far distant, and encircled with so many cares, exercised so much consideration for the health of his disciple's stomach, and wrote with exact attention about the correction of his disorder? And what could equal the virtue of Timothy? He so despised luxury, and derided the sumptuous table, as to fall into sickness from excessive severity of diet, and intense fasting. For that he was not naturally so infirm a person, but had overthrown the strength of his stomach by fasting and water-drinking, you may hear Paul himself carefully making this plain. For he does not simply say, "Use a little wine;" but having said before, "Drink no longer water," he then brings forward his counsel as to the drinking of wine. And this expression, "no longer," was a manifest proof that till then he had drunk water, and on that account was become infirm. Who then

would not wonder at his divine wisdom and strictness? He laid hold on the very heavens, and sprang to the very highest point of virtue. And his teacher testifies this when he thus speaks: "I have sent unto you Timothy, who is my beloved and faithful son in the Lord;" and when Paul calls him "a son," and a "beloved and faithful son," these words are sufficient to show that he possessed every kind of virtue. For the judgments of the saints are not given according to favor or enmity, but are free from all prejudice.

Timothy would not have been so enviable if he had been Paul's son naturally, as he was now so admirable, inasmuch as having no connection with him according to the flesh, he introduced himself by the relation of piety into the Apostle's adoption; preserving the character of his discipline with exactness under all circumstances. For even as a young bullock linked to a bull, so he drew the yoke along with him to whatever part of the world he went; and did not draw it the less on account of his youth, but his ready will made him imitate the labors of his teacher. And of this Paul himself was again a witness, when he said: "Let no man despise him, for he worketh the will of the Lord, as I also do." See you how he bears witness that the ardor of Timothy was the very counterpart of his own.—*Homily on I. Timothy, v. 23.*

In 397 Eutropius, the Minister of the Emperor Arcadius, made Chrysostom Archbishop of Constantinople. In this exalted position he still retained his simple monastic habits, devoting the immense revenues of the See to benevolent and pious uses, and increasing his fame as a preacher. But his zeal aroused enemies, especially at Court; prominent among whom was the Empress Eudoxia, against whom Chrysostom had severely inveighed. A pretext was found for proceeding against him. A synod was convened to try him. He refused to appear before the tribunal;

was condemned for contumacy and sentenced by the Emperor to banishment to Nicæa, in Bithynia. No sooner was this done than a tumult arose in the city. The people demanded the recall of their Archbishop, and the Emperor yielded to the clamor. Chrysostom renewed his attacks upon the Empress. A new synod was convened, which re-affirmed the decision of the former one; and sentenced him afresh for having resumed his episcopal functions without due permission. His place of banishment was fixed at the desolate town of Cucusus, among the Taurus mountains. From this obscure retreat he exercised a more potent influence than he had done at Constantinople. The Emperor ordered that he should be removed to the distant desert of Pityus. On the way he died, at the age of sixty years. This exile caused a schism in the Church at Constantinople, the "Johnists," as his adherents were called, refusing to return to communion with the succeeding Archbishops of Constantinople until thirty years after, when the relics of Chrysostom were pompously brought back, and the Emperor publicly implored the forgiveness of Heaven for the guilt of his ancestors.

Chrysostom is regarded as by far the greatest of the Greek Fathers. His memory is revered alike by the Greek and Latin communions, the former of which celebrates his day on November 13, the latter on January 27. The writings of Chrysostom are very numerous. They consist of *Commentaries* upon the whole Bible, of which, however, only a portion are extant; *Epistles*, to various people; treatises on *Providence*, the *Priesthood*, etc.; *Liturgies*; and, most valuable of all, *Homilies* upon the Gospels of Matthew and John, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Pauline

Epistles. The earliest good edition of the works of Chrysostom (in Greek) is that of Sir Henry Saville (8 vols. folio, Oxford, 1612.) In 1718-38 appeared at Paris the great Montfaucon Edition, Greek, with a Latin translation (13 vols. folio), reprinted several times subsequently; last, with improvements, by the Abbé Migne, in 1863. There is an excellent translation of the *Homilies* into English (13 vols. octavo, Oxford, 1840). The *Life* of Chrysostom has been well written by Neander and translated into English by Stapleton. Later and best of all the works upon the subject, is *Saint Chrysostom: His Life and Times*, by Rev. W. R. W. Stephens (1872).

WHY THERE WERE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

Why can it have been that when there were so many disciples, two only write from among the Apostles, and two from among their followers? It was because nothing was done for vain-glory, but all things for use. One Evangelist, indeed, was sufficient, but if there be four that wrote, not all at the same times, nor in the same places, neither after having met together and conversed one with another, and then they spake all this, as it were, out of one mouth, this becomes a very great demonstration of their truth. "But the contrary," it may be said, "hath come to pass; for in places they are convicted of discordance."—Nay, this very thing is a great evidence of their truth. For if they had agreed in all things exactly, even to time and place, and to the very words, none of our enemies would have believed but that they had met together, and had written what they wrote by some human compact; because such extreme agreement as this cometh not of simplicity. But now even that discordance which seems to exist in little matters delivers them from all suspicion, and speaks clearly in behalf of the character of the writers.

But if there be anything touching times or places

which they have related differently, this nothing injures the truth of what they have said. In the chief heads—those which constitute our life and furnish out our doctrines, nowhere is any of them found to have disagreed; no, not ever so little. These chief points are such as follows: That God became man; that he wrought miracles; that he was crucified, that he was buried; that he rose again, that he ascended; that he will judge; that he has given commandments tending to salvation; that he hath brought in a law not contrary to the Old Testament; that he is a Son; that he is Only-Begotten; that he is a true Son; that he is of the same Substance with the Father; and as many things as are like these. Touching these, we shall find that there is in them a full agreement.

And if among the miracles they have not all of them mentioned all—but one these, the other those—let not this trouble thee. For if, on the one hand, one had spoken of all, the number of the rest would have been superfluous. And if, again, all had written fresh things, and different one from another, the proof of their agreement would not have been manifest. For this cause they have both treated of many in common, and each of them hath also received and declared something of his own; that, on the one hand, he might not seem superfluous, and cast on the heap to no purpose; on the other he might make our test of the truth of their affirmations perfect.—*Homily I. on Matthew.*

ON THE FORGIVENESS OF DEBTS AND OFFENCES.

As many, therefore, as stand indebted to thee, whether for money or for trespasses, let them all go free, and require of God the recompense of such thy magnanimity. For so long as they continue indebted to thee, thou canst not have God thy debtor. But if thou let them go free, thou wilt be able to detain thy God, and to require of him the recompense of so great self-restraint in bountiful measure. For suppose a man had come up, and seeing thee arresting thy debtor, had called upon thee to let him go free, and transfer to him—

self thy account with the other; he would not choose to be unfair after such remission, seeing he had passed the whole amount to himself. How then shall God fail to repay us manifold, yea, a thousand fold, when for his commandment's sake, if any be indebted to us, we urge no complaint against them, great or small, but let them go exempt from all liability? Let us not then think of the temporary pleasure that springs up in us by exacting of our debtors, but of the loss, rather, how great! which we shall thereby sustain hereafter, grievously injuring ourselves in the things which are eternal. Rising accordingly above all, let us forgive those who must give account to us, both of their debts and offences; that we may make our own accounts prove indulgent, and that which we could not reach by all virtue besides, this we may obtain by not bearing malice against our neighbors; and thus enjoy the eternal blessings, by the grace and love toward man of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and might now and always, even for ever and ever. Amen.—*Homily XV. on Matthew.*

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

If any one accuses the ancient Law, because it commands such retaliation, he seems to me to be very unskilful in the wisdom that becomes a legislator, and ignorant of the virtue of opportunities, and the gain of condescension. For if he considered who were the hearers of these sayings, and how they received this code of laws, he will thoroughly admit the wisdom of the Lawgiver; and will see that it is one and the same who made both those laws and these, and wrote each of them profitably and in its due season. Yes, for if at the beginning he had introduced these high and weighty commandments, men would not have received either these or the other; but now ordaining them severally in their due time, he hath by the two corrected the whole world. And besides, he commanded this, not that we might strike out one another's eyes, but that we might keep our hands to ourselves; for the threat of suffering hath effectually restrained our inclination to be doing.

And thus in fact, he is silently dropping a seed of much self-restraint, at least in that he commands to retaliate with just the same acts. Yet surely, he that began such transactions were worthy of a greater punishment; and this the abstract nature of justice demands. But forasmuch as he was inclined to mingle mercy with justice, he condemns him whose offences were very great to a punishment less than his desert; teaching us, even while we suffer, to show forth great consideration. Having therefore mentioned the ancient law, and recognized it all, he signifies again, that it is not our brother who hath done these deeds, but the Evil One. For this cause he hath also enjoined, "But I say unto you that ye resist not the Evil One." He doth not say, "Resist not your brother," but "the Evil One;" signifying that on his motion men dare so to act; and in this way relaxing and secretly removing most of our anger against the aggressor, by transferring the blame to another.—*Homily XVIII. on Matthew.*

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

What is "daily bread?"—That for one day. For as he had said thus, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven;" but was discoursing to men encompassed with flesh, and subject to the necessities of nature, and incapable of the same impassibility with the angels;—while he enjoins the commands to be practised by us also, even as they perform them; he condescends likewise, in what follows, to the infirmity of our nature. Thus: "Perfection of conduct," saith he, "I require as great; not, however, freedom from passions. No, for the tyranny of nature permits it not; for it requires necessary food." But mark, how even in things that are bodily, that which is spiritual abounds. For it is neither for riches, nor for delicate living, nor for costly raiment, nor for any other such things, but for bread only that he hath commanded us to make our prayer. And for "daily bread," so as not to "take thought for the morrow." Because of this he added "*daily* bread;" that is, bread for one day. And not even with this ex-

pression is he satisfied; but adds another too afterwards, "Give us *this* day;" so that we may not, beyond this wear ourselves out with the care of the following day. For that day, the interval which thou knowest not whether thou shalt see, wherefore dost thou submit to its cares? This, as he proceeded, he enjoined also more fully, saying: "Take no thought for the morrow." He would have us be on every hand unencumbered and winged for flight, yielding just so much to nature as the compulsion of necessity requires of us.—*Homily XXI. on Matthew.*

NOT PEACE, BUT A SWORD.

He sets forth the things that are more painful, and that with great aggravation; and the objections they were sure to meet him with, he prevents them by stating. I mean, lest hearing this they should say: "For this, then art thou come—to destroy both us and them that obey us, and to fill the earth with war." He first saith himself, "I am not come to send peace on earth." How then did he enjoin to pronounce peace on entering into each house? And again, how did the Angels say, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace?" How came all the Prophets too to publish it for "good tidings?"

Because this more than anything is peace when the diseased is cut off, and the mutinous removed. For thus is it possible for Heaven to be united to Earth. Since the physician, too, in his way, preserves the rest of the body when he amputates the incurable part; and the general, when he has brought to a separation them that were agreed in mischief. Thus it came to pass in the case of that famous Tower of Babel; for their evil peace was ended by their good discord, and peace made thereby. Thus Paul also divided them that were conspiring against him. And in Naboth's case, that agreement was at the time more grievous than any war. For concord is not in every case a good thing, since even robbers agree together.

The war is not then the effect of His purpose, but of

their temper. For His will indeed was that all should agree in the word of godliness; but because they fell to dissension, war arises. Yet he spake not so; but what saith he? "I am not come to send peace," comforting them. As if He said, "For think not that ye are to blame for these things; it is I who order them so, because men are so disposed. Be not ye, therefore, confounded, as though the event happened against expectation. To this end am I come, to send war among men; for this is my will. Be not ye therefore troubled when the earth is at war, as though it were subject to some hostile device. For when the worst part is rent away, then after that, heaven is knit unto the better." And these things he saith, as strengthening them against the evil suspicion of the multitude.—*Homily XXXI. on Matthew.*

BLESSING THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

Wherefore did he look up to heaven and bless?—It was to be believed of him, both that he is of the Father and that he is equal to Him. But the proofs of these things seemed to oppose one another. For while his equality was indicated by his doing all with authority, of his origin from the Father they could not otherwise be persuaded than by his doing all with great lowliness, and with reference to Him, and invoking Him on all his works. Wherefore we see that he neither did these achievements only, nor those, but that both might be confirmed; and now he invokes miracles with authority, now with prayer.

Then again, that which he did might not seem an inconsistency, in the lesser things he looks up to heaven, but in the greater doth all with authority; to teach that in the lesser also, that not as receiving power from elsewhere, but as honoring Him that begat him, so he acts. For example: When he forgave sins and opened Paradise, and brought in the thief, and most utterly set aside the old law, and raised innumerable dead, and bridled the sea, and reproved the unuttered thoughts of men, and created an eye (which are achievements of

God only, and none else), we see him in no instance praying; but when he provided for the loaves to multiply themselves (a far less thing than all these), then he looks up to heaven; at once establishing those truths which I have spoken of, and instructing us not to touch a meal until we have given thanks to Him who giveth us this food.—*Homily LVII. on Matthew.*

THE APOSTLE JOHN.

The Son of Thunder, the beloved of Christ, the pillar of the Churches throughout the world, who holds the keys of Heaven, who drank the cup of Christ, and was baptized with His baptism, who lay upon his Master's bosom with much confidence—this man comes forward to us now; not as an actor of a play (for he hath another sort of words to speak), nor mounting a platform, nor striking the stage with his foot, nor dressed out with apparel of gold; but he enters wearing a robe of inconceivable beauty. For he will appear before us "having put on Christ;" having his beautiful feet "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace;" wearing a girdle not about his waist, but about his loins, not made of scarlet leather, nor daubed outside with gold, but woven and composed of truth itself. Now will he appear before us not acting a part (for with him is nothing counterfeit, nor fiction, nor fable); but with unmasked head he proclaims to us the truth unmasked; not making his audience believe him other than he is, by carriage, by looks, by voice; needing for the delivery of his message no instruments of music, as harp, lyre, or any other like; for he affects all with his tongue, uttering a voice which is lovelier and more profitable than that of any harper or any music. All heaven is his stage; his theatre the habitable world; his audience all angels, and of men as many as are angels already, or desire to become so; for none but these can hear that harmony aright, and show it forth by their works; all the rest like little children who hear, but what they hear understand not, from their anxiety about sweetmeats and childish playthings; so they, too,

being in mirth and luxury, and living only for wealth and power and sensuality, hear sometimes what is said, it is true, but show forth nothing great or noble in their actions, though fastening themselves for good to the clay of the brickmaking. By this Apostle stand the Heavenly Powers from above, marvelling at the beauty of his soul and his understanding, and the bloom of that virtue by which he drew unto him Christ Himself, and obtained the grace of the Spirit. For he hath made ready his soul, as some well-fashioned and jewelled lyre, with strings of gold, and yielded it, for the utterance of something great and sublime, to the Spirit.

Seeing, then, it is no longer the fisherman, the Son of Zebedee, but He who "knoweth the deep things of God"—the Holy Ghost, I mean, that striketh this lyre, let us hearken accordingly. For he will say nothing to us as a man, but what he saith, he will say from the depths of the Spirit, from those secret things which, before they came to pass, the very Angels knew not: since they too have learned by the voice of John, with us and by us, the things which we know.—*Homily I. on John.*

PLATO, PYTHAGORAS, AND JOHN.

As for the writings of all the Greeks, they are all put out and vanished; but this man's shine brighter day by day. For from the time that he was, and the other fishermen, since then the doctrines of Pythagoras and Plato have ceased to be spoken of, and most men do not know them even by name. Yet Plato was, they say, the invited companion of kings, had many friends, and sailed to Sicily. And Pythagoras occupied Magna Græcia, and preached there ten thousand kinds of sorcery. For to converse with oxen (which they say he did) was nothing but a piece of sorcery; as is most clear from this: He that so conversed with brutes, did not in anything benefit the race of men, but even did them the greatest wrong. Yet surely the nature of men was better adapted for the reasoning of philosophy. Still he did, as they say, converse

with eagles and oxen, using sorceries. For he did not make their irrational nature rational (this was impossible to man); but by his magic tricks he deceived the foolish. And neglecting to teach men anything useful, he taught that they might as well eat the heads of those who begot them, as eat beans. And he persuaded those who associated with him that the soul of their teacher had actually been at one time a bush, at another a girl, at another a fish.

Are not these things with good cause extinct? With good cause and reasonably. But not so the words of him who was ignorant and unlettered; for Syrians and Egyptians and Indians and Persians and Ethiopians, and ten thousand other nations, translating into their own tongues the doctrines introduced by him—barbarians though they be—have learned to philosophize. I did not therefore say idly that all the world has become his theatre. For he did not leave those of his own kind, and waste his labors on the irrational creatures (an act of excessive vain-glory and extreme folly); but being clear of this as well as of other passions, he was earnest on one point only—that all the world might learn somewhat of the things which might profit it, and be able to translate from Earth to Heaven.

For this reason, too, he did not hide his teaching in mist and darkness, as they did who threw obscurity of speech, like a kind of veil, around the mischief laid up within. But this man's doctrines are clearer than the sunbeams; wherefore they have been unfolded to all men throughout the world. For he did not teach, as Pythagoras did, commanding those who came to him to be silent for five years, or to sit like senseless stones; neither did he invent fables defining the universe to consist of numbers; but casting away all this devilish trash and mischief, he diffused such simplicity through his words, that all he said was plain not only to wise men, but also to women and youths. For he was persuaded that his words were true, and profitable to all that should hearken to them; and all time after him is his witness; since he has drawn to him all the world, and has freed our life,

when we have listened to these words, from all monstrous display of wisdom: wherefore we who hear them would prefer rather to give up our lives than the doctrines by him delivered to us.—*Homily II. on John.*

JESUS AT THE WELL OF SYCHAR.

To this place Christ now came, ever rejecting a sedentary and soft life, and exhibiting one laborious and active. He useth no beast to carry him, but walketh so much on a stretch as even to be wearied with his journeying. And this he ever teacheth—that a man should work for himself, go without superfluities, and not have many wants. Nay, so desirous is he that we should be alienated from superfluities, that he abridged many even of necessary things. Wherefore he said: “Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.” Therefore he spent most of his time in the mountains and in the deserts, not by day only, but also by night. And this David declared when he said, “He shall drink of the brook in the way;” by this showing his frugal way of life. This, too, the Evangelist shows in this place. Hence we learn, from what follows, his activity in journeying, his carelessness about food, and how he treated it as a matter of minor importance. And so the disciples were taught to use the like disposition themselves; for they took with them no provisions for the road. Observe them, for instance, in this place, neither bringing anything with them, nor because they brought not anything, caring for this at the very beginning and early part of the day, but buying food at the time when all other people were taking their meal. Not like us, who the instant we rise from our beds attend to this before everything else, calling our cooks and butlers, and giving our directions with all earnestness, applying ourselves afterwards to other matters, preferring temporal things to spiritual, valuing those things as necessary which we ought to have deemed of less importance. Therefore all things are in confusion. We ought, on the contrary, making much account of all spiritual things, after having

accomplished these, then to apply ourselves to the others.
—*Homily XXI. on John.*

THE SON HATH LIFE IN HIMSELF.

“For as the Father hath life in Himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in Himself.”—Seest thou that this declareth a perfect likeness, save in one point, which is the one being a Father, and the other a Son? For the expression “hath given,” merely introduceth this distinction; but declareth that all the rest is equal and exactly alike. Whence it is clear that the Son doeth all things with as much power and authority as the Father; and that he is not empowered from some other source; for he “hath life, so as the Father hath.” And on this account what comes after is straightway added, that from this we may understand the other also; “Hath given him authority to execute judgment also.”—*Homily XXIV. on John.*

THE DEPARTURE INTO THE PARTS OF TIBERIAS.

Beloved, let us not contend with violent men, but learn, when the doing so brings no hurt to our virtue, to give place to their evil counsels; for so all their harshness is checked. As darts when they fall upon a firm, hard, and resisting substance, rebound with great violence on those who throw them, but when the violence of the cast hath nothing to oppose it, it soon becometh weaker and ceaseth; so it is with insolent men. When we contend with them they become the fiercer, but when we yield and give ground, we easily abate all their madness. Wherefore the Lord when he knew that the Pharisees had heard “that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John,” went into Galilee to quench their envy, and to soften by his retirement the wrath which was likely to be engendered by these reports. And when he departed the second time into Galilee, he cometh not to the same place as before; for he went not to Cana, but to “the other side of the Sea,” and great multitudes followed him, beholding the miracles which he did.

What miracles? Why doth he not mention them specifically?—Because this Evangelist most of all was desirous of employing the greater part of his book on the discourses and sermons of Christ. Observe, for instance, how for a whole year—or rather how even at this feast of Passover—he hath given us no more information on the head of miracles than merely that he healed the paralytic and the nobleman's son. Because he was not anxious to enumerate them all (that would have been impossible), but of many and great to record a few.—*Homily XLII. on John.*

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

“I am the bread of life.”—Now he proceedeth to commit unto them mysteries. And first he discourseth of his Godhead, saying: “I am the bread of life.” For this is not spoken of his Body (concerning which he saith towards the end, “And the bread which I shall give is my flesh”); but at present he refers to his Godhead. For that, through God the Word, is Bread, as this bread also, through the Spirit descending on it, is made Heavenly Bread.

Here he useth not witnesses as in his former address; for he had the miracle of the loaves to witness to him, and the Jews themselves for a while pretended to believe him; in the former case they opposed and accused him. This is the reason why he declareth himself. But they, since they expected to enjoy a carnal feast, were not disturbed until they gave up their hope. Yet not for that was Christ silent, but uttered many words of reproof. For they, who while they were eating, called him a prophet, were here offended, and called him the carpenter's son. Not so while they ate the loaves; then they said, “He is the Prophet;” and desired to make him a King. Now they seemed to be indignant, at his asserting that he “came down from Heaven;” but in truth it was not this which caused their indignation, but the thought that they should not enjoy a material feast. Had they been really indignant, they ought to have asked, and enquired how he was “the bread of

life;" how he had "come down from heaven;" but now they do not do this, but murmur.—*Homily XLV. on John.*

THE EUCHARIST.

Awful in truth are the Mysteries of the Church; awful in truth is the Altar. A fountain went up out of Paradise, sending forth material rivers. From this Table springeth up a fountain which sendeth forth rivers spiritual. By the side of this fountain are planted not fruitless willows, but trees reaching even to heaven, bearing fruit timely and undecaying. If any be scorched with heat, let him come to the side of this fountain and cool his burning. For it quencth drought, and comforteth all things that are burnt up, not by the sun, but by fiery darts. For it hath its beginnings from above, and its source is there, whence also its water floweth. Many are the streams of that fountain which the Comforter sendeth forth, and the Son is the Mediator, not holding mattock to clear the way, but opening our minds. This fountain is a fountain of light, sparkling forth rays of truth. By it stand the Powers on High, looking upon the beauty of its streams, because they more clearly perceive the power of the Things set forth, and the flashings unapproachable. For as when gold is being molten, if one should (were it possible) dip in it his hand or his tongue, he would immediately render them golden—thus, but in much greater degree, doth that which here is set forth work upon the soul. Fiercer than fire the river boileth up, yet burneth not, but only baptizeth that on which it layeth hold.

This Blood was ever tyfied of old in the altars and sacrifices of righteous men. This is the price of the world; by this Christ purchased to Himself the Church; by this he hath adorned her. For as a man buying servants giveth gold for them, and again when he desireth to deck them out, doth this also with gold; so Christ hath purchased us with His blood, and adorned us with His blood. They who share this blood, stand with Angels and Archangels and the Powers that are

above, clothed in Christ's own kingly robe, and having the armor of the Spirit. Nay, I have not as yet said any great thing: They are clothed with the King Himself.—*Homily XLVI. on John.*

CHURCHILL, CHARLES, an English poet; born at Westminster, in February, 1731; died at Boulogne, France, November 4, 1764. He was the son of a clergyman who held the lectureship of St. John's, Westminster. After some years spent in Westminster School, Churchill entered Cambridge, which he almost immediately quitted. He then studied for the Church, and in 1756 was ordained priest. Two years later he succeeded his father in the curacy and lectureship at Westminster. Here he renewed his acquaintance with some of his dissipated school-fellows, gave himself up to extravagance and loose living, and narrowly escaped imprisonment in the Fleet. In 1761 he published anonymously *The Rosciad*, a satire on the actors of the London theatres. It was astonishingly successful. Churchill acknowledged the authorship, and replied to criticism upon the poem with another satire, *The Apology*. His manner of life and neglect of duty scandalized his parishioners and drew upon him the censure of his dean. He at once resigned his lectureship, discarded clerical dress, and appeared as a man of fashion. He separated from his wife, and plunged into dissipation, impudently defending his excesses in a rhymed epistle entitled *Night* (1762). In the same year he published *The Ghost*, a brutal satire on Samuel Johnson and his associates. Churchill's intimacy with the notorious

John Wilkes led to his writing *The Prophecy of Famine*, an attack on Scottish character, and a cruel satirical *Epistle* to the artist William Hogarth. In 1763 appeared *The Conference*; *The Duellists*; and *The Author*; in 1764 *Gotham*; *The Candidate*; *The Times*; *The Farewell*, and *Independence*.

YATES, THE ACTOR.

Lo Yates! Without the least pretense of art
 He gets applause — I wish he'd get his part.—
 When hot impatience is in full career,
 How vilely "Hark'ee! Hark'ee" grates the ear
 When active fancy from the brain is sent,
 And on the toptoe for some wished event,
 I hate those careless blunders which recall
 Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.—
 In characters of low and vulgar mould,
 Where nature's coarsest features we behold,
 Where destitute of every decent grace,
 Unmeasured jests are blurted in your face,
 There Yates, with justice, strict attention draws,
 And truly from himself, and gains applause.
 But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
 He aims at something of politer life —
 When blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan
 He treads the stage by way of gentleman —
 The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
 Looks like Tom Errand dressed in Clincher's clothes;
 Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
 Laughed at by all, and to himself unknown,
 From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
 And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.
 — *The Rosciad*.

QUIN, THE ACTOR.

No actor ever greater heights could reach
 In all the labored artifice of speech —
 Speech! Is that all? and shall an actor found
 A universal fame on partial ground? —

Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
 And in six months my dog shall howl by note.
 I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread,
 Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
 With strict propriety their cares confined
 To weigh out words, while passion halts behind;
 To syllable-dissectors they appeal;
 Allow their accent, cadence — fools may feel;
 But, spite of all the criticising elves,
 Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
 — *The Rosciad.*

GARRICK.

Last Garrick came — Behind him throng a train
 Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.—
 One finds out — “He’s of stature somewhat low —
 Your hero always should be tall you know —
 True natural greatness all consists in height.”
 Produce your voucher, Critic.—“Serjeant Kite.”—
 Another can’t forgive the paltry arts
 By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
 Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause:
 “Avaunt! unnatural start, affected pause.”

For me, by Nature form’d to judge with phlegm,
 I can’t acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
 The best things carried to excess are wrong;
 The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
 But, only used in proper time and place,
 Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form’d on Imitation’s plan,
 Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,
 Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
 And pause and start with the same vacant face,
 We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn
 Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn;
 But when, from Nature’s pure and genuine source,
 These strokes of acting flow with generous force,
 When in the features all the soul’s portray’d,
 And passions, such as Garrick’s, are display’d,
 To me they seem from quickest feelings caught,

Each start is nature, and each pause is thought.
 When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
 And the whole state of man is up in arms,
 What but a critic could condemn the player
 For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
 Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
 And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
 Whilst in each sound I hear the very man,
 I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortured brain
 Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
 The gods — a kindness I with thanks must pay —
 Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
 Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseased,
 A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleased;
 Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
 And, pleased with Nature must be pleased with thee.
—*The Rosciad.*

SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTCH.

Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question, springs
 From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
 Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
 On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
 By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
 To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
 Fresh as the morning, which enrobed in mist,
 The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd,
 Jockey and Sawney to their labors rose;
 Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
 Where, from their youth enured to winter skies,
 Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

Jockey, whose manly high-boned cheeks to crown,
 With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
 With meikle art could on the bag-pipes play,
 E'en from the rising to the setting day;
 Sawney as long without remorse could brawl
 Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal. . . .

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,

Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the chameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan;
No flowers embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows:
By instinct blows at morn, and when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favors, nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
Their snares without entangling briars spread,
And thistles arm'd against the invader's head,
Stood in close ranks, all entrance to oppose;
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loathe and to be loathed by man.
Which owed their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight:
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark
Their saviour shunn'd and rankled in the dark,
Found place within: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad:
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies:
In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall:
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapor hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.

—*The Prophecy of Famine.*

CHURCHILL, WINSTON, an American novelist; born at St. Louis, Mo., November 10, 1871. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., in 1894, and in the same year became an editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*. He then became managing editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, but resigned this post in a short while to devote himself to the writing of fiction. His first novel, *The Celebrity*, was published in 1898. In this book he is supposed to have caricatured his fellow novelist, Richard Harding Davis. In 1899 he published *Richard Carvel*, which gave him widespread popularity, and placed him in the front rank of the younger American novelists. His later works include *The Crisis* (1901); *Mr. Keegan's Elopement* (1903), and *The Crossing* (1904). A reviewer in *The Reader Magazine* says of *The Crossing*:

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.

David Ritchie is a canny Scotch lad, who "may be young at fifty," but who is shrewd, discreet, and far-sighted at ten. He is as skilled in wood-lore and Indian strategy as Deerslayer himself, and far better versed in state-craft. His luck will make an average boy tingle with envy. Daniel Boone teaches him how to skin a deer, and Andy Jackson, "a lanky, red-headed, bare-footed boy, with a long face under his tousled hair and a fluent use of profanity," fights him to a finish. That same summer Davy watches Moultrie defend Charleston and helps put down a servile insurrection. Next he stays over night with Captain Jack Sevier, crosses the wilderness trail into "park like" Kentucky, endures a year of siege at Harrodstown and is a drummer boy when George Rogers Clark, "the servant of destiny," over-runs and annexes Illinois and

Indiana. David is swept along by the rushing of great events. Once the current slackens when the phlegmatic young lawyer hangs out his shingle in the village of Louisville. But there is no backwater for so useful a person. He is quickly caught up in the winning of the Louisiana Territory, and the tragic end of Mrs. Temple, the love-making of David and Helène, of Nick Temple and Antoinette, the escapes and intrigues supply the essential human interest.

On the surface of serious affairs there floats the picturesque details of frontier life; the hardy pioneer babies slung to the horses' packs in hickory withes, the paper window panes smeared with bears' grease that let in a yellow light, the linen spun from nettle bark, the dresses of calamanco, the rude walnut furniture, and the rattle snakes, buffalo, paroquets, salt licks, giant bones, great falls, of the now prosaic Kentucky. At the opposite scale of existence are the Carolina manors, Louisiana plantations and town mansions inhabited by the noble French émigrés and English ducal sons, in powder, patches and velvets. Forgotten episodes like the State of Franklin, and the projected secession of Kentucky; dramatic scenes in Cahokia and Vincennes, the great council and the days of siege, march and battle; pen pictures of the infant St. Louis, and the effete New Orleans; sweeping views of virgin scenery in Tennessee and Kentucky, will reveal to many readers an abysmal ignorance of which they had not known.

The Crossing is a continental panorama, the game for an empire, and withal a fine tale of love and adventure.

THE NAPOLEONIC TYPE.

The great genius and courage of John Paul Jones entitle him to a high place among American heroes. He made the United States navy a terror to the world, even though there was but a handful of ships in it. He had a great affection for the institutions of this country, but still he was the most un-American of our heroes.

I think men of achievement may be classed as belonging either to the Napoleonic or the Lincolnian types of

greatness. John Paul Jones belonged in the former class. There is no doubt of his great genius as a sea fighter, but he was an adventurer. It was this spirit that led him, when this country had no further honors and emoluments for him, to go to Russia.

His career was unlike that of a great majority of the careers of Americans and Englishmen. His was more meteoric. He was a man who wanted to be making a stir in the world. His was a character that demanded a quick fruition of his work.

Let me explain how I would distinguish his career from that of other American heroes. In this country and in England those who become men of achievement are commonly forced out of certain smaller communities slowly until they are needed and are ever afterward available for the service of the State. John Paul Jones rose to a great height by his genius. He was distinctly of the Napoleonic type, not at all, for instance, of the type of Wellington. But he was a great American hero, and is entitled to the highest place for his courage and genius.—
From the New York Herald.

CIBBER, COLLEY, an English actor and dramatist; born at London, November 6, 1671; died there, December 12, 1757. His father, Caius Gabriel Cibber, acquired a large fortune as a carver in wood and stone. The son, having received a good education, became infatuated with the stage and joined a company of actors. In 1711 he became one of the patentees and manager of Drury Lane Theatre. About 1731 he was named laureate, and formally retired from the theatre, though he occasionally appeared upon the stage, the last time being in 1745, when, at the age of seventy-four, he enacted the

part of Panulph in a drama of his own entitled *Papal Tyranny*. Cibber wrote several comedies, the best of which are *Love's Last Shift* and *The Careless Husband*. When verging upon threescore and ten he put forth the *Apology for My Life*, which presents a curious picture of the manners of the day, and has been several times reprinted. The version of Shakespeare's *Richard the Third* which kept possession of the stage for at least a century was the production of Colley Cibber. He is best known, after all, by the mention made of him by Pope in *The Dunciad*, and by Johnson, as recorded by Boswell; and by a single short poem. The place of Cibber's interment has been a subject of considerable controversy. Dr. Doran, in his *Annals of the Stage*, says that he "was carried to sleep with kings and queens in Westminster Abbey;" but Lawrence Hutton says that here the Doctor is not to be relied on, for that "Cibber certainly was not buried in the Abbey." In proof of this contention, Hutton quotes as follows from a private letter received in 1883 from the vicar of the parish of St. Paul: "Colley Cibber and his father and mother were buried in the vault of the old Danish church. When the church was removed, the coffins were all removed carefully into the crypt under the apse, and then bricked up. So the bodies are still there. The Danish consul was with me when I moved the bodies. The coffins had perished except the bottoms. I carefully removed them myself personally, and laid them side by side at the back of the crypt, and covered them with earth." The Danish church here mentioned stood in Wellclose Square, in what is now St. George Street. It was built in 1696, by Cibber's father, by order of the King of Denmark, for the use of such

of his subjects as might visit London. It was taken down in 1868, and upon its foundations were built Saint Paul's Schools.

Cibber was a lively and amusing writer. His *Careless Husband* is still deservedly a favorite; and his *Apology for My Life* is one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the English language

“MY FIRST ERROR.”

The unskillful openness, or, in plain terms, the indiscretion I have always acted with from my youth, has drawn more ill-will towards me, than men of worse morals and more wit might have met with. My ignorance and want of jealousy of mankind has been so strong, that it is with reluctance I even yet believe any person I am acquainted with can be capable of envy, malice, or ingratitude. And to show you what a mortification it was to me, in my very boyish days, to find myself mistaken, give me leave to tell you a school story. A great boy, near the head taller than myself, in some wrangle at play had insulted me; upon which I was foolhardy enough to give him a box on the ear. The blow was soon returned with another; that brought me under him, and at his mercy. Another lad, whom I really loved, and thought a good-natured one, cried out with some warmth to my antagonist, while I was down: “Beat him! beat him soundly!” This so amazed me, that I lost all my spirits to resist, and burst into tears. When the fray was over, I took my friend aside and asked him how he came to be so earnestly against me; to which, with some gloating confusion, he replied: “Because you are always jeering and making a jest of me to every boy in the school.” Many a mischief have I brought upon myself by the same folly in riper life. Whatever reason I had to reproach my companion declaring against me, I had none to wonder at it, while I was so often hurting him. Thus I deserved his enmity by my not having sense enough to know I had *hurt* him; and he hated me because he had

not sense enough to know that I never *intended* to hurt him.—*From The Apology.*

“MY DISCRETION.”

Let me give you another instance of my discretion, more desperate than that of preferring the stage to any other views of life. One might think that the madness of breaking from the advice and care of parents, to turn Player, could not easily be exceeded. But what think you, sir, of — Matrimony? which, before I was two-and-twenty, I actually committed, when I had but twenty pounds a year, which my father had assured to me, and twenty shillings a week from my theatrical labors, to maintain, as I then thought, the happiest young couple that ever took a leap in the dark! If, after this, to complete my fortune, I turned Poet too, this last folly, indeed, had something a better excuse — necessity. Had it never been my lot to have come on the stage, 'tis probable I might never have been inclined, or reduced, to have wrote for it; but having once exposed my person there, I thought it could be no additional dishonor to let my parts, whatever they were, take their fortune along with it.—*From the Apology.*

THE BLIND BOY.

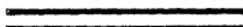
Oh, say what is that they call the light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or day;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

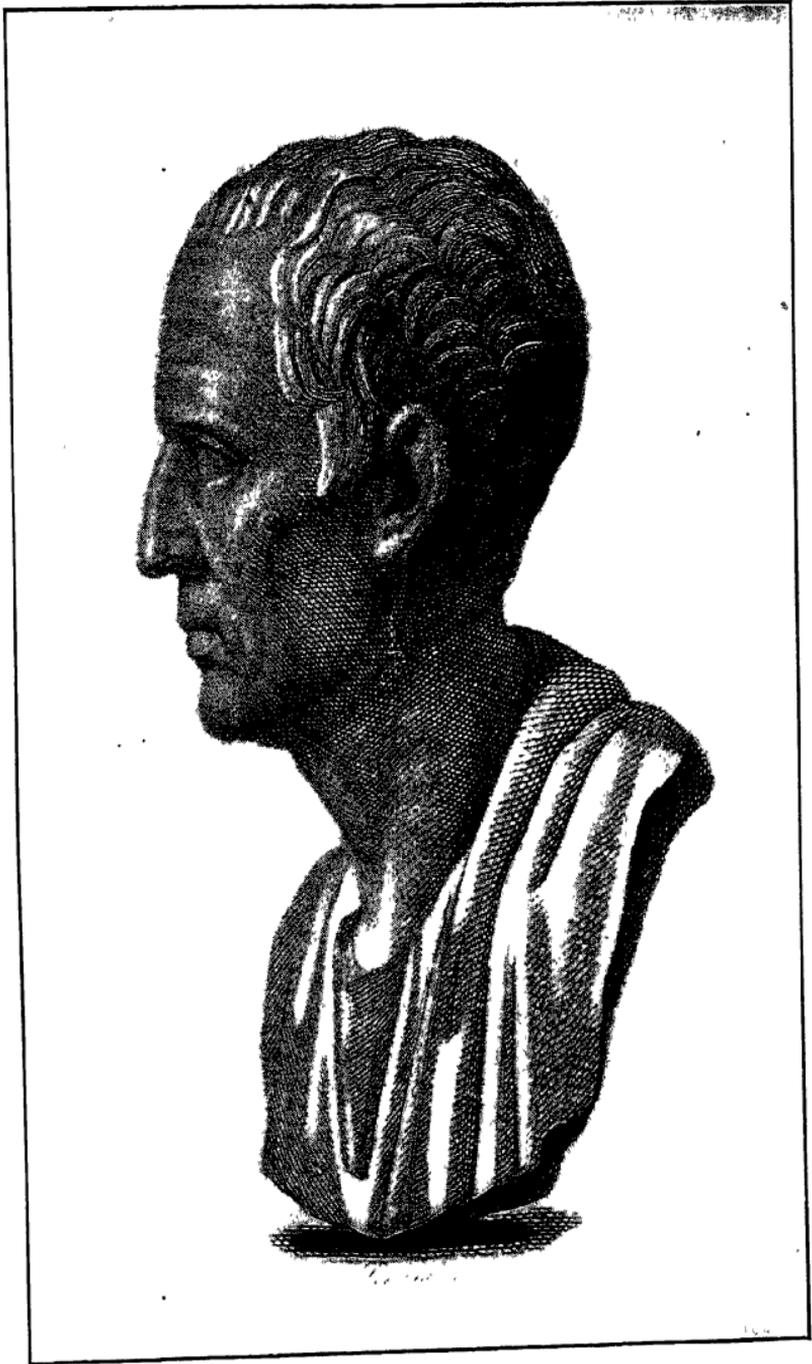
With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
Yet sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy.
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.



CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS, a Roman statesman, orator and philosopher; born at Arpinum, Italy, January 3, 106 B.C.; died near Formiæ, Italy, December 7, 43 B.C. He belonged to a wealthy family and was carefully educated, especially in Greek literature and philosophy. At the age of twenty-five he entered upon his public career as a pleader in the Forum, and before he had reached middle life he was acknowledged to be by far the greatest of Roman orators. To narrate the public life of Cicero would be in effect to write the history of Roman politics for more than thirty eventful years. He passed as rapidly as his age would permit, through the various grades of public service, becoming consul at the age of forty-three. His consulship was especially notable for the frustration of the conspiracy organized by Catiline; and for the part which he bore in this, Cicero was hailed as the "Father of his Country" and the "Saviour of Rome."

The ensuing twelve years of the life of Cicero were passed partly in the exercise of various public func-



CICERO.

tions, partly in the composition of several of his philosophical treatises. At the close of 50 B.C. Rome was on the verge of a civil war between the parties headed by Cæsar and Pompey. Cicero endeavored to mediate between the parties; but when Cæsar took the decisive step of crossing the Rubicon, Cicero formally joined the party of Pompey. Cæsar, in 48 B.C., gained the supremacy by his decisive victory at Pharsalia. Cicero submitted himself to the victor, from whom he received the utmost clemency and respect. During the ensuing four years Cicero took no prominent part in public affairs, but devoted himself to literature, writing the greater part of his philosophical works. He had no share in the assassination of Cæsar (44 B.C.), though after the deed was done he applauded it as a wise and patriotic act. When the ambitious designs of Mark Antony began to manifest themselves, Cicero set himself in decided opposition, and delivered the fourteen orations styled *Philippics* against him. For a time it seemed that Cicero would be successful. But reverses came. Octavius, Mark Antony, and Lepidus formed a coalition, known as "the Second Triumvirate," and gained supreme power in the state. Cicero fled from Rome to his villa at Formiæ. Mark Antony demanded the head of Cicero. Octavius and Lepidus yielded to the demand, and Cicero was put to death at the door of his villa by the bravos of Mark Antony, near the close of the year 43 B.C. He had just reached the age of sixty-three. His head and hands were cut off and sent to Rome, where they were exposed to many indignities by order of Mark Antony.

Cicero was one of the most voluminous of authors.

Of the works which he is known to have written — some of them of large size — many are no longer extant. But those which we have in a fair state of preservation comprise several goodly volumes. The latest, and probably the best, edition is that of Orellius (Zurich, 1826–38), in twelve large octavo volumes; in which, however, much space is taken up by critical apparatus of various kinds. The extant works of Cicero may be classed in several groups: 1. *Orationes*, of which we have about fifty.— 2. *Literary and Philosophical Treatises*; the principal of which are: *De Republica*, *De Legibus*, *De Oratore*, *De Finibus*, *De Senectute*, *De Claris Oratoribus*, *De Natura Deorum*, *De Amicitia*, *Tusculanarum Disputationum*, *De Divinatione*, and *De Officiis*.— 3. *Epistles*, of which several hundreds are extant. These *Epistles* are perhaps the most really valuable of all his works; they give an account of his life almost from day to day, and furnish also graphic sketches of not a few of the leading personages of the time. They stand almost unique among the remains of antiquity, and have hardly an equal in modern times. There are indeed few men of historical note of whom we know so much as we may learn of Cicero from these *Epistles*. Nearly all of the extant works of Cicero have been well rendered into English by various translators.

PUBLIC TRIBUTE TO THE LEGIONS.

But since, O Conscript Fathers, the gift of glory is conferred on these most excellent and gallant citizens by the honor of a monument, let us comfort their relations, to whom indeed this is the best consolation. The greatest comfort for their parents is that they have produced sons who have been such bulwarks of the re-

public; for their children that they will have such examples of virtue in their family; for their wives, that the husbands whom they have lost are men whom it is a credit to praise, and to have a right to mourn for; and for their brothers, that they may trust that, as they resemble them in their persons, so they do also in their virtues. Would that we were able by the expression of our sentiments and by our votes to wipe away the tears of all these persons, or that any such oration as this could be publicly addressed to them, to cause them to lay aside their grief and mourning, and to rejoice rather, that, while many various kinds of death impend over men, the most honorable kind of all has fallen to the lot of their friends; and that they are not unburied nor deserted; though even that fate, when incurred for one's country, is not accounted miserable; nor buried with equable obsequies in scattered graves, but entombed in honorable sepulchres, and honored with public offerings; and with a building which will be an altar of their valor to insure the recollection of eternal ages. Wherefore it will be the greatest possible comfort to their relations, that by the same monument are clearly displayed the valor of their kinsmen, and also their piety, and the good faith of the Senate, and the memory of this most inhuman war, in which, if the valor of the soldier had been conspicuous, the very name of the Roman people would have perished by the parricidal treason of Marcus Antonius.

And I think also, O Conscript Fathers, that those rewards which we promised to bestow on the soldiers when we had recovered the republic, we should give with abundant usury to those who are alive and victorious when the time comes; and that in the case of the men to whom those rewards were promised, but who died in the defence of their country, I think those same rewards should be given to their parents or children, or wives or brothers.—*Fourteenth Philippic.*

ON GREATNESS OF MIND.

That magnanimity that is discovered in being exposed to toil and danger, if not founded on justice, and directed

to public good, but influenced by self-interest, is blamable. For so far from being a character of virtue, it indicates a barbarity, that is destructive of humanity itself. The Stoics, therefore, define fortitude rightly, when they call it "virtue fighting on the side of justice." No man, therefore, who has acquired the reputation of fortitude, ever attains to glory by deceit and malice; for nothing that is unjust can be virtuous.

It is therefore finely said by Plato, that as the knowledge that is divested of justice deserves the appellation of cunning, rather than wisdom, so a mind unsusceptible of fear, if animated by private interest, and not public utility, deserves the character of audaciousness, rather than of fortitude. We therefore require that all men of courage and magnanimity should be, at the same time, men of virtue and of simplicity, lovers of truth, and enemies to all deceit: for these are the main characters of justice. . . .

They, therefore, who oppose, not they who commit injustice, are to be deemed brave and magnanimous. Now genuine and well conducted magnanimity judges that the *honestum*, which is nature's chief aim, consists in realities, and not in appearances; and rather chooses to have, than to seem to have a superiority in merit. For the man who is swayed by the prejudices of an ignorant rabble, is not to be rated in the ranks of the great. But the man of a spirit the most elevated and the most ambitious of glory, is the most easily pushed on to acts of injustice. This is a ticklish and a slippery situation; for scarcely can there be found a man, who after enduring toils, and encountering dangers, does not pant for popularity, as the reward of his exploits.

It is certain that a brave and an elevated spirit is chiefly discernible by two characters. The first consists in despising the outside of things, from this conviction within itself, that a man ought to admire, desire, or court nothing but what is virtuous and becoming; and that he ought to sink under no human might, nor yield to any disorder, either of spirit or fortune. The other character of magnanimity is, that possessed of such a

spirit as I have pointed out, you enter upon some undertaking, not only of great importance in itself, and of great utility to the public, but extremely arduous, full of difficulties, and dangerous both to life and many of its concomitants. In the latter of those two characters consist glory, majesty, and, let me add, utility; but the causes and the efficient means that form great men is in the former, which contains the principles that elevate the soul, gives it a contempt for temporary considerations. Now this very excellence consists in two particulars; you are to deem that only to be good that is virtuous; and you must be free from all mental disorder. For we are to look upon it as the character of a noble and an elevated soul to slight all those considerations that the generality of mankind account great and glorious, and to despise them, upon firm and durable principles; while strength of mind and greatness of resolution is discerned, in bearing those calamities, which, in the course of man's life, are many and various, so as not to be driven from your natural disposition, nor from the character of a wise man. For there is great inconsistency in a man, if after being proof against fear, he should yield to passion; or if, after surmounting toil, he should be subdued by pleasure. It ought, therefore, to be a main consideration with us to avoid the love of money; for nothing so truly characterizes a narrow, grovelling disposition as avarice does; and nothing is more noble and more exalted than to despise riches, if you have them not, and if you have them, to employ them in virtuous and generous purposes. An inordinate passion for glory is likewise to be guarded against; for it deprives us of liberty, the only prize for which men of elevated sentiments ought to contend. Power is so far from being desirable in itself, that it sometime sought to be refused, nay, resigned. We should likewise be free from all disorders of the mind, from all violent passion and fear, as well as languor, voluptuousness, and anger, that we may possess that tranquillity and security which are attended with both uniformity and dignity.—*De Officiis*.

ON CONTEMPT OF DEATH.

Away, then, with those follies which are little better than the old women's dreams, such as that it is miserable to die before our time. What time do you mean? That of nature? But she has only lent you life, as she might lend you money, without fixing any certain time for its repayment. Have you any grounds of complaint, then, that she recalls it at her pleasure? for you received it on these terms. They that complain thus allow that if a young child dies the survivors ought to bear his loss with equanimity; that if an infant in the cradle dies they ought not even to utter a complaint; and yet nature has been more severe with them in demanding back what she gave. They answer by saying that such have not tasted the sweets of life; while the other had begun to conceive hopes of great happiness, and indeed had begun to realize them. Men judge better in other things, and allow a part to be preferable to none; why do they not admit the same estimate in life? Though Callimachus does not speak amiss in saying that more tears had flowed from Priam than from his son; yet they are thought happier who die after they have reached old age. It would be hard to say why; for I do not apprehend that any one, if a longer life were granted him, would find it happier. There is nothing more agreeable to a man than prudence, which old age most certainly bestows on a man, though it may strip him of everything else; but what age is long? or what is there at all long to a man? Does not

Old age, though unregarded, still attend
On childhood's pastimes, as the cares of men?

But because there is nothing beyond old age, we call that long; all these things are said to be long or short, according to the proportion of time they were given us for. Aristotle saith, there is a kind of insect near the river Hypanis, which runs from a certain part of Europe into the Pontus, whose life consists but of one day; those

that die at the eighth hour, die in full age; those who die when the sun sets are very old, especially when the days are at the longest. Compare our longest life with eternity and we shall be found almost as short-lived as those little animals.

Let us, then, despise all these follies — for what softer name can I give to such levities? — and let us lay the foundation of our happiness in the strength and greatness of our minds, in a contempt and disregard of all earthly things, and in the practice of every virtue. For at present we are enervated by the softness of our imaginations, so that, should we leave this world before the promises of our fortune-tellers are made good to us, we should think ourselves deprived of some great advantages, and seem disappointed and forlorn. But if, through life, we are in continual suspense, still expecting, still desiring, and are in continual pain and torture, good Gods! how pleasant must that journey be which ends in security and ease!

How pleased am I with Theramenes! of how exalted a soul does he appear! For although we never read of him without tears, yet that illustrious man is not to be lamented in his death, who, when he had been imprisoned by the command of the thirty tyrants, drank off, at one draught, as if he had been thirsty, the poisoned cup, and threw the remainder out of it with such force, that it sounded as it fell; and then, on hearing the sound of the drops, he said, with a smile, "I drink this to the most excellent Critias," who had been his most bitter enemy; for it is customary among the Greeks, at their banquets, to name the person to whom they intend to deliver the cup. This celebrated man was pleasant to the last, even when he had received the poison into his bowels, and truly foretold the death of that man whom he named when he drank the poison, and that death soon followed. Who that thinks death an evil could approve of the evenness of temper in this great man at the instant of dying?

Socrates came, a few years after, to the same prison and the same cup, by as great iniquity on the part of his

judges as the tyrants displayed when they executed Theramenes. What a speech is that which Plato makes him deliver before his judges, after they had condemned him to death! . . . There is no part of his speech which I admire more than his last words: "But it is time," says he, "for me now to go hence, that I may die; and for you that you may continue to live. Which condition of the two is the best, the immortal Gods know; but I do not believe that any mortal man does." Surely I would rather have had this man's soul, than all the fortunes of those who sat in judgment on him; although that very thing which he says no one except the Gods know, namely, whether life or death is most preferable, he knows himself, for he had previously stated his opinion on it; but he maintained to the last that favorite maxim of his, of affirming nothing. And let us, too, adhere to this rule of not thinking anything an evil, which is a general provision of nature: and let us assure ourselves, that if death is an evil, it is an eternal evil, for death seems to be the end of a miserable life; but if death is a misery, there can be no end of that.—*Tusculan Disputations.*

PUBLIC DUTIES.

Various are the causes of men omitting, or forsaking, their duty. They may be unwilling to encounter enmity, toil or expense, or perhaps they do it through negligence, listlessness, or laziness; or they are so embarrassed in certain studies and pursuits, that they suffer those, they ought to protect, to be abandoned. This leads me to doubt somewhat of the justness of Plato's compliment to philosophers: "That they are men of integrity, because they aim only at truth, and despise and neglect those considerations which others value, and which generally set mankind at variance among themselves." For while they abstain from doing injury to others, they indeed assert one species of honesty or "justice," but they fail in another; because they are so entangled in the pursuits of learning, that they abandon those they ought to protect. Some therefore think that they would

have no concern with the government, unless they were forced to it; but still, it would be more commendable, if they were to undertake it voluntarily. For even this, though a right thing in itself, is commendable only when it is voluntary. There are others who either from a desire to improve their private fortune, or from some personal resentments, pretend that they mind their own affairs, only that they may appear not to wrong their neighbors. Now such persons in avoiding one kind of dishonesty strike upon another; because they abandon the fellowship of life by employing in it none of their zeal, none of their labor, none of their abilities. Having thus stated the two kinds of dishonesty or injustice, and assigned the motives for each kind, and settled previously the proper requisites of honesty or justice, we may easily (unless we are extremely selfish) form a judgment of our duty on every occasion.

For, to concern ourselves in other people's affairs is a delicate matter. Yet Chremes, a character in Terrence, thinks, that there is nothing that can befall mankind in which he does not think he has a concern. Meanwhile, because we have the quicker perception and sensation of whatever happens unfavorably or untowardly to ourselves, than to others, which we see as it were at a greater distance, the judgment we form of them is very different from what we form of ourselves. It is therefore a right maxim, to do nothing when you are doubtful whether it is honest or unjust; for whatever is honest is self-evident, but doubt implies suspicion of injustice.

I must put you in mind that justice is due even to the lowest of mankind; and nothing can be lower than the condition and the fortune of a slave. And yet it is no unreasonable rule to put them upon the same footing as hired laborers, oblige them to do their work, but to give them their dues. Now, as injustice may be done two ways, by force or fraud; fraud is the property of a fox, force of a lion; both are utterly repugnant to society, but fraud is the most detestable. But in the whole system of villainy, the capital villain is he who in

practising the greatest crimes, deceives under the mask of virtue.

Having thus treated of justice, let me now, as I proposed, speak of beneficence and liberality, virtues that are the most agreeable to the nature of man, but they are to be practised with great circumspection. For, in the first place, we are to take care lest our kindness should hurt both those whom it is meant to assist, and others. In the next place, it ought not to exceed our abilities; and it ought to be adapted to the deserts of the object. This is the fundamental of justice to which all I say here is to refer. For they who do kindnesses which prove of disservice to the person they pretend to oblige, are neither beneficent nor generous, but execrable sycophants. And they who injure one party in order to be liberal to another, are guilty of the same dishonesty, as if they should appropriate to themselves what belongs to another.

Now many, and they especially who are the most ambitious after grandeur and glory, rob one party to enrich another; and account themselves generous to their friends if they enrich them at any rate. This is so far from being consistent with, that nothing can be more contrary to, our duty. Let us, therefore, still practise that kind of generosity that is serviceable to our friends, but hurtful to none. Upon this principle, when Lucius Sulla and Caius Cæsar took property from its just owners, and transferred it to others, in so doing they ought not to be accounted generous; for nothing can be generous that is not just.

Our next part of circumspection is that our generosity never should exceed our abilities. For they who are more generous than their circumstances admit of, are guilty of a capital error, by wronging their relations; because they bestow upon strangers those means which they might, with greater justice, give, or lease, to their relations. Now a generosity of this kind is generally attended with a lust to ravish and to plunder, in order to be furnished with the means to give away. For it is easy to observe, that most of them are not so much by

nature generous, as they are misled by a kind of pride to do a great many things to get themselves the character of being generous, and this kind of generosity is not so much the effect of principle as of ostentation. Now such a disguise of disposition is more nearly allied to vanity than to generosity or virtue.

The third head of circumspection I proposed to treat of, was, that in our generosity we should have regard to merit; and consequently examine both the morals of the party to whom we are generous, and his disposition toward us, together with the general good of society, and how far he may have already contributed to our own utility. Could all those considerations be united, it were the more desirable, but the objects in whom is united, the most numerous, and the most important of them, ought with us to have the preference.—*De Officiis*.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS, 60 B.C.

You must know that at present I want nothing so much as a certain friend, to whom I can impart whatever gives me concern; the man who loves me, who is wise in himself, the man with whom I converse without guile, without dissimulation, without reserve. For my brother is absent, who is the very soul of sincerity and affection for me. As to Metellus, he is as devoid of these sociable qualities as the sounding shore, the empty air, or the uncivilized waste. But thou, my friend, where art thou, who hast so often reasoned and talked away my cares, and the anguish of my mind; thou partner of my public, thou witness of my private concerns; thou partaker of all my conversation, thou associate in all my counsels, where, I say, art thou? So forsaken, so forlorn am I, that my life knows no comfort, but what it has in the company of my wife, my charming daughter, and my dear little Cicero; for our interested, varnished friendships, serve indeed to make a kind of figure in the forum, but they are without domestic endearment. Thus, in the morning, when my house is filled, when I proceed to the forum surrounded with hordes of friends, I cannot, in all that mighty confluence, find a person to whom I can

indulge my humor with freedom, or whisper my complaints in confidence. I therefore expect you, I want you, nay I summon you to my relief; for many are my perplexities, many are my troubles, which, did I once enjoy your attention, I think I could dissipate in the conversation of one familiar walk. But I shall here conceal from you all the agonies which I suffer in my private affairs; nor will I trust them to a letter, which is to be conveyed by a bearer unknown to me. Yet the stings which I endure, for I would not have you to be too much alarmed, are not intolerable. My anxieties, indeed, haunt and tease me, and can be allayed only by the counsels and conversation of the friend I love. .

As to public affairs, though they lie at my heart, yet my inclination to offer them any remedy daily diminishes. For if I were to give you a brief statement of what happened after your departure, I think I should hear you cry out that the Roman government could be of no long continuance. For the first public act in which I engaged after your departure was, if I mistake not, the tragical intrigue of Clodius. Here I imagined that I had a fair field for restraining licentiousness, and for bridling our young men; and indeed I was warm, and poured forth all my strength and fire of genius, not from any particular spite, but from a sincere desire to serve my country, and to heal her constitution, which had been wounded by a mercenary, prostituted judgment. Now you shall hear what followed upon this.

We had a consul forced upon us, and such a consul as none but philosophers like us can behold without a sigh. What a calamity was this? The Senate had passed a decree concerning corruption in elections and trials. This decree never passed into a law; the Senate was confounded, the Roman Knights were disobliged. Thus did one year overthrow the two barriers of the government which I had erected by taking authority from the Senate, and breaking the union of our orders. . . . One Herennius, whom you, perhaps, know nothing of, is a tribune of the people; but you may know him, for he is of your tribe, and his father Sextus used to be the pay-

master of your election money. This man has transferred Clodius to the commons; and prevailed with all the tribes of the people to pass a vote in the Campus Martius concerning his adopted son. I gave him a proper reception, as usual, but the fellow is incorrigibly stupid. Metellus proves an excellent consul, and my very good friend; but he hurts his authority, because he has suffered the formality of the peoples assembling in tribes to pass. As to the son of Aulus, good God! what a dunce, what a spiritless creature he is, and how deserving is he of the abuse which Palicanus every day pours out against him to his face. Flavius has promoted an Agrarian law, in which there is, indeed, no great matter, and is much the same with that of Plotius. But in the meantime, not a man can be found who pays the slightest attention to the interests of the republic. Our friend Pompey (for I would have you to know that he is my friend) preserves, by his silence, the honors of the triumphal robe, which he is permitted to wear at the public shows. Crassus would not, for the world, speak anything to disoblige. I need to say no more of all the others, who could see their country sunk if their fish-ponds are safe. One patriot, indeed, we have, but in my opinion, he is patriotic more from courage and integrity, than from judgment or genius, I mean Cato. He has for these three months plagued the poor farmers of the revenue, though they have been his very good friends; nor will he suffer the Senate to return any answer to their petition. Thus, we are forced to do no kind of business, before that of the revenue is dispatched, and I believe even the deputations will be set aside. You see what storms we encounter, and from what I have written, you may form a clear judgment of what I have omitted. Pray think upon returning hither; and though it is, indeed, a disagreeable place, let your affection for me prevail so far upon you, as to bear with it, with all its inconveniences. I will take all possible care to prevent the censors from registering you before your return. But to delay your return to the very last moment, will betray too much of

the minute calculator; therefore I beg that you will let me see you as soon as possible.—*Epistle to Atticus.*

IN EXILE, 58 B.C.

I have learnt from your letters all that passed till the 25th of May. I waited for accounts of what has happened since that time, by your advice, at Thessalonica. When I have received them, I shall the more easily determine where I am to reside. For if there is occasion, if anything is in hand, if I have any encouragement, I either will remain here, or I will repair to you. But if as you inform me, there are but small hopes of such incidents, then must I determine on some other course. Hitherto you have hinted nothing to me but the divisions that prevail among my enemies; but those divisions spring from other matters than my concerns; I cannot, therefore, see how they can be of advantage to me. I will, however, humor you as to every circumstance, from which you desire me to hope for the best. As to the frequent and severe reproofs you throw out against my want of fortitude, let me ask you whether there is an evil which is not included in my misfortunes? Did ever man fall from so elevated a station, in so good a cause, with such advantages of genius, experience, and popularity, or so guarded by the interest of every worthy patriot? Is it possible I should forget who I have been; that I should not feel who I am; what glory, what honor, what children, what fortunes, and what a brother I have lost? A brother, that you may know my calamities to be unexampled, whom I loved, whom I have ever loved more than myself; yet have I been forced to avoid the sight of this very brother, lest I should either behold his sorrow and dejection, or present myself a wretch undone and lost, to him who had left me in high and flourishing circumstances. I omit my other intolerable reflections that still remain; for I am stopped by my tears. Tell me am I most to blame for giving vent to such sorrows, or for surviving my happy state, or for not still possessing it, which I easily might have done, had not the plan of my destruction been laid within my own

walls. I write this that you may rather administer your wonted condolence than expose me as deserving of censure and correction. I write but a short letter to you because I am prevented by my tears; and the news I expect from Rome is of more importance to me than anything I can write of myself. Whenever anything comes to my knowledge, I will inform you exactly of my resolution. I beg you will continue to inform me so particularly of everything, that I may be ignorant of nothing that passes.—*Epistle to Atticus.*

DEATH OF CÆSAR.

Is it really so? Has all that has been done by our common Brutus, come to this, that he should live at Sanuvium, and Trebonius repair by devious marches to his government? That all the actions, writings, words, promises and purposes of Cæsar should carry with them more force than they would have done, had he been alive? You may remember what loud remonstrances I made the very first day we met in the capitol, that the Senate should be summoned thither by the prætors. Immortal gods! What might we not have then carried amidst the universal joy of our patriots, and even our half-patriots, and the general rout of those robbers. You disapprove of what was done on the 18th of March, but what could be done? We were undone before that day. Do not you remember you called out that our cause was ruined, if Cæsar had a public funeral? But a funeral he had, and that too in the Forum, and graced with pathetic encomiums, which encouraged slaves and beggars, with flaming torches in their hands, to burn our houses. What followed? Were they not insolent enough to say, "Cæsar issued the command, and you must obey?" I cannot bear these and other things. I therefore think of retiring, and leaving behind me country after country; and even your favorite Greece is too much exposed to the political storm to continue in it.

Meanwhile, has your complaint quite left you? For I have some reason to believe, by your manner of writing, that it has. But I return to the Thebassi, the Scævæ,

and the Frangones. Do you imagine that they will think themselves secure in their possessions, while we stand our ground; and experience has taught them that we have not in us the courage which they imagined. Are we to look upon those to be the friends of peace, who have been the fomenters of rebellion? What I wrote to you concerning Curtilius, and the estates of Sestilius, I apply to Censorinus, Messala, Planca, Posthumius, and the whole clan. It would have been better to perish with the slain than to have lived to witness things like these. Octavius came to Naples about the 16th, where Balbus waited upon him next morning, and from thence he came to me at Cumæ, the same day, where he acquainted me that he would accept of the succession to his uncle's estate. But this, as you observe, may be the source of a warm dispute between him and Anthony. I shall bestow all due attention and pains upon your affair at Burthrotum. You ask me whether the legacy left me by Cluvius will amount to a hundred thousand sesterces a year. It will amount pretty near it, but this first year I have laid out eighty thousand upon repairs. My brother complains greatly of his son, who, he says, is now excessively complaisant to his mother, though he hated her at a time when she deserved his respects. He has sent me flaming letters against him. If you have not yet left Rome, and if you know what he is doing, I beg you will inform me by a letter, as indeed, you must do of everything else, for your letters give me the greatest pleasure.—*Epistle to Atticus.*

MARK ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS.

I fear, my Atticus, that all we have reaped from the Ides of March is but the short-lived joy of having punished him whom we have hated as the author of our sufferings. What news do I hear from Rome! What management do I see here! It was, indeed, a glorious action, but it was left imperfect. You know how much I love the Sicilians, and how much I thought myself honored in being their patron. Cæsar (and I was glad of it) did them many favors, though granting them the

privileges of Latium was more than could be well borne. However I said nothing even to that. But here comes Antony, who, for a large sum of money, produces a law passed by the dictator in an assembly of the people, by which all Sicilians are made denizens of Rome, an act never once heard of in the dictator's lifetime. Is not the case of our friend Deiotarus almost the same? There is no throne which he does not deserve, but not through the interest of Fulvia. I could give you a thousand such instances. Thus far, however, your purpose may be served. Your affair of Buthrotum is so clear, so well attested, and so just, that it is impossible for you to fail in obtaining part of your claim, and, the rather, as Antony has succeeded in many things of the same kind.

Octavius lives here with me, upon a very honorable and friendly footing. His own domestics call him by the name of Cæsar; but his stepfather Philip does not, neither do I, for that reason. I deny that he can be a good citizen; he is surrounded by so many that breathe destruction to our friends, and who swear vengeance against what they have done. What in your opinion will be the consequence when the boy shall go to Rome, where our deliverers cannot live in safety? It is true, they must be glorious, and even happy, from the consciousness of what they have done. But we, who are delivered, if I mistake not, must still remain in a state of despicable servitude. I therefore long to go where the news of such deeds can never reach my ears. I hate even those appointed consuls, who have forced me so to declaim, that even Baiæ was no retreat for me. But this was owing to my too great condescension. It is true there was a time when I was obliged to submit to such things, but now it is otherways, whatever may be the event of public measures. It is long since I had anything to write to you, and yet I am still writing, not that my letters give me pleasure, but that I may provoke you to answer them. I write this on the 21st of April, being at dinner at the house of Vestorius, who is

no good logician, but I assure you, an excellent accountant.—*Epistle to Atticus.*

CLARE, JOHN, an English poet; born at Helpstone, July 13, 1793; died at Northampton, May 20, 1864. His father was a poor farmer-laborer, and he was apparently born to a like lowly station in life. By one means or another he managed to gain some education. But the general course of his life was erratic. We find him a pot-boy in a public-house, a gardener's apprentice, a stroller with the gypsies, a lime-burner, and a militia recruit; and in 1817 he was a recipient of relief from the parish. He had managed to save twenty shillings, which he expended in getting out a prospectus for a *Collection of Original Trifles*. A copy of this prospectus fell into the hands of a London publisher, who in 1820 published the poems, with additions, under the title, *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant*. The little volume attracted much notice; and what from the sale of it, and from presents by patrons of literature, Clare found himself in possession of an income of some £45 a year, upon which he married. He fell into irregular habits, and in three years was penniless. In 1827 he published a volume entitled *The Shepherd's Calendar*, copies of which he was accustomed to hawk around the country. In 1835 he wrote another volume entitled *The Rural Muse*. Not long afterward he began to manifest symptoms of violent insanity, and in 1837 he was committed to a lunatic asylum, where the re-

maining twenty-seven years of his life were passed. He had, however, periods of lucidity, and in one of these he composed the following poem:

WHAT I AM WHO CARES OR KNOWS?

I am! yet what I am who cares or knows?
 My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
 I am a self-consumer of my woes,
 They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
 Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
 And yet I am—I live—though I am tossed

Into the nothingness of scorn and worse,
 Into the living sea of waking dream,
 Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
 And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
 Are strange:—nay they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod,
 For scenes where woman never smiled or wept;
 There to abide with my Creator, God,
 And sleep, as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Full of high thoughts unborn. So let me lie,
 The grass below, above, the vaulted sky.

Among the poems which Clare wrote in his prime are not a few which deserve to stand high in their class. Such as these:

SPRING FLOWERS.

Bowing adorers of the gale,
 Ye cowslips delicately pale
 Upraise your loaded stems,
 Unfold your cups in splendor; speak!
 Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
 And gilt your golden gems?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
 In purple's richest pride arrayed,
 Your errand here fulfill!
 Go, bid the artist's simple stain
 Your lustre imitate in vain,
 And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
 Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
 That stud the velvet sod;
 Open to Spring's refreshing air;
 In sweetest smiling bloom declare
 Your Maker and my God.

JULY.

Loud is the Summer's busy song,
 The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
 While insects of each tiny size
 Grow teasing with their melodies,
 Till noon burns with its blistering breath
 Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute
 Is on a sudden lost and mute;
 Even the brook that leaps along,
 Seems weary of its bubbling song,
 And so soft its waters creep
 Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep.

The cricket on its bank is dumb;
 The very flies forget to hum;
 And, save the wagon rocking round,
 The landscape sleeps without a sound.
 The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough
 Hath not a leaf that danceth now.

The taller grass upon the hill,
 And spider's threads are standing still;
 The feathers, dropped from moor-hen's wing

Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream.

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs,
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;
And in the overheated air
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that to the earnest eye,
The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And follows e'en within the shade;
Until the sun slopes in the west,
Like weary traveller, glad to rest
On pillowed clouds of many hues.
Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain
Hum with their summer songs again,
A requiem to the day's decline,
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine,
As welcome to the day's feeble powers
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy — and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day,
How true she warped the moss to make her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.

And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue,
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

CLARENDON, EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF, an English statesman and historian; born at Dinton, Wiltshire, February 18, 1608; died at Rouen, France, December 9, 1674. Being the third son of a wealthy father, he was destined for the Church, and at the age of thirteen was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, to study for the clerical profession. But the death of his two elder brothers left him, at the age of sixteen, the heir of the family estates; and it was thought that the bar was for him a more befitting profession than the pulpit. He went to London, and entered the Middle Temple as a student of law. He became intimate with Ben Jonson, Waller, Carew, Selden, Chillingworth, Hales, and the other literary celebrities of the day. He took a high place in his profession, and at thirty was among the leading members of the bar. In 1640 he entered Parliament, siding mainly with the reforming party, and vigorously opposing the arbitrary measures of the Crown. But when the disputes between King and Parliament came to the point of open war, Hyde embraced the Royal cause, and was one of the ablest supporters of Charles I., by whom he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Royal cause was definitively lost by the defeat at Naseby (June 14, 1645). Hyde not long after took up his residence in Jersey, where he resided nearly two years, studying the Psalms and writing the early chapters of his *History of the Rebellion*. In the spring of 1648 he drew up an answer to the ordinance which had been issued by Parliament, declaring the King guilty of the civil war, and forbidding all future addresses to him.

Charles I. having been executed, and his son, Charles II., having nominally acceded to the throne, Hyde joined him on the Continent and became his chief adviser, drawing up all the state papers, and conducting the voluminous correspondence with the English Royalists; and in 1658 the dignity of Lord Chancellor was conferred upon him by the as yet crownless and landless King. He himself was in the meantime often reduced to the sorest pecuniary straits. In 1652 he writes: "I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season;" and not long after, "I have not had a livre of my own for the last three months."

Charles was at length restored to his kingdom in May, 1660. Hyde accompanied him to England, and took his seat as Speaker of the House of Lords. At the coronation in June, 1660, he was created Earl of Clarendon, and received a royal gift of £20,000. His consequence was not a little increased by the fact that, not long before, his daughter, Anne Hyde, had been married to the King's brother, the Duke of York, afterward King James II.; and it came to be looked upon as not unlikely that their children might sit upon the British throne. This possibility was in time realized; for James II. was deposed, and his two daughters, Mary and Anne, came in succession to be Queens-regnant of Great Britain.

Clarendon retained his position as Lord Chancellor for six years, until 1667. He soon became unpopular both with the people on account of his haughty demeanor, and with the Court on account of his determined opposition to the prevailing extravagance and dissoluteness. At the royal command he resigned the

Chancellorship. He was impeached by the House of Commons for high treason. The House of Lords refused to accept the charge as presented; but it was evident to Clarendon, that his ruin was inevitable. In November, 1667, he left the kingdom, never to return; having in the meanwhile addressed to the House of Lords a vindication of his conduct. The House of Commons declared this Vindication to be seditious, and ordered it to be burned by the hangman. A bill of attainder was brought in against him, which was rejected by the Lords; but an act was finally passed condemning him to perpetual banishment unless he should appear for trial within six weeks. He took up his abode at Rouen in France, where he died, having in vain addressed an appeal to Charles II. that he might be allowed to end his days in his native land. His remains were, however, brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey.

The closing years of Clarendon's life were devoted to writing various works, among which were numerous *Essays*; a *Survey of Hobbes's Leviathan*, and an *Autobiography*; but mainly to the completion of his *History of the Rebellion*, which had been commenced nearly twenty years before. He directed that this History should not be published until all of those who had been prominent actors in the matter were dead. It was not, indeed, published until 1702; and then many alterations and omissions were made by Bishop Spratt and Dean Aldrich, who had undertaken to edit the manuscript. This edition was several times reprinted; and it was not till 1826 that a wholly authentic edition was printed at Oxford. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars*, notwithstanding numerous defects, is yet one of the most im-

portant contributions to English history. Several portions — such as the account of the Reception of the Liturgy at Edinburgh in 1637, the Execution of Montrose in 1650, and the Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, in 1650, are admirably written. But the most striking passages are the delineations of leading actors in the great drama, although these not unfrequently are strongly colored by the political and personal feelings of the author.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES I.

It will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation underwent in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation than the most strict laws can have.

He was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man, so great a lover of justice that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except that it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence; and then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities.

He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting-days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exacter of gravity and reverence in all mention of re-

ligion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person, and did not love strangers nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the counsel board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the meditating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion which the stubbornness of men's humors made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person, but in his riper years not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded

from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition. . . .

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants that there were few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men; and afterward the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their masters, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations as any of his predecessors had ever been.

To conclude: He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

THE CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

He was one of those men whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth—though of good family—without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors, and interests into a consistence that contributed to his designs and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. . . .

Without doubt no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet as he grew into grace and authority his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed faculties till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom. After he was confirmed Protector, by the humble petition and advice of Parliament, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was abso-

lutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from those who were not willing to yield it. . . .

Thus he subdued a spirit that had often been troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, toward all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection he used great civility, generosity, and bounty. To reduce three nations which perfectly hated him to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was undevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. . . .

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed "that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government;" but that Cromwell would never consent to: it may be out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is

denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated: and he will be looked on by posterity as a brave, wicked man.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMPDEN.

Mr. Hampden was a man of great cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of good extraction and a fair fortune; who from a life of great pleasure and license had, on a sudden, retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had showed in opposing the ship-money, raised his reputation to a great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom.

He was not a man of many words, and rarely began the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed, but a very weighty speaker; and after he heard a full debate and observed how the House was like to be inclined, he took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily, so stated it that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found that he could not do that he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative which might prove inconvenient in the future.

He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had a greater power over himself, or was less

the man that he seemed to be; which shortly after appeared to everybody, when he cared less to keep on the mask.

THE CHARACTER OF LORD FALKLAND.

In the unhappy battle of Newbury [September 20, 1643] was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity. . . .

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper and so far from fear that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be the farthest engaged. And in all such encounters he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it where it was not by resistance made necessary: insomuch that at Edgehill (October, 1624), when the enemy was routed, he was likely to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it, from which he was diverted from the complete inactivity of that summer; so he returned to England, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he had received some

repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirits stole upon him which he had never been used to. Yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor — which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of — he resisted these indispositions. But after the King's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit of any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men that his face and countenance was always pleasant and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became, on a sudden, less communicable; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was now not only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe that there wanted not some men — strangers to his nature and disposition — who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free. . . .

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word, "Peace! peace!" and would passionately profess that "the very agony of the war,

and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, that "he was so much enamored of peace that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;" which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience and honor could have wished the King to have committed a trespass against either. . . .

In the morning before the battle—as always upon action—he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when there was some hope he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the business of life that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence. Whoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.



CLARETIE, JULES ARNAUD ARSENE, a French novelist and dramatist; born at Limoges, December 3, 1840. He was educated at the Bonaparte Lyceum, in Paris. He chose literature as a profession, contributed many articles to French and Belgian journals, and in 1866 became war correspondent for the *Avenir National* during the war between

Austria and Italy. He drew upon himself the censure of the Imperial authorities by his lectures delivered in 1868, and the next year incurred a fine of 1,000 francs by an article in the *Figaro*. During the Franco-Prussian War he was a correspondent for several French newspapers. After the war he was appointed a secretary of the commissioners of the papers of the Tuileries, and later charged with the organization of a library and lecture-hall in each of the arrondissements of Paris. In 1871 he returned to literary pursuits. Among his numerous works are *Une Drôleuse* (1862); *Pierille* (1863); *Les Ornières de la Vie* (1864); *Voyages d'un Parisien* (1865); *L'Assassin*, republished under the title *Robert Burat* (1866); *Mademoiselle Cachemire* (1867); *La Libre Parole* (1868); *Histoire de la Révolution de 1870-1872*; *Ruines et Fantômes* (1873); *Les Muscadins* (1874); *Camille Desmoulins*; *Lucile Desmoulins*; *Etudes sur les Dantonistes* (1875); *Cinq Ans Après*; *l'Alsace et la Lorraine depuis l'Annexion* (1876); *Le Train No. 7* (1877); *La Maison Vide* (1878); *Monsieur le Ministre* (1881); and still later, *Molière et Ses Œuvres*; *Les Prussiens chez eux*; *La Vie Moderne au Théâtre*; *Le Prince Zillah* (1884); *Puyjoli* (1890). Claretie was for some years director of the Comédie Française; and was elected a member of the Academy in 1888. His dramatic compositions relate mostly to the time of the Revolution.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF LUCILE DESMOULINS.

“The wretches; not satisfied with assassinating me, they are going to kill my wife, too!” Camille had said. At the same hour Madame Duplessis, in her terror, was writing a letter to Robespierre which remained unfinished, and which never reached Maximilien, a letter in which the cry of Camille was repeated.—“Robespierre, was it not

enough to kill your best friend; will you also shed the blood of his wife?" Lucile had been denounced by a certain Amans, imprisoned in the Luxembourg—a miserable spy, a decoy of his fellow-prisoners; a *mouton*, who, in a letter to Robespierre, accused the ex-General Dillon of conspiring in favor of Danton, Camille, and Philippeaux. "Dillon," this Amans wrote, "works in his office every night until five or six o'clock in the morning; he has a trustworthy messenger, who comes and goes with packets; suspicious-looking people come to see him, and speak with him privately." . . . It is not the first time, in fact, that we have had to notice the comparative liberty allowed to prisoners under the Reign of Terror.

Amans accused Dillon of having money and of fomenting a conspiracy. The agent, Alexandre La Flotte, soon gave a name to this imaginary plot. Fouquier complained that they meant to assassinate him, and the *conspiracy of the prisons* was created. Dillon, according to La Flotte, had concerted a project with Simond, the deputy (a friend of Hérault). They distributed money among the people. They sent "persons" among the Revolutionary Tribunal. Desmoulin's wife, added La Flotte, is in the plot.

The destruction of Lucile—a woman!—was decided upon. The committee, not satisfied with having silenced forever the pen of the pamphleteer, determined to strike the author of the "Vieux Cordelier" another blow, through her who bore his name.

At the hour when the heads of Danton and Camille fell Vadier mounted the rostrum of the convention, and, declaring that he had been present without being seen, at the scandalous debates of the Revolutionary Tribunal, asserted that Dillon and Simond were conspiring now in their prison. "They have," he said, "organized a cohort of scoundrels, who are to issue forth from the Luxembourg, with a pass-word, to occupy the avenues to the Committees of Public Welfare and General Safety, fall upon the members composing these committees and immolate them to their fury." "And these men," added Vadier, "still breathe." Couthon succeeded him on the

rostrum, and asked for a fresh sentence of death. The following night the prisoners accused of having taken part in the "conspiracy of the prisons" were taken to the Conciergerie. Among them were Arthur Dillon, the deputy Simond, the ex-Bishop Gobel, Anaxagoras Chaumette, one of Camille's victims; Grammont-Roselly, the actor, adjutant-general of the revolutionary army, who had insulted Marie Antoinette as she went to the scaffold; Grammont-Nourry, his son; Lambert, the turnkey; Byssier, the surgeon; and the widows of Hébert and Camille. . . . Certain jailers of the Luxembourg, some old soldiers of the army of Ph. Ronson, a man-at-arms belonging to the household of the Count of Artois, Commissary Lapalue, Captain Lassalle, of the merchant marine, Adjutant Denet, Lebrasse, a lieutenant of the gendarmerie, were imprisoned with the wretched women. All these unhappy things, threatened with a common accusation, were brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal as guilty of having conspired against the safety of the people, and of having wished to destroy the National Convention. To destroy the convention! Lucile wished to do that! Fouquier-Tinville went still further in odious absurdity; he accused Dillon, Lambert, Simond, and Desmoulins' widow of having "aimed at replacing on the throne of France the son of Louis XVI."

"They were in the pay of the foreigners," said the public prosecutor. Lucile exert herself to destroy the convention, and place the Dauphin on the throne! All that she wished was to see Camille again, to save him, if she could, or to find him again in death, if her efforts should prove vain. The unhappy wife never received those eloquent, sublime, and touching letters of farewell which Camille had addressed to her from his prison. She had not been able to press a last kiss upon the paper blotted with Camille's tears. She longed then, with feverish ardor—like that of the martyrs eager to be delivered to the tortures—for death, which should reunite her with him whom she had lost.

Before her judges she was calm and intrepid, but withal womanly. She denied that General Dillon had written to

her, and sent her three thousand livres to cover the expenses of an outbreak against the Convention. "At least," the president, Dumas, said to Dillon, "you cannot deny having lighted the flame of revolt in the prisons." "I said," replied the ex-general, "that if the terrors of the days of September were to be re-enacted in the prisons (as was reasonably supposed at one time), it would be the duty of every brave man to defend his life, to demand to be heard and judged before he allowed himself to be sacrificed." This was, in fact, the only crime of the accused; they struggled with the executioner for their own existence or that of those dear to them.

Lucile was guilty only of despair and love; she had never conspired, she had but hovered around the prison like a bird over its nest. She had called on Camille's name, she had made mournful signs which were intended to convey all her feelings, in one look, one gesture. That was enough for her destruction. She was condemned to death after three days' deliberation, with eighteen others (all under twenty-six years of age), on the 24th Germinal. Nearly all the condemned might say, with Chaumette, at the tribunal: "You have decided upon my fate, I await my destiny with calmness!"

The astonishing serenity which Lucile had preserved during the trial, when there was a look in her eyes as if she saw far beyond the judgment hall, had given place to exultation; and on hearing the sentence that condemned her to death she raised her head and, with eyes that glistened with the brilliancy of fever, cried, "What happiness! in a few hours I shall see my Camille again." And then her loyal glance fell upon her judges. "In quitting this earth, to which love no longer binds me," she said, "I am less to be pitied than you; for at your death, which will be infamous, you will be haunted by remorse for what you have done." . . . Lucile dressed herself for death as if for a bridal. She displayed, I repeat, the holy exultation of a martyr. "The blood of a woman drove the Tarquins out of Rome; so may mine drive away tyranny" — are words imputed to her.

While Hébert's widow wept, Lucile smiled. She had

cut her hair "close to her head," we are told by the executioner, and she sent it to her mother, perhaps with a letter which she wrote in her prison — a short letter, but irresistibly touching in its devotedness, its resignation, its fervor:

"Good-night, my dear Mamma. A tear drops from my eyes; it is for you. I shall fall asleep in the calmness of innocence. Lucile."

When the tumbril — the same, perhaps, which Camille had ascended a week before — arrived to carry away the condemned, the ex-General Arthur Dillon came towards poor Lucile bowing his head. "I am sorry," she said, "to have caused your death." Dillon smiled, and replied that the accusation against him was only a pretext, and was beginning to compassionate her, in his turn, when Lucile interrupted him. "Look," she said, "at my face; is it that of a woman who needs consolation?" In truth, she looked radiant. She had tied a white neckerchief under her chin. It covered her hair. She looked a little pale, but charming. "I saw this young creature," says Tissot, in his *Histoire de la Révolution*; "and she made an indelible impression on me, in which the memory of her beauty, the virginal graces of her person, the melody of her heart-stirring voice, were mingled with admiration of her courage and regret for the cruel fate which threw her into the jaws of death a few days after her husband, and which denied her even the consolation of being united to him in the same grave." Camille, "that good fellow," could have said nothing in his own defence but "I am a child." Lucile preferred to hold up her head and ask for death. "They have assassinated the best of men," she again said; "if I did not hate them for that, I should bless them for the service they have done me this day." Among all the heroic women who have died upon the scaffold, the youthful, smiling face of Lucile stands out prominently, illuminated with a joyous light. It is the wife dying for the husband, a victim of passionate love of the noblest, holiest kind.

She bowed to Dillon, "with playfulness," as if she were taking leave of him in a drawing-room and should soon

see him again; then she took her place in the second tumbril with Grammont-Roselly and his son, who reproached each other with their respective deaths during the transit; Brumeau-Lacroix, Lapalue, Lassalle, and Hébert's widow. Lapalue was twenty-six years old, Lasalle was twenty-four. Lucile chatted with them pleasantly and smilingly. Grammont-Nourry having called his father a scoundrel, it is recorded that Lucile Desmoulins said to him, "You insulted Antoinette when she was in the tumbril; that does not surprise me. Had you better not keep a little of your courage to brave another queen, Death, to whom we are hastening?" "Grammont," says an eye-witness, "answered with insults, but she turned from him with contempt." Grammont-Roselly desired to embrace his son before he died, but his son refused that last embrace with the utmost brutality.

"Long live the King!" cried Dillon, returning on the scaffold to what he had been at Versailles. Lucile said nothing; she mounted the steps of the scaffold with a sort of happy pride. They were for her the steps of an altar. She was going to Camille! This thought made her smile. The executioner looked at her, moved in spite of himself. She was, he has told us, scarcely pale. This young woman, who looked like a picture by Greuze, died like a Roman matron. The fair, childlike head retained its expression of profound joy and passionate ecstasy even when flung bleeding into the blood-stained sawdust of the dreadful basket by the brutal hands of Samson's assistant.—*Translation of Mrs. CASHEL-HOEY.*

CLARK, CHARLES HEBER ("MAX ADELER"), an American journalist and humorist; born at Berlin, Md., July 11, 1841. He entered journalism when a youth and for a time wrote largely upon economic subjects. Since 1875 he has been edi-

tor of *The Textile Record* of Philadelphia. He is best known as a humorist, his first book, *Out of the Hurly Burly* (1880), having reached a sale of over one million copies. His other works are *Elbow Room* (1881); *The Fortunate Island* (1889); *Captain Bluit* (1902); and *The Quakeress* (1905).

MR. POTT'S STORY.

While I was over at Pencador, the other day, I called on the Potts.' Mr. Potts is liable to indulge in extravagance in his conversation, and as Mrs. Potts is an extremely conscientious woman where matters of fact are concerned, she's obliged to keep her eye on him. Potts was telling me about an incident that occurred in the town a few days before, and this is the way he related it:

POTTS. "You see old Bradley over here is perfectly crazy on the subject of gases and the atmosphere, and such things — absolutely wild; and one day he was disputing with Green about how high up in the air life could be sustained, and Bradley said an animal could live about forty million miles above the earth, if —"

MRS. POTTS. "Not forty million, my dear; only forty miles, he said."

P. "Forty, was it? Thank you. Well, sir, old Green, you know, said that was ridiculous; and he said he'd bet Bradley a couple of hundred thousand dollars that life couldn't be sustained half that way up, and so —"

MRS. P. "William, you are wrong; he only offered to bet fifty dollars."

P. "Well, anyhow, Bradley took him up quicker'n a wink, and they agreed to send up a cat in a balloon to decide the bet. So what does Bradley do but buy a balloon about twice as big as our barn, and begin to —"

MRS. P. "It was only about ten feet in diameter, Mr. Adeler; William forgets."

P. "Begin to inflate her. When she was filled, it took eighty men to hold her, and —"

MRS. P. "Eighty men, Mr. Potts? Why, you know Mr. Bradley held the balloon himself."

P. "He did, did he? Oh, very well; what's the odds? And when everything was ready, they brought out Bradley's tom-cat, and put it in the basket and tied it in so that it couldn't jump, you know. There were about one hundred thousand people looking on, and when they let go you never heard such a—"

MRS. P. "There was not more than two hundred people there. I counted them myself."

P. "Oh, don't bother me! I say you never heard such a yell as the balloon went scooting up into the sky, pretty near out of sight. Bradley said she went up about one thousand miles, and—now don't interrupt me, Henrietta; I know what the man said—and that cat, mind you, a howling like a hundred fog-horns, so's you could a' heard her from here to Peru. Well, sir, when she was up so's she looked as small as a pin-head, something or other burst. I dunno how it was, but pretty soon down came that balloon a flickering toward the earth at the rate of fifty miles a minute, and old—"

MRS. P. "Mr. Potts, you know that the balloon came down as gently as—"

P. "Oh, do hush up! Women don't know anything about such things. And old Bradley, he had a kind of a registering thermometer fixed in the basket along with that cat. Some sort of a patent machine; cost thousands of dollars, and he was expecting to examine it; and Green had an idea he'd lift out a dead cat and scoop in the stakes. When all of a sudden as she came pelting down a tornado struck her—now, Henrietta, what in the thunder are you staring at me in that way for? It was a tornado—a regular cyclone—and it struck her and jammed her against the lightning rod on the Baptist church steeple, and there she stuck—stuck on that spire about eight hundred feet up in the air."

MRS. P. "You may get just as mad as you like, but I am positively certain that steeple's not an inch over ninety-five feet."

P. "Henrietta, I wish to gracious you'd go upstairs and look after the children. Well, about half a minute after she struck, out stepped that tom-cat on to the weather-

cock. It made Green sick. And just then the hurricane reached the weathercock and it began to revolve six hundred or seven hundred times a minute, the cat howling until you couldn't hear yourself speak. (Now, Henrietta, you've had your put; you keep quiet.) That cat staid on that weathercock about two months —"

Mrs. P. "Mr. Potts, that's an awful story; it only happened last Tuesday."

P. (*confidentially*.) "Never mind her. And on Sunday the way that cat carried on and yowled, with its tail pointing due east, was so awful that they couldn't have church. And Sunday afternoon the preacher told Bradley if he didn't get that cat down he'd sue him for a million dollars' damages. So Bradley got a gun and shot at the cat fourteen hundred times (now, you didn't count 'em, Henrietta, and I did), and he banged the top of the steeple all to splinters, and at last fetched down the cat, shot to rags, and in her stomach he found his thermometer. She'd ate in on her way up, and it stood at eleven hundred degrees, so old —"

Mrs. P. "No thermometer ever stood at such a figure as that."

P. (*indignantly*.) "Oh, well, if you think you can tell the story better than I can, why don't you tell it? You're enough to worry the life out of a man."

Then Potts slammed the door and went out, and I left. I don't know whether Bradley got the stakes or not.

A LARGE-HEARTED VIEW OF THE INDIAN.

"I don't take the same view of the North American Indian that most people do," said Professor Bangs in a discussion down at the grocery store in a suburban town the other night. "Now some think that the red man displays a want of good taste in declining to wash himself, but I don't. What is dirt? It is simply matter, the same kind of matter exists everywhere. The earth is made of dirt, the things we eat are dirt, and they grow in the dirt; when we die and are buried we return again to the dirt from which we were made. Science says that all dirt is clean. The savage Indian knows this; his original mind

grasps this idea; he has his eagle eye on science, and he has no soap. Dirt is warm. A layer one-sixteenth of an inch thick on a man is said by Professor Huxley to be as comfortable as a fifty dollar suit of clothes. Why, then, should the child of the forest undress himself once a week by scraping this off, and expose himself to the rude blasts of winter? He has too much sense. His head is too level to let him take a square wash more than once in every two hundred years, and even then he don't rub hard.

"And then in regard to his practice of eating dogs; why shouldn't a man eat a dog? A dog sometimes eats a man, and turn about is fair play. A well-digested dog stowed away on the inside of a Choctaw squaw does more to advance civilization and the Christian religion than a dog that barks all night in a back yard and makes people get up out of bed and swear, don't it? And nothing is more nutritious than dog. Professor Huxley says that one pound of a dog's hind leg nourishes the vital forces more than a wagon-load of bread and corned beef. It contains more phosphorus and carbon. When dogs are alive they agree with men, and there is no reason why they shouldn't when they are dead. This nation will center upon a glorious destiny when it stops raising corn and potatoes, and devotes itself more to growing crops of puppies.

"Now many ignorant people consider scalping inhuman. I don't. I look upon it as one of the most beneficent processes ever introduced for the amelioration of the sufferings of the human race. What is hair? It is an excrescence. If it grows it costs a man a great deal of money and trouble to keep it cut. If it falls out the man becomes bald and the flies bother him. What does the Indian do in this emergency? With characteristic sagacity he lifts out the whole scalp, and ends the annoyance and expense. And then look at the saving from other sources. Professor Huxley estimates that two thousand pounds of the food that a man eats in a year go to nourish his hair. Remove that hair and you save that much food. If I had my way I would have every baby scalped when it is vaccinated, as a measure of political economy. That would be statesmanship. I have a notion to organize a political

party on the basis of baby-scalping, and to go on the stump to advocate it. If people had any sense I might run into the presidency as a baby-scalper.

“And as for the matter of the Indians wearing rings through their noses I don't see why people complain of that. Look at the advantage it gives a man when he wants to hold on to anything. If a hurricane strikes an Indian all he does is to hook his nose to a tree, and there he is, fast and sound. And it gives him something to rest his pipe on when he smokes, while, in the case of a man with a pug, the ring helps to jam his proboscis down, and to make it a Roman nose. But I look at him from a sanitary point of view. The Indian suffers from catarrh. Now what will cure that disease? Metal in the nose, in which electricity can be collected. Professor Huxley says that the electricity in a metal ring two inches in diameter will cure more catarrh than all the medicines between here and Kansas. The Child of Nature with wonderful instinct has perceived this, and he teaches us a lesson. When we, with our higher civilization, begin to throw away finger-rings and ear-rings and to wear rings in our noses we will be a hardier race. I am going to direct the attention of Congress to the matter.

“Then take the objections that are urged to the Indian practice of driving a stake through a man and building a bonfire on his stomach. What is their idea? They want to hold that man down. If they sit on him they will obstruct the view of him. They put a stake through him, and there he is secured by simple means, and if it is driven in carefully it may do him good. Professor Huxley says that he once knew a man who was cured of yellow jaundice by falling on a pale-fence, and having a sharp-pointed paling run into him. And the bonfire may be equally healthy. When a man's stomach is out of order you put a mustard plaster on it. Why? To warm it. The red man has the same idea. He takes a few faggots, lights them, and applies them to the abdomen. It is a certain cure. Professor Huxley—”

“Oh, dry up about Professor Huxley!” exclaimed Meigs, the storekeeper, at this juncture.—*Elbow Room.*

